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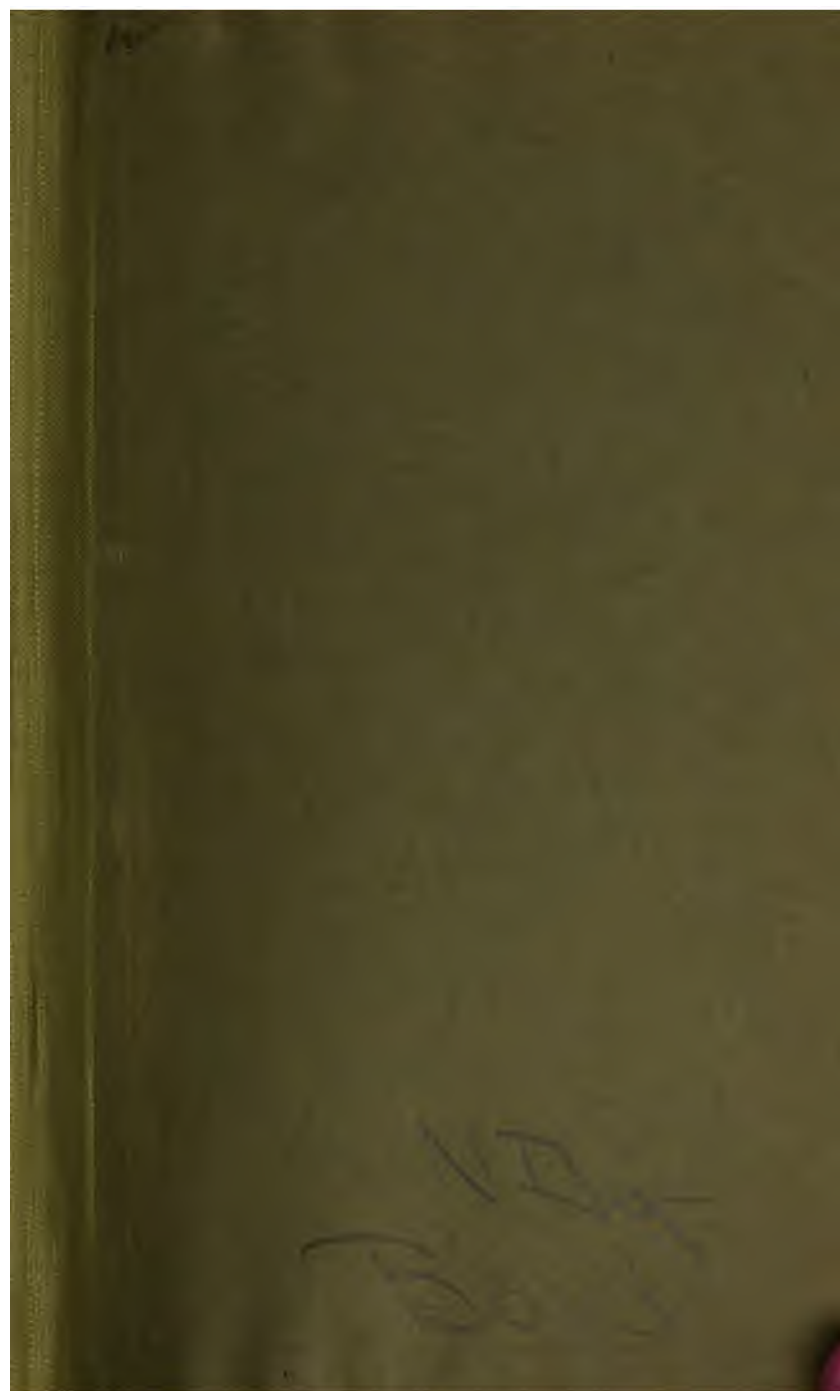


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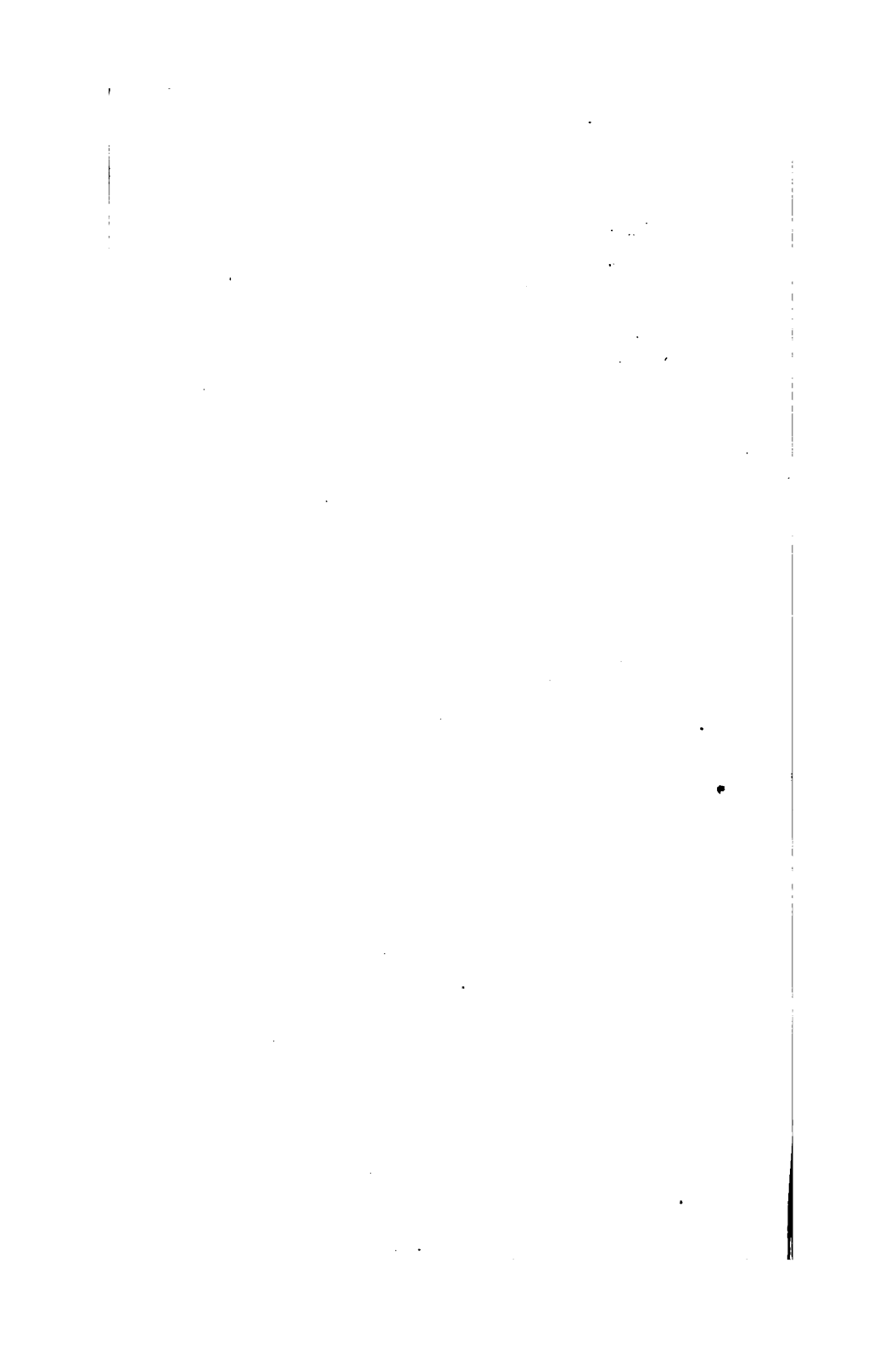
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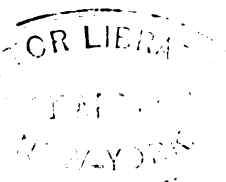
BY

MARK BOYD

OF 'REMINISCENCES OF FIFTY YEARS'

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Quin male narrando possit depravari'

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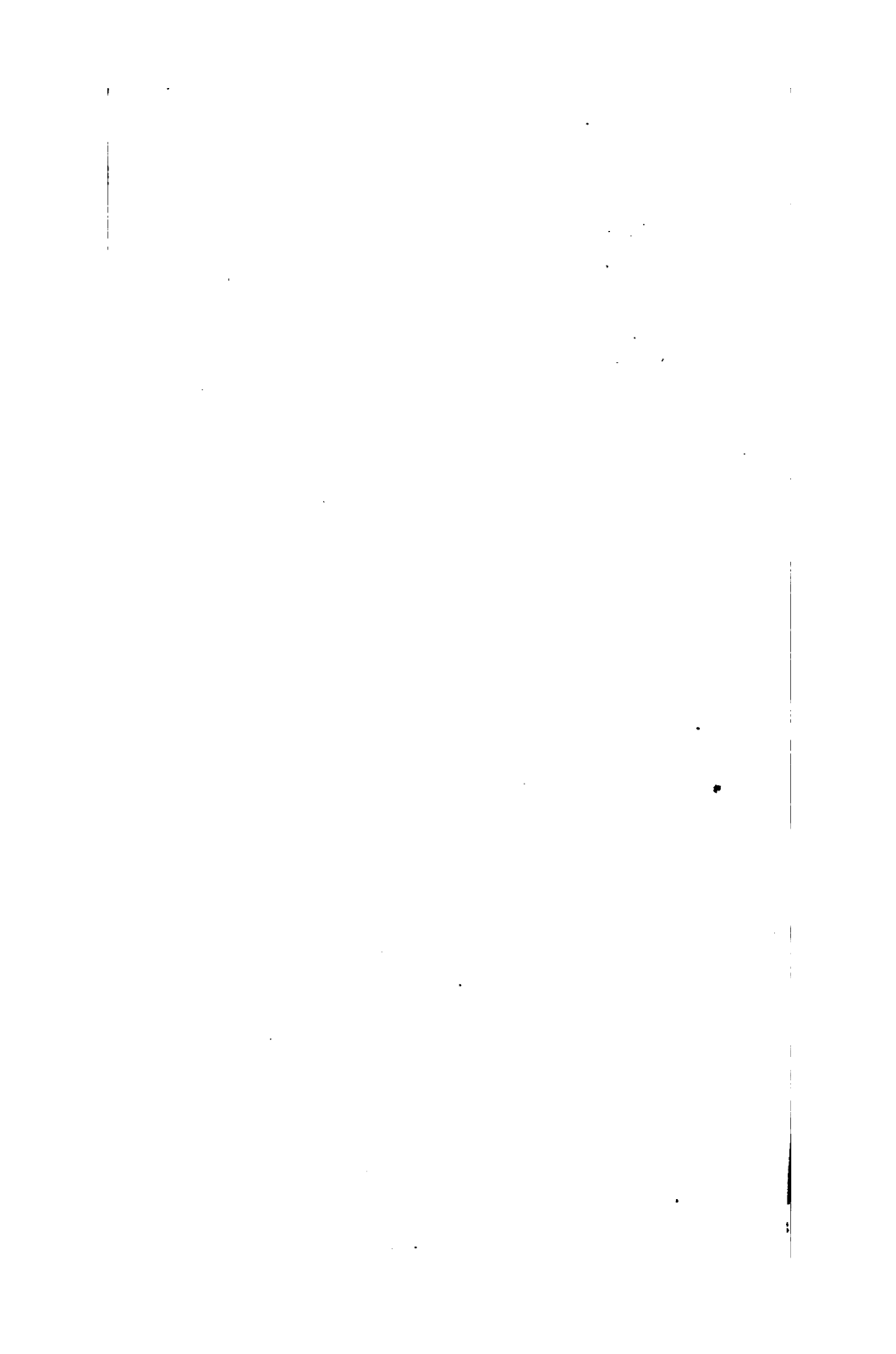
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# SOCIAL GLEANINGS

BY

MARK BOYD

AUTHOR OF 'REMINISCENCES OF FIFTY YEARS'

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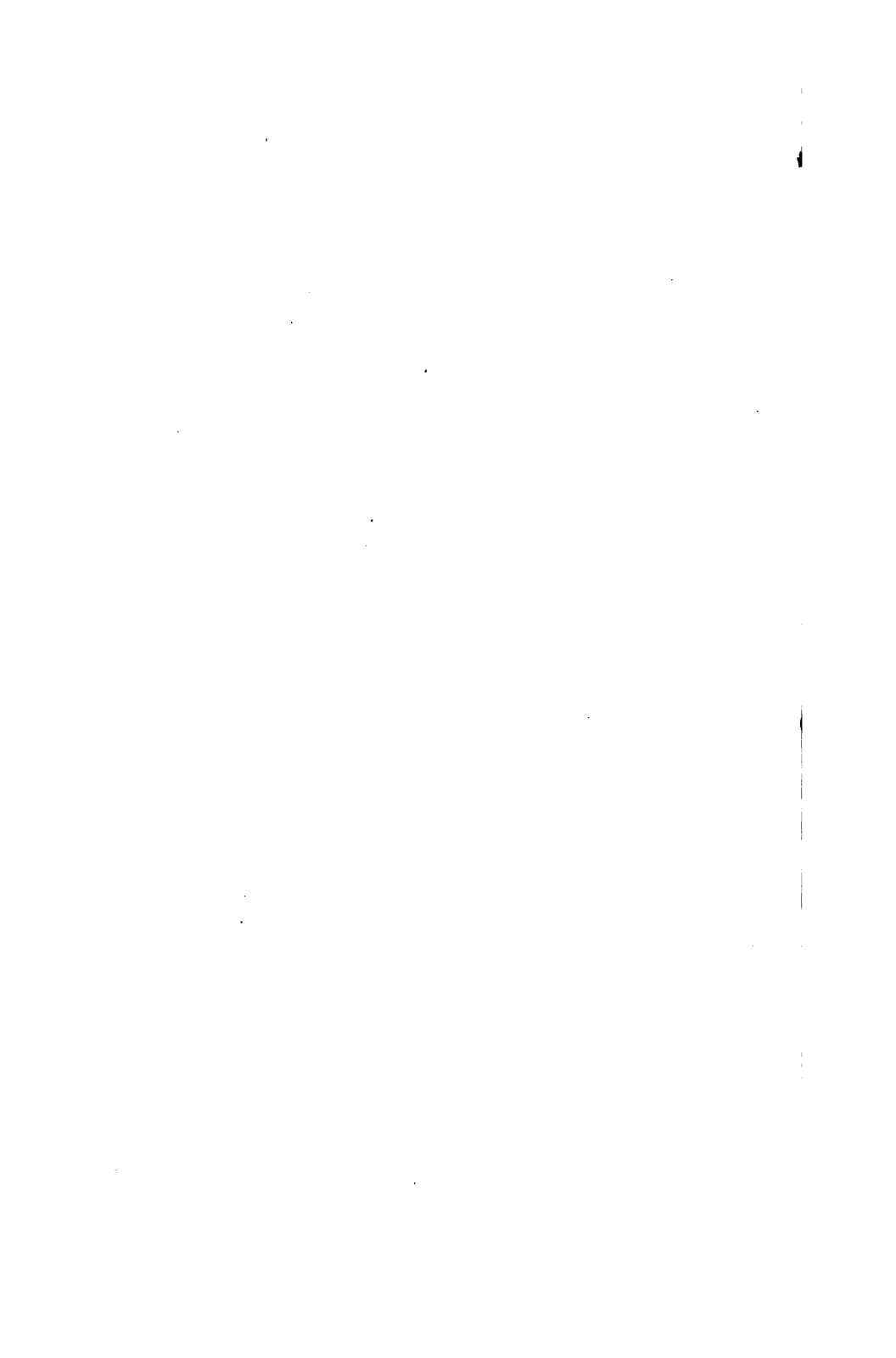
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To the Memory  
OF  
THE VERY REVEREND DEAN RAMSAY

*'SOCIAL GLEANINGS' ARE DEDICATED*

AS A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT, AND IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION  
OF THE ENCOURAGEMENT CONVEYED TO THE AUTHOR  
ON THE PUBLICATION IN 1871 OF 'BOYD'S  
REMINISCENCES OF FIFTY YEARS'





# CONTENTS.

---

NO.		PAGE
1.	A Forecast . . . . .	1
2.	A Forecast not realised . . . . .	1
3.	The Author's Introduction to Lord Palmerston . . . . .	3
4.	The Right Honourable George Canning dining at Manchester . . . . .	4
5.	The Premier, Sir Robert Peel, in his Picture Gallery . . . . .	6
6.	His Highness Mohammed Ali on the respective merits of the English and French Musket . . . . .	7
7.	His Highness Mohammed Ali and the Diving-Bell . . . . .	8
8.	How to make Good Soldiers . . . . .	9
9.	'Oh! Colonels before Deans' . . . . .	10
10.	Robert Fulton, the Father of American Steam Navi- gation . . . . .	11
11.	The First Steamer on the Thames . . . . .	1
12.	Dining with the Dumfriesshire and Galloway Club in London . . . . .	12
13.	The Author's Introduction to Sir Walter Scott . . . . .	13
14.	Professor Wilson—'Christopher North' . . . . .	13
15.	General Sir Charles Napier, G.C.B., and Colonel James Outram, C.B. . . . .	15
16.	The late Earl of Mayo, K.P., Governor-General of India . . . . .	17
17.	One who Deserved the Victoria Cross . . . . .	20
18.	The Editor and Sub-Editor . . . . .	21
19.	A Galloway and a Rutlander . . . . .	22
20.	Meeting a Scotchman in a Strange Region . . . . .	23
21.	Why His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was Buried at Kensal Green . . . . .	23

NO.	PAGE
22. Doctor Wilberforce (then Bishop of Oxford) for once Meeting his Match . . . . .	24
23. Napoleon the First and Prince Metternich . . . . .	25
24. Prince Metternich in Private Life . . . . .	30
25. When the Author basked in the sunshine of Royalty . . . . .	38
26. A Disagreeable Ten Minutes . . . . .	39
27. Green versus Talbot . . . . .	41
28. Emperor Maximilian of Mexico and Emperor Napoleon the Third . . . . .	42
29. The late King of Hanover and Serjeant Goulbourn, M.P., D.C.L. . . . .	43
30. 'I'll show them, sir, that I'm Maister o' ma ain house' . . . . .	44
31. The Imprisonment of the Duke of Wellington . . . . .	46
32. A Royal Duchess's <i>Bon Mot</i> . . . . .	49
33. 'So Abraham has arrived' . . . . .	49
34. Daniel Whittle Harvey, M.P. . . . .	50
35. A Dining-room turned into a Law Court, or one of the best after-dinner speeches ever made . . . . .	52
36. The Duke of Wellington and Buckingham Palace . . . . .	54
37. The Right Reverend Samuel Wilberforce, Lord Bishop of Winchester . . . . .	54
38. Capturing a British Lion . . . . .	56
39. A Highland Sermon . . . . .	57
40. A High Price of Wheat . . . . .	58
41. King Ernest of Hanover . . . . .	58
42. The Darwinian Theory . . . . .	59
43. The Black Country . . . . .	60
44. The Kanitz Duel . . . . .	62
45. Sir Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde) under Fire at Chilianwallah . . . . .	63
46. Incidents at the Battle of Maharajpore . . . . .	68
47. Your London Club, and how to make the most of it . . . . .	70
48. 'It's naething like a perpetuity' . . . . .	72
49. Mr. Pitt's Opinion of the Correspondence of the London Merchant . . . . .	73
50. A Grave Imputation . . . . .	75
51. The Marquis of Breadalbane's Piper . . . . .	75
52. Another Piper worthy of Mention . . . . .	78
53. His Royal Highness the Regent (King George the Fourth) and his Friend the Essex Baronet . . . . .	79

# CONTENTS.

ix

NO.		PAGE
54.	How to Forgive the Man you have Injured . . . .	81
55.	A Curious Recent Anomaly in British Ecclesiastical Legislation . . . . .	82
56.	Sir George Rose . . . . .	83
57.	'I'm Frae Dollar, my Lord' . . . . .	84
58.	Chief Justice Story, of the United States . . . .	84
59.	'Old Fashions please me best' . . . . .	85
60.	President Lincoln . . . . .	86
61.	The following I should like to have told Dean Ramsay	89
62.	Competitive Examination . . . . .	91
63.	Sandy Brown . . . . .	92
64.	Sandy Brown's Master . . . . .	94
65.	Jeux d'esprit Théologiques . . . . .	95
66.	Dr. Geldart of Trinity, and Dr. Wood of St. John's, Cambridge . . . . .	97
67.	An American Pigeon of Golden Plumage . . . .	98
68.	On Receiving Knighthood . . . . .	99
69.	How a Scotch Baillie's Vote was secured . . . .	99
70.	Legal Fortitude . . . . .	100
71.	Henry Brougham, alias Mr. Bruff-ham . . . .	101
72.	La Principessa and her Beggar . . . . .	102
73.	Le Marquis de C——e . . . . .	103
74.	Novels versus Biography . . . . .	103
75.	Lord Alvanley's Alternative . . . . .	104
76.	The Good and the Bad . . . . .	105
77.	How a Napoleonic Decree was Circumvented . . .	105
78.	A Highland Farmer sadly put about in his Devotions .	106
79.	Our Queen and the Swiss Herdsman . . . . .	107
80.	From the Banks of the Delaware . . . . .	109
81.	Ordination Morning . . . . .	109
82.	Dr. Mansel, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, subsequently Lord Bishop of Bristol . . . . .	110
83.	'Caught us Bathing, and ran away with our Clothes'	110
84.	What puzzled the Dean, but not the Attaché . . .	112
85.	M. Persigny (subsequently Duc de Persigny) and the Padre Ventura . . . . .	114
86.	M. Persigny ( <i>encore</i> ) . . . . .	116
87.	'Also' and 'Likewise' . . . . .	119
88.	'Scots wha hae wi' W' . . . . .	119
89.	Sir David Wilkie, R. A. . . . .	122

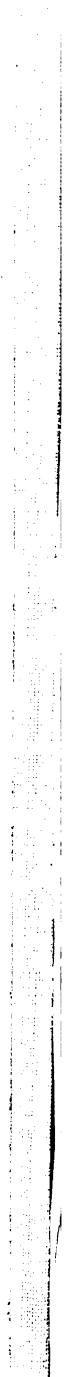
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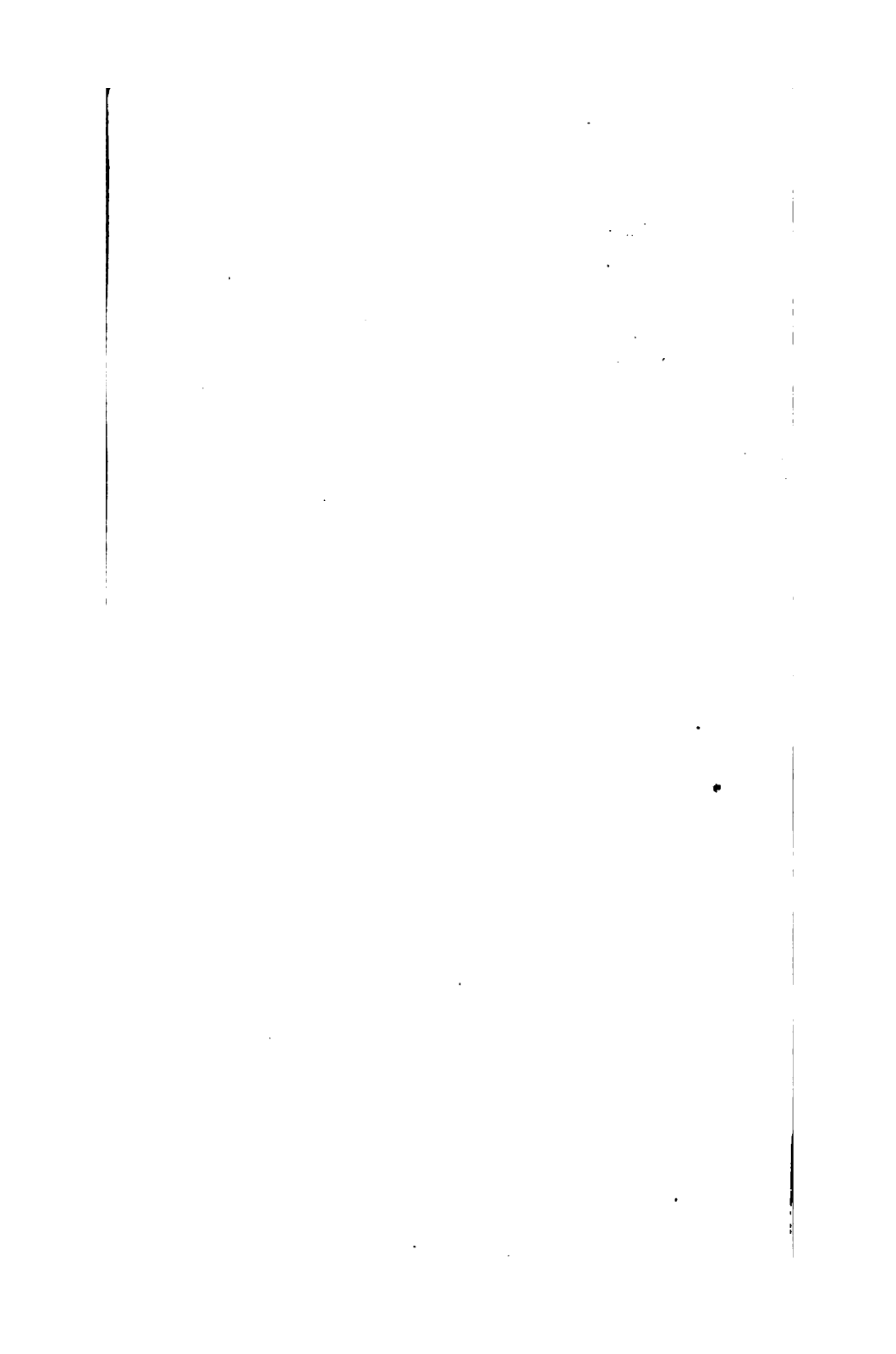
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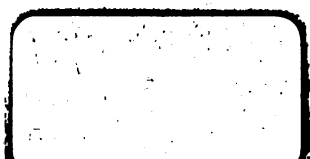


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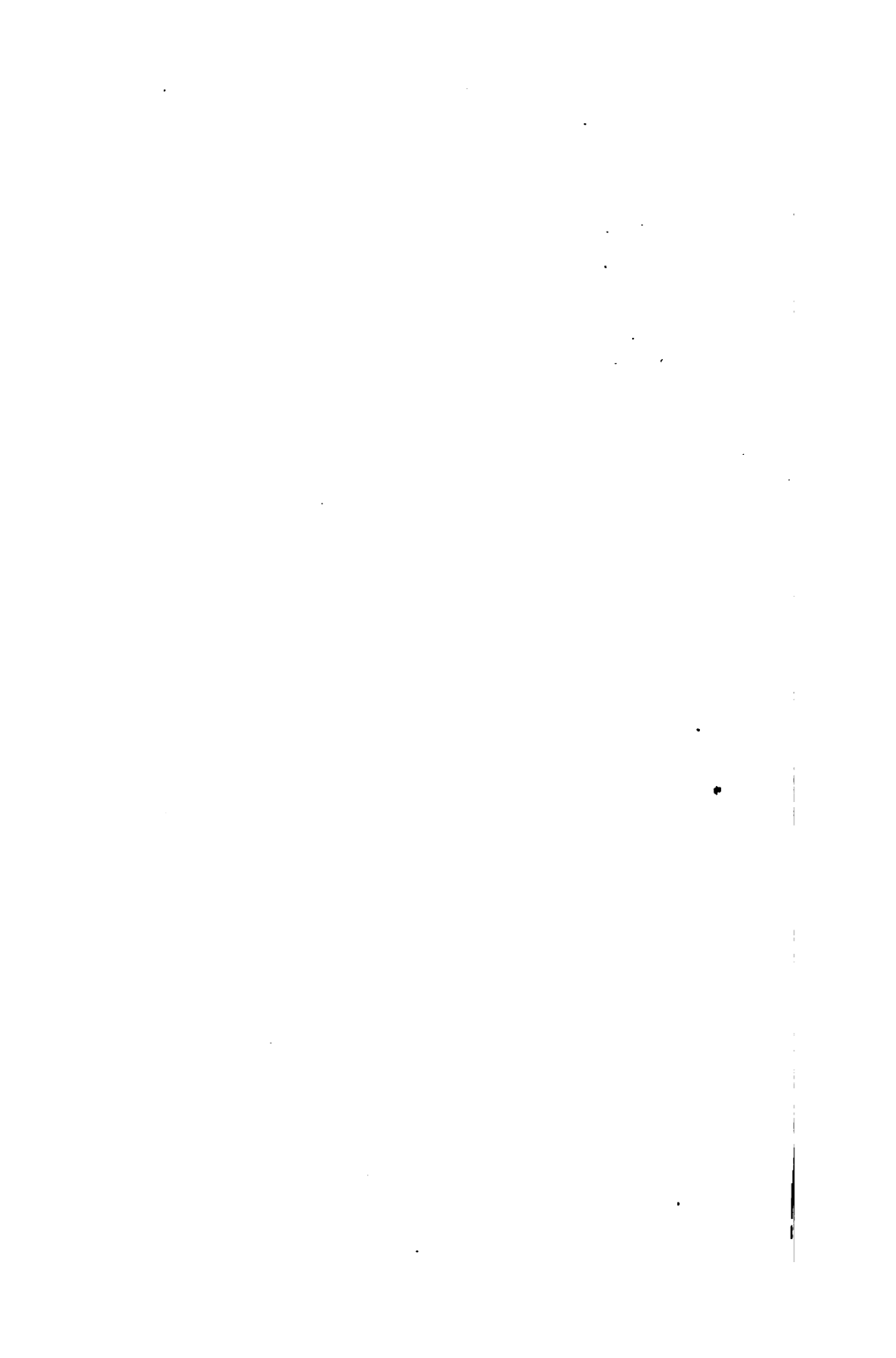


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# SOCIAL GLEANINGS

BY

MARK BOYD

AUTHOR OF 'REMINISCENCES OF FIFTY YEARS'

'Nihil est, Antipho,  
Quin male narrando possit depravari'

TERENTIUS

OR LIE...

LONDON

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tioned an amusing excursion he made in 1815 from the Tower Stairs in a Margate hoy. They met the first little steamer practising on the Thames, and the observations of a gruff old sea-dog who commanded the hoy were of a character most discouraging for this new arm in navigation: 'Vell! there be fools hever since the vorld vos, but this beats hall: Hi only vish hit would blow a bit.'

12. *Dining with the Dumfriesshire and Galloway Club in London.*

At this dinner, usually held at Freemasons' Tavern, we had present three out of the four gallant Knights of Liddesdale—General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B., Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm, G.C.B., and Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Malcolm, K.C.B. The fourth brother, General Sir James Malcolm, K.C.B., was absent.

Our chairman on this occasion was the Right Honorable Robert Cutlar Fergusson, of Craigdarroch, M.P. for Kirkcudbrightshire, who, as usual, related some interesting anecdotes. One I now recall. As a young man he had passed nine months in Paris, his companion being his friend William Huskisson, subsequently a member of the Cabinet, and known as 'Free Trade Huskisson.' They dined generally at a particular café or restaurant, in the Palais Royal, and had, during this period, usually the same waiter, an exceedingly active and obliging young man. That waiter was Murat, afterwards King of Naples, and brother-in-law to the great Napoleon.

13. *My Introduction to Sir Walter Scott.*

I was on a visit to some of my relations residing at 'Riddell's fair demesne'—so described by Sir Walter—in Roxburghshire, and it was arranged that I should be driven next day to Abbotsford, to see the place and its illustrious owner. We had got half-way when we met Sir Walter, his daughter, Mrs. Lockhart, his unmarried daughter, and his second son, driving in an Irish jaunting-car. The party were on their way to Riddell to pay my friends a visit, which this meeting prevented. We had, however, a quarter of an hour's agreeable conversation, during which Sir Walter told me that his late wife and himself, just after their marriage, had spent two days with my father and mother, at their residence in Surrey. To which I remarked, 'Sir Walter, that visit is often alluded to in our family.' He smiled, and then said, addressing my cousins, 'You must now continue your drive and show Mr. Boyd Abbotsford.' This was done, and I returned home with my friends happy, and flattered at having been introduced to the great novelist and poet, in addition to the pleasant hour's inspection I had of his loved Abbotsford.

14. *Professor Wilson ('Christopher North').*

I was lately asked if I had ever met 'Christopher North.' This reminded me of a visit he paid my father in Wigtonshire when I was a lad, which commenced under somewhat laughable circumstances. He

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was accompanied by one of Scotland's greatest practical agriculturists, Mr. Rennie of Phantassie, in the East Lothians. Mr. Wilson had a note of introduction for himself and friend to my father, and drove up to our house in a most unattractive one-horse carriage. My father and mother had that day a large party of county friends, and had just sat down to dinner, when a servant told my father he was urgently wanted. He made his apology to his guests on the plea of magisterial duty, and hurried from the room, but not in a composed state of mind. Assuming it to be the district constable, and being extremely short-sighted, as well as at the moment irate, he opened thus: 'Constable, what an extraordinary thing it is, after the numerous warnings I have given you, that you should bring a prisoner just as I am sitting down to dinner with a large party of friends!' 'Oh,' said a very tall, imposing-looking man, in the act of descending from the vehicle, 'there are two prisoners, Mr. Rennie of Phantassie and myself,' handing to my father the note of introduction. A hearty laugh followed; and a request being made to the guests for five minutes' law, the travellers were denuded of some portion of the dust they had acquired during their drive, and, after a hurried ablution, joined the party. I was too young fully to appreciate the wit of the great 'Christopher North,' but this I do recollect, that my father, exercising his magisterial functions, made him and his companion prisoners, not for one, but for four days, and a most charming imprisonment it proved, as 'Christopher North' made them 'Dies' as well as 'Noctes ambrosianæ.'

15. *General Sir Charles Napier, G.C.B., and  
Colonel James Outram, C.B.*

In perusing to-day (August 17, 1871) the interesting articles in our leading journals on the unveiling of the statue of Sir James Outram I was reminded of the anomalous post I had once assigned to me in connection with this distinguished soldier.

I must prelude what I have to say by explaining that my late brother and myself had the pleasure of occasionally meeting in society, and of seeing at our own table, the highly accomplished and nearest relative, non-military, of General Sir Charles Napier.

Sir Charles had returned to this country from fighting his battles of Meeanee and Hydrabad, and was in London—so was Colonel Outram. The latter, as we knew, had attracted the admiration of a large section of the members of the combined services in India for his protection of the rights of the Ameers of Scinde against what he deemed an injudicious and persecuting interference from British rule. On this point Sir Charles Napier and Colonel Outram seriously differed. Sir Charles looked upon the Ameers as a selfish, voluptuous, and exclusive class, who wielded from their castles and forest-fastnesses a despotic rule over their dependents. He acknowledged their hospitality, their restrictive game-laws, their battues amongst tigers, wild boars, &c., all which commanded, in a marked degree, a host of admirers from the youthful civil and military servants of the Honorable East India Company.

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Colonel Outram was the staunch defender of the vested rights, as he considered them, of those mountain chieftains; whereas Sir Charles Napier was diametrically opposed to this, and resolved to eject them; hence the differences that arose between one of the greatest generals and the chivalrous and popular Outram.

Sir Charles's relative, finding that I was on terms of intimacy with Colonel Outram, and conceiving, as many then did, in regard to India, that the period had arrived to beat the sword into a ploughshare and the spear into a pruning-hook, thought it a favourable moment to see all Napier-Outram differences healed. I was therefore commissioned to sound the Bayard of the East, and I accordingly wrote him a jocular note, intimating that an affair of state had been placed in my hands, which, without his assistance, I should be unable to elucidate, and that, as time pressed, would he oblige me by coming next day to luncheon? He wrote me an amusing reply, expressive of his doubts of being of any service in the matter, having been all his life outside European politics, but that any aid he could render me I might command. He came to luncheon, after which we retired, when I opened my small but important budget.

I never shall forget his hearty laugh, on recovering from which he spoke of Sir Charles Napier as a military commander in such terms of admiration that I thought my negotiation would be easily carried through. But, seeing I was jumping to my conclusions too fast, he said, 'Boyd, the first thing I

shall require of you is a material guarantee that, for the first quarter of an hour after Sir Charles and myself meet, the words *Scinde*, and the *Ameers of Scinde*, shall not be mentioned. Everything else will be very simple; but, without this, an explosion will immediately follow—from which side I do not pretend to say.' I now saw that my hopes as a negotiator had already exploded, and I told my gallant friend that, had he allowed the meeting to take place, there was no doubt it would have been a glorious success, and that I should thenceforth have become a prominent person in society, as the recommenter of friendly relations between Charles Napier and James Outram.

16. *The late Earl of Mayo, K.P., Governor-General of India.*

The appalling intelligence received in Downing Street (February 12, 1872) of the death of the Governor-General of India at the hands of an assassin, brought to my remembrance those admirable traits in the public character of the Earl of Mayo coming under my own observation, and which were, I believe, equally conspicuous in private life. I had the honour of knowing him as Lord Naas, M.P., and considered him one of the most popular and accessible public men I was ever thrown into communication with. I refer to the period when I was associated with Hon. Francis Scott, M.P., Mr. Wm. Fane De Salis, Mr. George Duncan, M.P., and others, then conducting a



firm and resolute agitation in promotion of Australian interests. I was originally introduced to his lordship by Mr. John Boyd, M.P., and at once observed an anxious desire on his part to gain information and master details in connection with Australian requirements. Nothing was deemed a trouble by Lord Naas; and I well recollect, when he was nominated by a Conservative Government to be the Viceroy of India, that a loud opposition to the appointment sprang up among different sections of both political parties. I ventured in my own circle to express an opinion, founded on some years' experience, that the Earl of Mayo would prove an able Governor-General. We have now a full confirmation of this in the mournful requiem passed on the deceased by his Grace the Duke of Argyll, the Secretary of State for India in the House of Lords, and by Mr. Gladstone, the Prime Minister, in the House of Commons. From Mr. Wm. Fane De Salis, who knew the lamented nobleman intimately, he having given his lordship his first political brief, I received an interesting letter. He wrote to me as follows:—

‘ He took a warm interest in Australian affairs, and no one knew better than he did the value to our colonies of the exertions of the committee of which you formed so prominent a member. I am happy to testify to this fact, as I was the means of introducing Lord Mayo to the committee, and persuaded him to place his Parliamentary services at their disposal, when he undertook, at their request, to move in the House of Commons an address praying for the establishment of

steam communication with Australia—a measure up to that date frequently promised to the colonies by successive Governments, and as frequently postponed, I might add, *ad kalendas Græcas*.

‘Now that Lord Mayo has passed away from among us it will, no doubt, be as pleasing to you as it is to me to reflect how well he fulfilled the task confided by us on this occasion to his care.

‘His speech was one of his first, if not his very first essay at continuous oratory in the House. It occupied upwards of an hour and a half in delivery, and was most carefully prepared, dealing fully with Australian statistics—a matter at that time quite new to the House—and pointing out the deep importance to the mother country, as well as her colonies, of the measures he advocated.

‘It is not too much to say that he quite astonished many, who until then had classed him as a person of ordinary abilities.

‘I had myself furnished him with many of the facts of the case, and remained, at his request, in the Speaker’s Gallery the whole evening, to be able to communicate with him if need arose.

‘During the debate several of our Parliamentary friends came up to me and said they had no idea there was so much in him. Certainly, from the date of his motion—which occupied a whole Parliamentary evening—he took rank among the rising statesmen of the day ; and as it is not generally known that he first came out on an Australian question, I think, if you ever add

to your "Reminiscences," you might take an opportunity of naming the fact.'

*17. One who Deserved the Victoria Cross, had such a distinction then existed.*

I was lately chatting with Colonel Thomas Smith, C.B., the survivor of three distinguished brothers, General Sir Harry Smith and Colonel Charles Smith, all Peninsular and Waterloo officers, and having on their medals, in all, thirty-four clasps—of that number Sir Harry had fourteen. Our conversation turned to that brave man General the Hon. Sir William Stewart, at the Battle of Albuera; and I ventured to express an opinion that it was a cruel oversight to have left it so long as the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty to create a distinction for individual heroism such as the Victoria Cross. Colonel Smith related to me a moving incident he witnessed on the field of Waterloo the night previous to the battle (June 17, 1815).

Lieutenant MacLachlan, of the Rifle Brigade, to which Colonel Smith belonged, had always suffered more or less from heart-disease—so much so that on ordinary service, when quick movements were required, he was usually requested to fall out. MacLachlan said to some of his brother officers: 'If I am not bled to-night, and that copiously, I shall drop early to-morrow.' The surgeon was sent for, who at first hesitated. 'Doctor,' said MacLachlan, 'I am resolved to be bled, for if I drop to-morrow in advancing I shall be called a "shirker." Death is preferable.' He was,

therefore, copiously bled, and went through his duties next day as a brave man. He still lives—I believe in one of our Southern colonies. It is true he is decorated with his Peninsular and Waterloo medals, the former with six or eight clasps, but with no Victoria Cross.

### 18. *The Editor and Sub-Editor.*

My father had an amusing story anent the late Mr. Samuel Hunter (in military circles Colonel Hunter), the popular and able editor of the *Glasgow Herald*. Mr. Hunter had gone to Rothesay, in the Island of Bute, to inhale the sea-breeze, leaving his coadjutor under promise that his holiday would not extend beyond three weeks; but at the end of five he found that his friend made no allusion to his return. He, therefore, in a short leader (in *one* copy of the paper only) announced that Mr. Hunter's health was quite re-established from his five weeks' residence at the seaside, and—as his numerous friends would, no doubt, be happy to learn—he was about to resume his editorial duties. There was no steamboat, no railway, no electric telegraph in those days, but the moment poor Hunter read the paragraph his portmanteau was packed and a boat ordered to carry him to the mainland, where a post-chaise was immediately in requisition. In the course of the afternoon he presented himself in the editorial room, when, to his immense relief, he discovered the trick played upon him to ensure his immediate return.

Hunter was made a colonel of a Volunteer corps

before he had learned to ride. The regiment was being reviewed by a general officer, and during the evolutions the Colonel, who was a tall and rather corpulent man, was dislodged over the neck of his charger on to the ground. He was twitted for the manner in which he had reached *terra firma*. 'Well,' said Hunter, 'it was not of much consequence, as I was very soon going to dismount.'

19. *A Galloway and a Rutlander.*

Towards the end of last century the members of the Dumfriesshire and Galloway Club resident in London gave a grand ball, in the success of which her Grace Jane, the celebrated Duchess of Gordon, as a daughter of Sir William Maxwell, the third Baronet of Monreith, in Galloway, took much interest.

Her Grace had already achieved a duchess's coronet for two of her daughters, and on this occasion it was alleged she was about to gain a third in the person of his Grace John Henry, fifth Duke of Rutland, then a youth of nineteen or twenty.

My father, one of the stewards, whom the Duchess had known as a youth in Wigtonshire, was chatting with her Grace, and jocularly remarked—alluding to the numerous dances her daughter was having with the young Duke as her partner—'Ah, Duchess, I see what will shortly come off!' 'Not improbable, Edward; and don't you agree with me that a Galloway and a Rutlander is the right thing?'

As her Grace put it in language better suited for an Agricultural Hall and exhibition of live stock than a

ballroom I do not give her rejoinder textually. However, the amalgamation thus coveted by her Grace failed, as the youthful head of the ducal family of Manners blended, at the age of twenty-one, with a member of the noble house of Howard.

20. *Meeting a Scotchman in a Strange Region.*

That gallant old veteran and Scotchman, Major George Ross, who lies in Brompton Cemetery, had seen much fighting and hard service in the West Indies, having medals and clasps for Martinique, Guadeloupe, &c. Late in life he succeeded by the death of a brother to a handsome fortune; and he used to tell us in our family circle, 'Ah! had I possessed one-tenth of this money when I entered the service I should now be a general officer.'

He was full of good stories, one of which was a description of an excursion he and a brother officer made amongst the Blue Mountains of Jamaica. They were sitting on a rocky peak, and found themselves enveloped in clouds, when to their great surprise they heard a human voice above them. 'Who are you, up there?' exclaimed Ross, 'for I cannot see you?' 'What's that to you?' 'Well, never mind,' said Ross, 'I know you to be a Scotchman; and although Scotchmen are to be met with everywhere, I never expected to meet with one in the clouds.'

21. *Why his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was Buried at Kensal Green.*

The same gallant officer to whom I am indebted for

the incident at Windsor Castle (the question of precedence between a Colonel and a Dean), solved the above question for me, from his own personal knowledge, having been present.

At the funeral of King William IV. there was not only much delay and confusion, but questions of etiquette, precedence, &c., broke out, and great bad taste was exhibited—so much so that his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex the next day remarked to ——— of Datchet, ‘It was intolerable; and now recollect what I say to you: if I die before I return to Kensington, you see I am not buried at Windsor, as I am resolved *not to be buried* there.’

22. *Dr. Wilberforce (then Bishop of Oxford) for once meeting his Match.*

In the county of Aberdeen there lived, not many years ago, a Scotch lady of the true old *grande dame* type. She is remembered by many not more on this account than for her keen shrewdness and mother-wit. A staunch Episcopalian, she was always ready to expend a fair share of her easy means in support of the religious interests to which she was attached.

On the occasion of the foundation of a church towards the erection of which she was mainly instrumental, she entertained in her own house the presiding genius of the day's ceremony, who happened to be no less a celebrity than the Right Reverend Doctor Samuel Wilberforce, then Lord Bishop of Oxford. In the course of a post-prandial speech, characterised by his

usual diplomatic suavity of expression, he took occasion to congratulate the company (with special reference to their hostess) on the good work that day initiated. 'It is a matter,' said he, 'of no light moment to Churchmen that such a building as the one at present contemplated should be erected in so remote a corner of these islands; indeed, I may be permitted to designate it as a church in the wilderness.' 'Church in the wilderness!' exclaimed Miss Hay. 'It is a church in Fyvie, my lord, and Fyvie's the pick of God's earth.'

### 23. *Napoleon the First and Prince Metternich.*

An esteemed friend of mine was on a visit at Johannisberg, and afterwards accompanied the Prince and his family party to Vienna. During the journey the Prince pointed out the precise positions of the two armies at the culminating Battle of Leipsic, fought October 18, 1813, Metternich being present, with other distinguished members of European cabinets.

While my friend was at Johannisberg an illustrious visitor arrived—no less a personage than M. Thiers—whose amiability and delightful conversation charmed the whole circle; and the easy, natural manner of the witty French statesman specially attracted the Prince. He was then a busy gleaner on the historic field, and came to consult and hear from Prince Metternich as much as he could furnish him with of his own knowledge in regard to the conqueror at Marengo and the conquered at Leipsic. The data he sought for his forthcoming History of the Empire were freely given.



But his chief desire was to cull the particulars of the celebrated interview of Napoleon with the Minister of Austria, at Dresden.

The meeting of those celebrities took place on June 28, 1813, exactly two months prior to Napoleon defeating the Austrians, Russians, and Prussians before Dresden.

My friend, who had frequently heard the Prince dilate on a favourite theme—the character and achievements of Bonaparte—considered it a singular piece of good fortune to be present as an attentive listener to what flowed from the lips of the great Austrian statesman into the ears of the great French statesman; and I may add that the impression which this remarkable conversation or conference made on my friend's mind has never been effaced.

M. Thiers having given the world the facts as they reached him on this occasion at Johannisberg, I venture as a humble gleaner to follow suit; for, having long since known that ‘grapes were made to eat and lips to open,’ I have been permitted to ask my obliging friend to grant me a *réchauffage* of that mental repast—at least some portion of it—placed before M. Thiers by the gifted and enlightened Metternich.

The Prince described to his distinguished visitor and the family circle that Napoleon broke ground at the interview in a mighty rage, twitting the Austrian Minister bitterly for the treatment he was receiving at the hands of the Emperor of Austria, telling him that thrice he had saved the Austrian throne for his Imperial Master; and, as a proof of his

desire to be on terms of lasting friendship with him, he had married his daughter, which had proved a great mistake; nay, further, had concluded a treaty of alliance with him. And if this did not suit the Austrian Emperor why did he not say so, as he should not then have engaged in the war with Russia? 'But,' continued Napoleon, 'the treaty is signed, and after a single campaign, which the elements rendered unfortunate, behold who totters? If Austria did not wish to retain the French alliance, why did the Emperor not say so, as it would not have been insisted upon? Therefore, under pretext of peace—a humiliating peace—you, as Minister of Austria, now interpose your mediation, you presuming to dictate terms which are those of my enemies. Explain yourself. Is it war you wish to have with me? The Russians and Prussians, presumptuous on the success of last winter, came to meet me, and I have beaten them. You wish, then, to have your turn? Well, be it so; I shall be with you at Vienna in October.'

Napoleon had not sufficiently studied the idiosyncrasy of the *redoubtable* Metternich, otherwise he would not have followed the example of Warwick, 'to rage like a chafed bull,' whereas the Austrian statesman, who well understood human character, knew the caution that must be observed to prevent the passions interfering in so serious a discussion, and was 'as calm as virtue.'

'Sire,' replied Metternich, 'Austria does not wish you to declare war, but Austria desires an end to be put to a state of things that has become intolerable

for Europe; and your Majesty is as much interested as we are, for fortune may one day desert you.' 'What is it, then,' exclaimed Napoleon, 'you come here to demand of me?' 'Peace, Sire, which is indispensable, and is as much required by you as by us.'

The Emperor, as the Prince described it, now assumed an attitude and manner of ungovernable rage; nevertheless, Metternich proceeded to sketch out to him the conditions that were to follow peace.

Here Napoleon interrupted him at every sentence, wishing him to suppose that he did not hear him. The Prince, however, knew better, and that he had not lost one word of what he had addressed to him. 'Oh,' said he, 'I understand—you Austrians wish the whole of Italy to yourselves; your friends the Russians, Poland; the Prussians, Saxony; the English, Holland and Belgium; and I am to-day to consent to gratify those ardent desires. But I must tell you that before all this shall be accomplished the blood of many generations must flow, and then you will have to come to France as suppliants on the heights of Montmartre.'

Most men—Metternich was an exception—would have said that Napoleon, to use a Scotch expression, 'had gone clean daft.'

The Prince here adopted a soothing course; and the Emperor, although apparently slightly appeased, haughtily declared, 'You sovereigns born upon the throne cannot understand the sentiments which animate me. They, beaten, re-enter their capitals, and for them it is neither more nor less: I am a soldier, and cannot reappear among my people lessened. No, I am the

more generous to a brave nation that obeys my voice and spills its blood.'

'Sire,' replied Metternich, 'your brave nation, whose courage commands the admiration of the world, requires repose. I come and pass through your regiments. Your soldiers are children. You have called up a generation scarcely formed—this once destroyed, you will have to call forth one still feebler.' These words wounded him to the quick. He became pallid with rage, and threw or allowed his chapeau to fall to the ground; but Metternich did not pick it up. Then, addressing the Austrian Minister: 'You are not, as I am, a soldier; you have not learned to despise the life of another or your own when it is required. What are 200,000 men to me?' These words moved Metternich profoundly. 'Let us open,' said the Prince, 'the doors, the windows, that all Europe may hear you and the cause I have come to defend.' Napoleon, becoming slightly tranquillised, said: 'After all, France has not much to complain of. True, I lost 200,000 men in Russia. Of that number 100,000 were French, and I regret their loss deeply. As to the others they were Italians, Poles, but principally Germans.' The last he mentioned with a shrug of the shoulders, as their loss did not seem to affect him in the least. He then endeavoured at great length to convince Metternich that he was accidentally conquered in Russia by the frost and snows of winter. After this he was desirous to bring the Austrian statesman back to that point in the discussion which bore on his own *prestige* and invincibility. During this

burst of excitement he was walking up, down, and across the room, and kicked his fallen hat into the corner.

Metternich was too astute not to discover that there was much of counterfeited passion in all this, and his calmness provoked the Emperor. The firm Minister of Austria, of whom in private life it could be said in truth that, whether to prince or peasant, his 'manhood was melted into courtesies,' allowed the Imperial chapeau to remain where it was. The discussion proceeded, and the Emperor, finding he had no longer his hat 'to wave with scorn,' stooped and repossessed himself of it, but without any proffered assistance from the great Minister of the Hapsburgs.

NOTE.—Prince Metternich told my friend that it was the longest interview he ever had as a public man. Smiling, he said, 'I believe I wound up my watch, and am satisfied, as we had an adjourned interview next day, that it lasted not less than twenty-seven hours; and I am doubtful whether the Emperor and I during all this time slept.'

#### 24. *Prince Metternich in Private Life.*

'My dear old Prince,' said my friend, 'was personally so simple and unpretending that people were apt to overlook the exquisite dignity of his manner. He wore his rank, if one may so express it, gracefully, like a garment. The man was ever superior to his station. He would lift those about him to his own level, and put the most humble at their ease. He

could draw them out and make them feel they were possessed of qualities and attainments they never suspected in themselves. The only persons he could not get on with were those with pretensions. 'Never,' as he said, 'having learnt to dance on the tight-rope (of vanity or affectation), they gave him no ground to stand on.' His own natural bent would have been philosophical investigation and study, but his father made him enter public life, and he was early initiated into the affairs of state by his father-in-law, Comte Kaunitz. Still there was much philosophy in his nature, and in judging persons or events he constantly looked above and beyond them for the causes of their conduct or existence.

Some of his bitterest political opponents visited him in after-years, and were invariably received with the courtesy and kindness he bestowed on all. The Princess was often indignant. 'How unnatural!' would she exclaim. 'Why so?' answered the Prince. 'Are not opinions free? When conscientious, are they not deserving of the highest respect? How can I tell whether in the same position I might not have acted in the same manner? When opinions become crystallised into principle one must fight, and if necessary sacrifice others, or die to defend them; but still grant to your opponent that esteem which your own cause deserves.'

In features the Prince resembled the Duke of Wellington, and he said they had acted together for years without one single misunderstanding or difference.

To the great Napoleon he rendered entire justice,

and liked to dwell on the intimate relations which had existed between himself and the Sovereign of France. Before victory had intoxicated the mighty conqueror and ambition turned his brain nothing could have been more valuable than this intercourse. The powerful qualities of the Emperor's mind were dazzling in the extreme; and with all he looked upon him as the very genius of that most rare of qualities—common sense.

During my friend's stay at Johannisberg they had frequent opportunities of seeing how much the Prince was beloved by his dependents, and of admiring the respectful familiarity which existed between the statesman and his trusty old servants.

On one occasion, when dressed for dinner, he fell. All were thankful to see that he had not hurt himself. Only his valet received him with an aggrieved look, exclaiming, with cold severity, '*Schade úm den pantalon!*' (A pity for the trousers!)

The Prince's amiability never belied itself. On one occasion, just as he was going out for his daily walk, his daughter, who accompanied him, saw a small party of peasants from the Black Forest gathered in a knot at the end of the terrace, evidently not liking to advance, for fear of disturbing the Prince. She said to her friend, 'Pray do not notice those people, as my father will be sure to go in, and his walk is so essential to his health.' They proceeded a few steps, when the Prince himself noticed them, and advancing, in spite of his daughter's remonstrance, said, 'Pray, gentlemen, do not withdraw, as I must go in to write,' adding, to his

friend, 'Those poor people must have come miles to see the view which we may enjoy at any moment.'

His steward was allowed to supply travellers with wine, which they liked to drink in a small arbour at the end of the terrace (so as to enjoy the Johannisberger and the view at the same time).

One afternoon the privacy of the Prince with his family circle was unexpectedly broken into by his steward entering the drawing-room to ask his Highness's advice. 'What is it?' 'Why, Prince, three travellers arrived early this morning, and are asking for more wine'—the potency of which the steward understood—'and they have already drank eight bottles each, and have now ordered three more.' 'Who are they?' inquired the Prince. 'They are Englishmen, your Highness.' 'Eight bottles each,' repeated the Prince, giving his English friends a sly look; 'and how did they come?' 'In a carriage.' 'Oh, then, you had better let them have the three bottles, as you will know what to do with them.'

The Prince possessed a MSS. yept 'Bétisiana,' in which he noted down all the stupid or amusing anecdotes that occurred to him. He had a valet who was particularly distinguished in his historical collection so well known to his friends.

We are told that no man, however great, is a hero in the eyes of his *valet de chambre*. How Prince Metternich fared in this respect with his, we are not informed, but of this there is no question, that in the eyes of the Austrian Chancellor, his valet, from the



numerous acts of stupidity he had chronicled of him, held a foremost rank.

One morning the Prince remarked to the functionary in question that he looked very ill. 'No wonder, your Highness, as I have had no sleep.' 'No sleep—how did this happen?' 'All owing to my wife.' 'There is nothing unusual,' said the Prince, 'in a wife preventing her husband sleeping.' 'Ah, Prince, it was something very bad.' 'Let me hear the whole affair.' 'We had just retired, as I supposed to rest, when she clasped me in her arms and said I was an angel, and that she loved me most affectionately.' 'What did you say to that?' 'I told her I believed she did. She then assured me I had been the best of husbands.' 'Ah,' said the Prince, 'that is very important, and what reply did you make?' 'I told her that I had always been the best of husbands. She began to weep bitterly, and declared I was a gem of good husbands.' 'Then,' said the Prince, 'was that not all very nice for you to hear?' 'Yes, your Highness, had she now left off and allowed me to go to sleep.' 'I hope,' remarked the Prince, 'that after the endearing terms she applied to you, she did nothing to spoil their effect.' 'Indeed, your Highness, she did.' 'Go on.' 'She declared she had been the basest and most deceitful of wives to the best of husbands, and that the bitter pangs of conscience were now punishing her so acutely that her happiness had fled never to return, unless, after she confessed the whole truth, I forgave her.' The Prince at this point of the narrative desired him at once to proceed to the catastrophe. 'Why, your Highness, she told me she

had called herself at the period of her marriage, ten years younger than she was, as if I cared for that.'

When the Prince resided at Brighton, and nearly, if not altogether, relieved from the science of politics, which we are told is neither fixed nor unchangeable, but is progressive with civilisation and fluctuates with the exigencies of society, the statesman who for so long a period ruled the Austrian Empire, and whose name carried such weight in every European Cabinet, had never lost sight of the *Seria mixta joci*: still, I should not have ventured, in talking of such a man, to descend from the solemnity of tragedy to the levity of comedy, but Prince Metternich himself *loquitur*, and I may state that his recital of the circumstances—which I fear I may relate imperfectly—made a large circle of his friends laugh heartily. The advent of the 1st of April was at hand, and the Prince, while sitting alone in the sanctum of his Chancellerie, the thought struck him as to the mob of fools they had in Vienna; he, however, excluded that class 'who lend their money gratis,' and although he said 'I know many fools, still there must be a legion I have never seen, and I should very much like to do so. How is this to be accomplished? Ah, I must have a Dutch Baron to assist me.' Accordingly the day previous to April Fool-day a paragraph appeared in the leading journal of Vienna that the Baron von —— had arrived with a grand selection of the choicest plants which he had collected in different parts of Europe for his magnificent gardens in Holland, and under earnest solicitation he had most kindly agreed, for one day only, to exhibit them at No. ——

in ——— Street. The display to commence at six in the morning and close at midday.

The street was a reality, but the house and the number were fictions.

The Prince betook himself for the night to the house of a friend in the secret, from whose house there was a distinct view of the ‘unblown flowers;’ in fact, Vienna was that day to prove, through the Dutch Baron, that ‘Verona’s summer hath not such a flower.’

The Prince rose at an early hour to peep from behind his friend’s curtain, and beheld his Imperial Highness the Arch-Duke John, a great florist, anxiously endeavouring to discover No. ———.

As the morning advanced, carriages with numerous members *de la crème* of society arrived, and as to equestrians and pedestrians the number was difficult to estimate. However, before the sun had reached his full meridian, the Viennois discovered they had been made April fools.

One day, while the Prince and his family were at Brighton, my two young friends accompanied the party in a walk, and one of them lost her darling lap-dog. The Prince, to console her, recommended an immediate walk to the Railway Station, when a minute description of the lost treasure was noted by the superintendent, and a promise given that all lap-dogs during the following few days would be carefully examined.

The 1st of April had arrived, and one of my young friends had gone to breakfast with the Prince and his daughter, and said to the Prince, ‘I wish so much to make an April fool of my sister, who played me such a

trick last year; oh, do, Prince, suggest something.' Several suggestions came on the *tapis*, which his Highness did not approve, but, said he, 'Can we not make out one about the lost lap-dog?' No sooner said than done, and no precis writer in the Foreign Office could have been more facile in sketching out the following letter :

'DOG DEPARTMENT, BRIGHTON RAILWAY:

*April 1st.*

'The superintendent begs respectfully to inform Miss — that in compliance with her instructions of last Monday he has examined and detained all the lap-dogs about to leave Brighton, and that there are now fifty of them, most of the owners being highly displeased that their little dogs have not been sent back to them. The superintendent must therefore beg Miss —'s immediate attention to this, as the expense of feeding so many dogs already amounts to 10*l.*, which sum he will be glad to receive in the course of the day.'

This important letter was despatched by an incognito porter to the parental abode of the hoaxee, and at the end of ten minutes the Prince suggested that the hoaxess should go home to see how matters moved, but on her way she met her sister coming to her in great distress with the letter, and stating that her father was most angry, declaring he would not pay any portion of the 10*l.* 'Well, you go on and consult the Prince and give him the letter, and I shall hurry on and endeavour to pacify papa.'

My friend, under the auspices of Prince Metternich, was that day crowned a victress.

25. *When the Author Basked in the Sunshine of  
Royalty.*

In early life I was for some months much in the society of Royalty, under the following circumstances ; and I deeply regret I was not then sufficiently precocious to have kept a diary, and noted down *de die in diem* what passed while moving in that elevated sphere, as I am convinced the Royal sayings would have been worth recording.

Had Agricultural Exhibitions of Live Stock then ruled, where the obesity of the animal is the desideratum, and had fat babies competed with fat cattle and pigs, I might have carried off for my dear mother a 'double first.' I was looked upon, in my nurse's arms on the Steyne at Brighton, as one of the fattest children to be seen ; so much so, as to attract the marked attention of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, who was alleged to be constantly on the lookout for me, making the manipulation and inspection of my neck, chest, shoulders, and legs, a lengthened operation, to the delight of my fond mother, who was usually at some little distance while the Royal investigations and inquiries proceeded.

In after years, my mother was relating the Brighton incident to one of her friends, when my father cruelly broke in and gave illiberal reasons for his child receiving such distinguished notice at the hands of Royalty. This 'My dear Mamma,' as Sir Roger Tichborne or Orton would say, considered unnecessary, for she believed that the Ruler of our nation really did

admire her baby. 'So he possibly might,' said my father, 'but he admired the nurse infinitely more.'

Jean MacClellan was one of the handsomest young women ever seen in Wigtonshire, or on the Brighton Steyne, and His Royal Highness thought so. Jean, good as she was beautiful, was *not* carried away by the adulation of *Royalty*, for she clung to her mistress's *fat baby* affectionately, until he was able to run about and divest himself of some portion of that superabundance of flesh which my mother erroneously believed to have been the sole point of attraction in the Royal eye.

Jean MacClellan, who had listened to and conversed so much for months with 'the first Gentleman in Europe,' gave her hand to a respectable ploughman on my father's estate, becoming the best of wives and mothers, as she had been the best of nurses.

### 26. *A Disagreeable Ten Minutes.*

I am told that my grandmother was a firm-minded and judicious person, and I consider the incident I am about to describe a strong proof that she merited this opinion. She used to say, that the most trying and anxious ten minutes she ever passed was in the society of a highwayman, who the previous week had robbed and shot a Yorkshire squire dead. She was sitting alone in her drawing-room in Scotland, when the footman, without any previous intimation, introduced a tall and powerfully built man who expressed himself

most anxious to see my grandfather. She asked him to sit down. He was dressed in a green coat, wore top boots, carried a formidable large hunting whip, and no doubt had a brace of pistols in his pocket. He was covered with mud; his beard—then the exception (not as now)—unshaven, and the perspiration pouring down his face.

At breakfast that morning, she had read to my grandfather from the newspaper, an account of a highway robbery and murder, in Yorkshire, with a full description of the highwayman, and a reward of £100, or more, offered for his apprehension. She at once detected who her visitor was by the description given of a deep healed-up cut across the forehead and face. She told him that her husband had merely gone out for a few minutes, and she looked for his return immediately. The newspaper having given her a correct description of the man then before her, she at once laid down in her mind the course of action she intended to pursue. At the end of ten minutes she either herself rang the bell, or requested her visitor to do so. The servant appeared, and stated that his master had just returned, and gone into his own room. My grandmother then rose and told the highwayman in wishing him good morning—at the same time passing a masonic sign to the footman to remain where he was—that she would send her husband to him. She went to my grandfather, and without entering into any particulars, said, ‘The person in the drawing-room [his horse being walked about in front of the house by their groom], from what he states requires a little pecuniary

assistance; therefore give him this guinea [George the Third was then the only sovereign in England] and enter into no conversation with him, as I have all his history.' My grandfather, as all husbands should do, obeyed his wife's injunctions strictly. The highwayman was most thankful for the *douceur*, and, accompanied downstairs by the footman, mounted his horse and rode off.

My grandmother was wise in her generation, by keeping her husband and the servant in ignorance of the visitor's antecedents; for had the magisterial function been called forth, in attempting to issue a *ne exeat*, or a stoppage *in transitu*, the heavily mounted riding whip might have been forthcoming, and failing it, a pistol. Within ten days of the highwayman's visit to my grandmother, he was captured, paying the penalty of the law a few weeks afterwards, on the scaffold at York.

27. *Green versus Talbot.*

The Hon. W. S——t, at a dinner party given in the United States, sat next to a Mr. Talbot, an American citizen, and in the course of their conversation, which had turned upon the old country, he asked his new acquaintance from what branch of the Talbot family he descended. 'That I cannot tell you, as my name is Green, not Talbot; the fact being I never liked Green, and in consequence I referred to history, and looked over every name from Achilles to Murrat [Murat] and no name pleased me but Talbot.'



28. *Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, and Emperor Napoleon the Third.*

The Duke de P——y related to a friend of mine the following incident, which he considered the beginning of the *déchéance* of the Second Empire. Emperor Napoleon, at a Council of State, had agreed to join in the policy of the English and Spanish Governments with respect to Mexico. England was to withdraw her fleet from the Mexican coast, and General Prim was to recall his army from the interior, whilst Bazine was to retire with the French forces from the support of Maximilian.

At this time the Empress Eugenie was ceasing to care solely to be the leader of the fashions of the world, and beginning to interfere in the politics of her husband's cabinet. She obtained information of the Emperor's intention through her *confidante*, the Princess de ——. The princess, together with the Ultramontane party at the French court, had completely gained over the Empress to the cause of the House of Austria, and the following scene was the result of her first essay at statecraft.

A grand banquet was to take place at the Tuileries almost immediately after the princess had left the presence of the Empress. Some minutes had elapsed beyond the hour at which the ambassadors and ministers had been commanded to assemble. The guests were awaiting their Imperial hosts, and when the doors opened, all were much struck with the appearance and manner of the Empress. Her features expressed great emotion and excitement.

The banquet had scarcely commenced when the Empress was obliged to leave the salon, being overcome by her feelings. The cold *immobile* countenance of the Emperor betrayed the effect of some serious domestic *désagrément*, the cause of which was revealed next day, as at the Cabinet Council he entirely reversed his former decision, and refused to coalesce in the English and Spanish policy.

The same ecclesiastical influence that impelled Napoleon the Third to cast in his lot with the poor Emperor Maximilian again prevailed, for we are just now (February 1875) told by Prince Bismarck that within half an hour previously to the declaration of war against Germany, the French Emperor was pacific.

29. *The late King of Hanover and Serjeant  
Goulbourn, M.P., D.C.L.*

The career of the late Serjeant Goulbourn was a varied one, for he commenced life as a midshipman, and on the 9th of July 1803 Edward Goulbourn was a cornet in the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, and on the 15th of December 1804, a lieutenant in the same distinguished corps. In 1815 he was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple, became a Serjeant-at-Law, with a patent of precedence; then a Welsh Judge and Recorder of Leicester, Lincoln, and Boston, and M.P. for Leicester from 1835-7; and lastly, a Commissioner in Bankruptcy.

He on one occasion distinguished himself in the

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hunting-field as a cornet of the Blues, but not without coming in for a wiggling from his commanding officer.

The family of George the Third we know were remarkable for their retentive memories, of which the follow anecdote is an illustration.

One day Cornet Goulbourn being out with the Royal staghounds, and well mounted, his horse carried him much in advance of various distinguished personages, among whom was His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland.

Some thirty-four years afterwards, i.e. in 1837, His Royal Highness became King of Hanover, and paid a visit to London. Divers festivities were got up on the occasion. The Conservative Club invited His Majesty to a banquet, at which many statesmen and other prominent persons attended. Serjeant Goulbourn, M.P., was one of them, and the king took wine with him, at the same time reminding him of the little *contretemps* with the staghounds. 'Ah! I thought I recollected you. You were the youngster who galloped before us all in the hunt, now nearly forty years ago.'

30. *'I'll show them, sir, that I am Maister o' ma ain house.'*

John was a small farmer in Peeblesshire, and at the election of 1868 had promised to vote for Sir Graham Montgomery; his wife, as was alleged, for substantial reasons, wished success to his opponent, and had pledged herself to prevent her husband voting for Sir Graham. John had therefore to become suddenly a

great invalid, and for some days previous to the election was always to be found sitting on his stool or chair nearly bent double, wearing his nightcap, and enveloped in his plaid and a blanket. In fact, his skilled wife had so transformed John, that in body at least he was the picture of misery. On the day of election a carriage drove up to John's door, bringing an active agent of the Montgomery party, who walked into the house and found him in the state I have described.

'John,' said the agent, 'hearing that you were unwell, I have brought a nice comfortable carriage for you, and I shall bring you back in it after you have voted.'

'I am afraid, sir,' said John, 'that I canna help Sir Graham this time, for ma wife tells me I'm vera unweel.'

At this juncture in walked his wife with a bold step and fierce countenance, declaring that her gude-man shoudna stir outside the door that day, and then retired.

'John,' said the agent, 'I fear that all I hear is but too true.'

'What div ye hear, sir?'

'Why, John, they say that you are not master of your own house.'

John was on his legs in an instant. Off went his nightcap, his plaid and blanket, loudly exclaiming, 'I'll show them, sir, that I'm maister o' ma ain house;' and in a few minutes he was inside the carriage and off to record his vote for Sir Graham Montgomery.

31. *The Imprisonment of His Grace Field Marshal  
the Duke of Wellington.*

It may not be generally known that his Grace on one occasion—moreover, in his own country—suffered an imprisonment of a peculiar character; but he bore it with the utmost meekness and resignation, no doubt recollecting ‘that when remedies are past the griefs are ended,’ or he may have said within himself, ‘I am a soldier and unapt to weep,’ or to exclaim on fortune’s fickleness. Be that as it may, not one word of remonstrance did he allow to pass his lips against the sentence, nor, as is now so usual in our courts of law, did he even threaten to appeal.

The awkward part of the affair was that the incarceration occurred in the county he loved so much, and in which he held the dignified and important office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, in addition to the discharge of other onerous duties more or less connected with the same county, as Master of the Corporation of the Trinity House.

I wish at once so far to relieve the anxiety of my readers by stating, that it was neither to the county prison, nor to the parish lock-up, that the Conqueror of the First Napoleon was committed; and I may also add that the imprisonment was not so lengthened—although his Grace may have thought differently—as to require a Writ of Habeas Corpus being moved for on his behalf. Indeed, had the sentence come from that mild, good, and enlightened Prelate, Doctor Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, greater delicacy could not have

been observed, nor could the Right Reverend Prelate—had the committal rested with him—have assigned to the transcendent soldier a more dignified place of confinement, nor one in which the first warrior of his age could reflect on some of the many eventful passages of his life so perfectly undisturbed. With these preliminary remarks, I now proceed to explain the circumstances, which must of necessity command attention.

His Grace, as Lord Warden, was residing at Walmer Castle, and had the day previous despatched his groom to Dover, to inform the clerk of St. James's Church that the Lord Warden was coming next forenoon on official duty—the Lord Warden having the privilege, in virtue of his office, of transacting the business appertaining to the wardenship in one part of the sacred edifice. The groom was further instructed by his Grace to desire Mr. Jenkinson, the Lieutenant-Governor, to meet him in the church. Whether the groom had relied on the parish clerk apprising Mr. Jenkinson, or whether some discussion in the public-house on the malt question between these worthies might not have caused the act of forgetfulness, was not made clear to his Grace; but this is undisputed, as it came from the Duke, that had the groom not attended his illustrious master on the Field of Waterloo, this act of omission would have been followed by his dismissal.


As usual, when his Grace appeared in Dover, his presence attracted a host of spectators, whose numbers kept on increasing as the Duke entered the church; but there was no Mr. Jenkinson, and without him no business could be gone into.

The precise exclamation indulged in by his Grace on discovering that his orders had been neglected, is not exactly known, as the worthy and respected parish clerk considered it confidential. This is to be regretted, as every word spoken by the Duke of Wellington must command attention, and more especially as in this instance, when uttered *ex cathedrâ*.

The groom having gone to the stables with the horses, the parish clerk said he would hurry off for the Lieutenant-Governor, who lived at some distance, but being resolved that during his absence the Lord Warden should be allowed to meditate alone, he told his Grace that he must lock him up, otherwise the crowd would fill the church instantly.

The Duke knowing that Mr. Jenkinson could not join him for an hour, and being puzzled how he should control an undisciplined body of gazers, possibly for the first time quailed under the idea, as he calmly said to the clerk—and here at least, they were both ‘in one key,’—‘I must submit to be locked up.’

At the end of an hour the Lieutenant-Governor had not entered an appearance, and his Grace, no doubt, began to think that the parish clerk’s memory had again failed him, and that he might be in clerical durance until the service of the following Sabbath commenced. However, another half-hour brought the clerk and Mr. Jenkinson to the rescue, and the Duke’s imprisonment to an end; and we must only hope that St. James’s, Dover, did not that afternoon become a church militant.



32. *A Royal Duchess's Bon Mot.*

My gallant friend Colonel Paschal was a godson of her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, whose modest tomb in Weybridge churchyard the Colonel, through the kind permission of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, periodically visits and carries out any repairs it may require, in grateful remembrance of one from whom he received so many marks of kindness.

As a young soldier he considered a visit to the royal residence at Oatlands as that affording him the greatest pleasure; but a Royal command, and that from the Commander-in-Chief, to pass there the first anniversary of Waterloo, in which he took part, had precedence of all others.

The Broad-water had that summer been drained off, and the accumulation of years of weeds and mud removed, the fish being allotted temporary tanks and ponds along the banks of the ducal lake.

The Duchess (18th June, 1816) seated in her chair on the bank, graciously received the military guests, and looking at what for the time was no longer the Broad-water, she said to her godson, 'Fritz, here is a *second* Water-low without the danger.'

33. *'So Abraham has arrived.'*

King George III. one day, giving audience to a Cabinet Minister—the Colonial Secretary, I assume—said, 'So Abraham has arrived.' The Minister was puzzled. 'Don't you know,' said His Majesty,



‘Abraham, that most able of all our shepherds? I mean MacArthur, from New Holland.’ ‘Oh, yes, your Majesty.’ ‘Let him be presented to me immediately, as I wish to show him my farm at Windsor.’ The Minister hesitating, the King asked for an explanation.

‘Why, your Majesty, Captain MacArthur, who has now retired from the army, was, in conjunction with the late Commander of the troops at Port Jackson, almost guilty of treason in the manner in which they ejected your Majesty’s representative (Governor Bligh) from the colony, for which the latter has been dismissed the service; and had Captain MacArthur not previously sent in his papers the same result would have followed in his case; and under such circumstances it might be considered somewhat premature for your Majesty to receive Captain MacArthur at Court.’

The Minister’s laughable description of the summary manner in which Governor Bligh was relieved of his colonial duties amused the King much. ‘At all events, let me see him at Windsor forthwith, as I shall show him my farm and my sheep, and, moreover, Abraham shall have a boiled leg of mutton and turnips with me.’ (His Majesty’s favourite dish.) All which was carried into effect.

#### 34. *Daniel Whittle Harvey, M.P.*

He was first member for Colchester in 1818, and again in 1820, 1826, 1830, and 1832. He was a master of forensic oratory, and few men could vie with

him in discussion. Mr. Greville, in his 'Memoirs,' describes him as one of the best speakers in Parliament. He could also bend to another style, in which he was unrivalled, *ad captandum vulgus*.

An Essex clergyman described to me the manner in which, in a very few words, he disposed of a formidable political opponent at a Colchester election. There was an eloquent rector of the diocese of Rochester who held a perpetual retainer from the Tory party to oppose all Whigs and Liberals in the political contests of Essex, more especially Daniel Whittle Harvey, when he was in the field, to whom it was expected the reverend gentleman should always reply. He was a portly man, who dined well every day, and showed that he did so : *teres atque rotundus*. Harvey, who was addressing the constituency, all at once stopped, and burst into a loud laugh, which, becoming infectious, extended throughout the mob, still unaware why the honourable candidate had drawn so largely on their risible faculties. 'Gentlemen,' said Harvey, 'I ask your pardon, but my eye has only this instant fixed itself on the fat rector, and as there are many strangers here to-day, who may never have seen the obese and reverend gentleman, let me point him out, and pray don't hurry yourselves, but take a good look, as I have something to tell you about him.' The orator, now assuming a solemn aspect and tone, and pointing to his clerical victim, said : 'Gentlemen, that man's belly is his God, and politics his religion.' He then proceeded with his speech, but long prior to its conclusion a cry had arisen among the mob, 'The parson has bolted.'

35. *A Dining-room turned into a Law Court ; or one of the best after-dinner speeches ever made.*

About 1836 a gentleman of excellent standing as a member of the Stock Exchange came to my friend the late Mr. Sewell, the eminent solicitor of Gresham House, Old Broad Street, requesting his advice as to a claim of some £10,000 for differences upon a series of speculative purchases and sales he had been conducting for a well-known Portuguese, who denied or refused to settle the claim. After carefully considering the matter, Mr. Sewell advised that he thought it was a case which might and ought to succeed, although the difficulties were great, especially the *prime* one of the probable plea (in bar of the claim) of illegality. It was decided to try an action, which was commenced, and came on for hearing; Sir William Follett and Sir Thomas Wilde were the two leading counsel on either side. Scarcely had the cause been opened when the defendant's counsel suggested (no doubt to screen his client, a public man, from exposure) a *reference*, which, of all things, Mr. Sewell desired, but he stipulated for two things—first, that the arbitrator should be a merchant, and not a lawyer; second, that the respective solicitors, and not counsel, should conduct the case. This was agreed to, and ultimately Mr. Larpent (afterwards Sir George Larpent, Bart., and M.P. for London) was appointed arbitrator.

Before him Mr. Sewell for the plaintiff, and the late Mr. Lavie for the defendant, argued the case, and produced their evidence, &c.

Of course Mr. Sewell opened the case, and Mr. Lavie replied, these things occupying several days.

On the closing of the defendant's reply, Mr. Sewell asked Mr. Larpent to fix a day for him to reply on the whole case, when, to his great mortification, Mr. Larpent said: 'Mr. Sewell, this case has taken up so much more time than I had anticipated, that I know not how to give another day to it, and you will very much oblige me by sending me *in writing* your reply.' To some men this might have been unimportant, or even a boon, but to one who, like Mr. Sewell, relied upon his oral powers for success, which he knew it deserved, it was a heavy blow and a great discouragement, but his client urged him to accede, lest he should offend the arbitrator, which accordingly he did, though sorely puzzled and perplexed. In an hour or two his client made him a curious proposal—viz., that he would have a dinner-party of his family and friends, and that Mr. Sewell after dinner should proceed as if he was before the arbitrator making his reply!—having a short-hand writer present to take down his speech, which he would then correct, and send to the arbitrator.

After a hearty laugh at the idea, Mr. Sewell consented, and in due time acted upon the plan: dined, with a large party, at his friend's; after the removal of the cloth made his speech to one of the guests, as arbitrator, &c.; received the full copy from the short-hand writer; sent it to Mr. Larpent, and obtained an award for the amount claimed in favour of his client.

36. *Buckingham Palace and the Duke of Wellington.*

In 1830 Buckingham Palace was not quite completed, and the Duke of Wellington, when Prime Minister, made many inspections of the building. Like other palaces, it had beautiful oak floors with various devices inlaid, and the Crown was one of them. On one of his visits the Duke closely examined these floors, and anxiously inquired for the architect, Mr. Nash, who was absent. He then continued his survey, and on his departure again expressed his wish to see Mr. Nash, who was still absent. 'Well, then,' said the Duke, 'tell him from me that the crown of England, the Imperial crown, is a very improper object to be trod upon.'

I am told there is a small church in Buckinghamshire where one may see a door-mat with a cross on it. I have seen ideas from Pompeii worked out on mats; for instance, 'Cave canem,' and a fierce dog, with a long chain. But treading the cross under foot is something more than extraordinary, and the Duke would in all probability have designated it in even stronger language than 'very improper.'

37. *The Right Reverend Samuel Wilberforce, Lord Bishop of Winchester.*

I had frequently heard the late Bishop preach, and also address the House of Lords as a Spiritual Peer, but had never met him in private or social life, if I may be permitted to apply the term on the occasion to which I now refer.

A handsome organ had been presented by the

trustees and members of congregation of the Oatlands Park Church, of which the Reverend R. C. Meade is the respected incumbent, and the Bishop kindly offered to preach a sermon (23rd January 1873) in aid of the funds for the organ, and listen to it with others for the first time within the walls of the church. His Lordship was afterwards entertained in Oatlands Park Hotel, at a *déjeuner*, and was asked to preside, being supported by the High-Sheriff for the county, the Archdeacon, rural Dean, clergy, and many ladies and gentlemen of the district. From the commencement of our *déjeuner* until its close it was, irrespective of the good things of this life, so liberally provided, truly 'a feast of reason and a flow of soul.'

The Bishop's eloquence, wit, and good feeling throughout commanded our admiration, and rivetted our deep attention. In proposing Her Majesty's health, and in sketching her position as a mother who had so recently drawn to one centre the nation's sympathy and the nation's anxiety for the Prince of Wales' recovery, nothing could surpass his powers as an orator in the felicitous language in which he clothed his observations. The same unrivalled good taste was displayed in proposing the toast of the Prince. After this, his happy eloquence became discursive. His toasts—and he had many to give—while commanding applause for their admirable piquancy, did not fail to secure in their train peals of laughter. I am certain the High-Sheriff (Mr. Sandeman) never had his health so joyously given during his shrievalty, or in terms more welcome, the Bishop having been his guest from the previous day. One of the trustees of the church,

just as our symposium—if I may so designate it—was coming to a close, requested us to fill our glasses to the health of the gentleman who had kindly volunteered to preside that day at the organ. As the speech of the proposer was excellent, an appropriate reply was looked for, but, at the moment the speaker was about to resume his seat, a gentleman at the bottom of the table called out, ‘My Lord Bishop, Mr. — has bolted!’ A roar of laughter ensued, which his Lordship allowed entirely to subside; then holding up both hands, and assuming for the nonce a most humorous expression of countenance, worthy of Liston, exclaimed, ‘What a sensible man!’ We were convulsed, and now separated, not, however, under the impression that those few facetious words were to be the last which most of us would ever hear from the lips of the highly-gifted and lamented Prelate.

### 38. *Capturing a British Lion.*

The late Colonel T——, a rich American cousin, who then resided in Paris *en grand seigneur*, and whose dinners and receptions the most fastidious could not criticise, meeting his friend Mr. Ellice, M.P. (the Right Honourable Edward Ellice, M.P. for Coventry) in the Champs Elysées, asked him with earnestness if he thought it possible to secure Lord Brougham, then in the French capital, for his next party. ‘Oh,’ said Mr. Ellice, ‘I can manage that for you, as I shall ask him to accompany me.’ Accordingly, the Colonel, to his ineffable delight, greeted Lord Brougham as a

visitor to his salons. When the period of departure arrived, the Colonel, while escorting Lord Brougham down stairs, called out, in the loudest tone of voice ever used on such occasions, so that all inside the palatial mansion, and *les gens* of his distinguished visitors, with the *petites gens* outside, might also hear, 'Lord Brougham's carriage!' 'Oh, Colonel,' said the gifted Lord, 'I have no carriage, and I was just going to ask one of your men to hail a jarvey for me.'

### 39. *A Highland Sermon.*

'Ah, my friends, what causes have we for grāatitude, oh yes, for the deepest grāatitude! Look at the place of our habitāation. How grateful should we be that we do not leeve in the far north, oh no! amid the frost and the snaw, and the cauld and the weet, oh no! where there's a lang day tae half o' the year, oh yes! and a lang lang nicht the tither, oh yes! that we do not depend upon the Aurawry Boreawlis, oh no! that we do not gang shivering aboot in skins, oh no! snoking amang the snaw like mowdiwarts, oh no, no! And how grāateful should we be that we do not leeve in the far south, beneath the equawtor, and a sun aye burnin, burnin, where the sky's het, ah yes! and the yearth's het, and the waters het, and ye're brunt black as a smiddy, ah yes! where there's teegers, oh yes! and lions, oh yes! and crocodiles, oh yes! and fear-some beasts growlin and girnin at ye among the woods, where the very air is a fever, like the burnin breath o' a fiery drawgon; that we do not leeve in these



places, oh no, no, no! no! But that we leeve in this blessit island of oors, callit Great Britain, oh yes, yes! and in that pairt of it named Scotland, and in that bit o' auld Scotland that looks up at Ben Nevis, oh yes! yes! yes! where there's neither frost nor cauld, nor wund, nor weet, nor hail, nor rain, nor teegars, nor lions, nor burnin suns, nor hurricanes, nor'——

Here a tremendous blast of wind and rain from Ben Nevis blew in the windows of the kirk, and brought the preacher's eloquence to an abrupt conclusion.

#### 40. *A High Price of Wheat.*

A reverend friend tells me that he recollected his father, the Rector of Shepperton, Middlesex, sending two loads of wheat during the height of the first Napoleonic War to Uxbridge Market, which were sold for 40*l.* a load, equal to 160*s.* a quarter. 'Yes,' said my friend, 'this made a somewhat lasting impression on my mind, as well as on my brother's, for we were only allowed one moderate slice of bread for breakfast, being compelled to fill up the crevices with potatoes.'

#### 41. *King Ernest of Hanover.*

George IV. always said that his brother, Cumberland, was much the ablest member of his family. In confirmation of this I may state, that I recently heard (1875), a highly accomplished lady, who was on terms of strict and warm intimacy with Princess Lieven, remark, that the King of Hanover's letters to

the Princess on political questions, were extremely able documents and full of terse common sense. He predicted the downfall of King Louis Philippe and gave his reasons. He likewise foretold the great changes that were inevitable in Germany, and most probably, had he lived, might have coalesced with the King of Prussia, and thus have averted the blow which fell so heavily on his son and successor. Some of the letters are highly amusing: in one to the Princess he describes King Leopold, of Belgium, as taking his monarchical duties easier than any one he ever knew, and how he managed this was to him a puzzle, for, continues the Monarch of Hanover, 'I find, and firmly believe, the work of a King to be harder than that of any coalheaver.'

#### 42. *The Darwinian Theory.*

No one did so much to establish our descent from the monkey, as the late Lieutenant Monk of the Bengal Native Infantry. Monk was as active as the monkey, and in one respect more so, as I have never heard of one of the *Simiadae* genus being able to run ten miles in an hour. This Monk could do, and that easily, provided he had a bet upon it; and was at all times prepared to start on a ten-mile course, a good bet being previously arranged. But where his consanguinity with the monkey family was shown and proved by demonstration, *was in running up walls.*

My informant, a highly esteemed member of the Bengal Civil Service, *when stationed at Sultanpore,*

Benares, told me of Monk being a day or two before at Chunar, with the officer on guard over the state prison, the same officer having a very tempting-looking ham hanging to the beam of his room. Monk took a fancy to it, and asked him if he would give it to him if he ran up the wall and cut it down with his penknife. 'Yes I will,' was the answer. If ladies happened to be present, Monk would retire for a few minutes, and on his return apologise to them for appearing barefooted, as he said he never ran up a friend's wall with his boots on. In a few moments the ham was down and his own property. He himself thought little of his prowess in running up walls, but prided himself on a much more difficult feat, that of walking round a room on the wainscot or skirting board, which in rooms in India is about four feet from the ground, and about three inches wide. That he considered the sublimate of his Monk-eyism.

#### 43. *The Black Country.*

Alfred Forrester, better known by his *nom de plume* of Alfred Crowquill, told me a good story after a visit to the Black Country around Wolverhampton. He asked an operative how often he washed his face; his reply was 'these 'ere dirty chaps ne'er washes their faces at all, but I makes a pint of a washing of mine once a week whether it wants it or not.'

The Black Country reminds me of a laughable occurrence my father used to describe. He was posting up from Scotland, thirty years before the existence of

railways, with my mother and another lady. The Black Country through which they were passing on a terribly dark night, was vomiting forth fire from its numerous furnaces. A man on horseback had several times ridden abreast of the carriage and stared in at the window, frightening the ladies extremely. At last my father called to the postilion to draw up, on which order being given, the supposed highwayman likewise drew up. My father then addressed him as follows: 'I have no wish at this moment to blow out your brains, but as I cannot allow you to alarm the ladies more than you have already done, I am prepared to give you a sum of money.' 'Oh, gracious heavens! sir, do not shoot me; oh, ladies, save me! for I am a poor benighted clergyman, quite a stranger, frightened out of my senses with the darkness around me, and utterly unacquainted with the road. I only seek, I assure you, the protection of your carriage.' Both parties were now relieved, and as the country rector—which he proved to be—was to sleep at the next stage, where my father was to remain for the night, he was asked to join the party at dinner. Their mutual fears, now vanished, a fruitful source of amusing discussion followed. 'Would you really have shot me?' asked the parson. 'Certainly not,' said my father, 'and for the best of all reasons—I had no pistols; nor do I think I ever fired one in my life.' 'Well,' rejoined the parson, 'all I know is, that until you spoke of blowing my brains out, I had never known what real terror was.'

44. *The Kanitz Duel.*

Among the many stirring military anecdotes to which I have listened, and hope still to listen, with so much pleasure from my friend Colonel Paschal, a survivor of the Peninsular and Waterloo, there was one that struck me as deeply interesting.

When the Peace took place between France and Prussia (1814) and the French troops were leaving Berlin for their own country, General Kanitz—then a Captain in the Prussian army—happened to be one day in a billiard-room in Berlin, when, without any dispute whatever, a French officer gave as his opinion, ‘that the Prussian officers were cowards.’ On hearing this Kanitz presented his card, saying he trusted with exceptions, and having received the French officer’s card in return, it was arranged that a hostile meeting should take place at the Thier Garten the following morning at seven o’clock.

To the Thier Garten at the time appointed Kanitz and his second repaired, and remained for an hour, but no French officer appeared; consequently Kanitz and his friend returned to Berlin, breakfasted, and then waited on the French Adjutant-General, inquiring for the officer whose card he had received, and to his surprise was informed that the regiment to which he belonged had marched from Berlin at six o’clock that morning on its return to France.

Kanitz and his second immediately decided on riding after the regiment, which they overtook at mid-day, and having spoken to the Commandant and explained

the reason why they had followed the battalion, he was delighted to hear from the commanding officer, 'Cela s'arrangera à l'instant.' The Commandant then gave the word, 'Bataillon, halte !' and sent the adjutant for the officer whose card he held in his hand, and on his coming up he said, 'You gave this card yesterday to this gentleman, having previously wantonly insulted him, and having failed to keep the appointment you made with him. The affair must be settled instantly.' The twelve paces were then measured, and the parties having taken their ground; the signal fire being given, Kanitz killed his adversary on the first shot. The French Commandant at once ordered a party of the Regimental Pioneers to dig a grave, and having buried the French officer near the spot where he fell, he saluted Kanitz most graciously, hoping he was satisfied that the honour of his regiment was intact. This being admitted, the commanding officer gave the command, 'En route pas accéléré, marche !' the drums striking up the usual rat-a-plan, rat-a-plan, plan-plan, whilst Kanitz quietly returned to Berlin with his second.

NOTE.—To Colonel Paschal I am indebted for the anecdotes I give of that choice specimen of the fine old soldier Colonel Farquharson of the 25th Borderers, in 'Boyd's Reminiscences,' No. 165.

45. *Sir Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde) under Fire at Chillianwallah.*

I had the pleasure in 1872 of passing a few days in the country with Colonel Christopher Godby of the

Indian Army. The Colonel found from observations I made in my volume of 'Reminiscences,' published by Messrs. Longmans, that I had been on intimate terms with the late Lord Clyde, and I was therefore only too happy to broach a favourite topic, namely, the military genius and character of that glorious old Highland soldier, with one who had shared with him the honours of different well-fought fields. Amongst other points I touched upon with the Colonel, was, that I had always heard that no man was more collected or cool in action than Colin Campbell. He said it was so, and he was proud now to be able to tell me what he saw of Sir Colin under fire at Chillianwallah; moreover, the Colonel added, that his account might be the more interesting to me, as he was during the heat of the action close by his side. It would appear that the British force started from a place called Dingie on the 13th January 1849, eight miles from Chillianwallah, at 3 a.m., and advanced on the enemy's position in a line of contiguous columns. The country was rough, the enemy's position not well known, and consequently the advance was slow.

Sir Walter Gilbert commanded the right division of the army of which Brigadier Godby (the Colonel's father) had the right brigade. Sir Colin commanded the left division of the army, and on these two flank divisions the honour of the victory—if it may be called one—perhaps we had better say, the preventing a defeat—rested.

About 12 o'clock our force came on a picket of the enemy, which was driven in; then it was discovered that the Sikhs were in position on our right, and the

front had to be changed, which was a tedious operation, considering it was some four miles in extent. Colonel Godby described to me Sir Colin's cheery face, and kind, hearty, manly, encouraging words, as he passed to and fro during this advance. After the change of front had been effected, it was deemed too late to attack that day; and pickets were thrown out and camp colourmen were marking out the ground for the night. In our front, and between us and the enemy, was a huge jungle of detached clumps of bushes. At about 2 o'clock the enemy opened fire. Lord Gough ordered an advance—the pickets to act as skirmishers, and forward Sir Colin led his troops into the jungle. Our line was soon broken, and our skirmishers positively lost in the extensive wood.

Brigadier Pennycuik's brigade was on our right, and Campbell's consisted of the 46th Native Infantry, H. M.'s 61st, and the 36th Native Infantry (to which Colonel, then Lieutenant Godby belonged). Pennycuik advanced his brigade through the jungle with unloaded muskets and trailed arms at the double, consequently got a-head and detached from us.

The enemy met Pennycuik with a murderous fire as he debouched from the jungle, and breech-loaders not being in use in those days, his men could not return the fire before half the brigade was destroyed.

Pennycuik fell, and his brave son stood over his fallen father, sword in hand, and died with him. The remainder turned and fled, and swept past our flank like a whirlwind. 'You can imagine,' said Colonel Godby,



‘the effect this had on my own regiment, the 36th. The men were becoming disordered and began to fall back. Here Colin Campbell’s coolness showed itself. *As quietly as if he had been on parade, with the shot falling around like hail, he wheeled back the two right Companies of the 61st, the men of which regiment behaved with the same intrepidity as the brave Highlander who stood before them, and thus covering the broken ranks of the 36th N.I., who otherwise might have turned and gone with Pennyquick’s Brigade.*’

The late Colonel (then Lieutenant Garstin) Lieutenant Godby, the late Lieutenant Bagshaw, Major-General (then Major) Flemyng, and the Regimental Serjeant-Major with the colour, went in front some fifty yards to cheer on their men, and bring them into line again. A party of Sikhs attacked them and endeavoured to capture the colour. Garstin and Godby stood back and fought for it. Bagshaw was wounded and Godby was cut down. Garstin killed one, Flemyng another, and the Serjeant-Major bayoneted three. Godby was considered to be dead; one corpse under him, another over him. He had lost cap, pistol, and sword, and had received a bullet in his shoulder and two tremendous sabre wounds on his head. He had just strength left to extricate himself from the heap of dead, and rushed bleeding and unarmed on the backs of his adversaries. This apparition from behind them, and the cheer with which he was welcomed by his men, turned the foe, and they fled, leaving a colour, and four out of twelve dead.

All this time there stood Sir Colin undaunted

watching his men, his cool courage animating all who beheld him, at the same time waiting his opportunity ; for no sooner had this party left than Sir Colin brought up the whole of the brigade into line with the two companies of the 61st before mentioned, and along the front of Pennycuick's brigade he charged, taking his pursuers in flank, aided by a squadron of the glorious old 3rd Dragoons, under that brave man Unit. About this time the centre of the army had given way, and the Cavalry Brigade on the right, with the 14th Dragoons, had fallen back, so that the two flank infantry brigades and Unit's squadron were all we had to depend on. As Sir Colin Campbell charged along the front from left to right, Brigadier Godby's Brigade, with the 2nd Fusiliers (now the 104th), charged from right to left, and thus they cleared our front of the enemy, and *prevented* a defeat, and were left masters, as darkness came on, of one of the bloodiest fields ever seen in India.

Colonel Godby closed his description of Chillianwallah in these words: '*I believe we should have been driven off the field if it had not been for Sir Colin Campbell.*'

It is said that every bullet has its billet. At Chillianwallah one bullet took up its billet at the back of Sir Colin's watch, and another was found billeted in the curb chain of the bridle of his charger. After the battle, addressing his officers, he said, 'I know, my fine fellows, you are exhausted, but no food or refreshment until we visit the sick and wounded.'

NOTE.—Colonel Godby was the officer who, five years

after Chillianwallah, was stabbed by an assassin on the Peshawur frontier when in the Corps of Guides, and in command of 200 sabres, on the border. The sabre wounds he received at Chillianwallah round the lower part of the head and neck are probably the most extraordinary wounds to have recovered from on record.

*46. Incidents at the Battle of Maharajpore.*

In my previous anecdote I refer in the case of Sir Colin Campbell to 'every bullet having its billet,' and this day—29th December 1873—being the thirtieth anniversary of the Battle of Maharajpore, I shall describe the remarkable escape of General Sir Thomas Valiant, K.C.B. and K.H., then a colonel in command of a brigade, his own regiment (the 40th) forming one of the regiments of it. The incident I am about to describe was related to me by an officer of the 40th. He was leading his regiment to the charge of a strong battery of guns playing upon them, cap in hand; one of the enemy fired at him from a tree, the bullet striking full on his left breast, causing the gallant officer for a moment to fall back in his saddle till his head nearly touched his horse's crupper. The men of the 40th, whom he had long commanded, and by whom he was much beloved, seeing their chief as they supposed fall, gave a yell of rage, and without orders emptied half their muskets into the tree, bringing the man headlong to the ground. However, the general resumed his upright position, and placing his

hand in the hole of his torn coat, pulled out and showed the men a small pocket pistol which the bullet had struck; and thus his life was saved, though at the expense of a very severe contusion. The regiment, with hearty cheers, again followed their colonel and captured the battery. He was created a K.C.B. for this action, as was also Sir Harry Smith, who was present as Adjutant-General of the Army.

My readers may not all be able to recall the events of the 29th December 1843 on the field of Maharajpore. I shall therefore add a few short but interesting particulars, related to me by the same officer. The Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough, was on this occasion present, and was to be seen riding in easy chat with Sir Harry Smith and the Staff in advance, when suddenly a few lively cannon balls came bowling among them. The hint was quickly taken, the army being brought into action, and after a severe contest, a brilliant and conclusive victory was won.

During the whole of the fight no one was more cool and collected than the Governor-General, who, with bullets flying thick around him, leisurely walked about the field, affording assistance to the wounded and giving them oranges to allay their thirst. Lord Ellenborough, throughout his Vice-Royalty, was an immense favourite with the army, who would gladly have welcomed him as one of themselves. Not so with the Civil Service, nor with the authorities who, previous to the expiry of the Charter, ruled the destinies of our Indian Empire from Leadenhall Street. It was by these gentlemen, in right of their power to do so,

that Ellenborough was recalled; but the exercise of this right, as I recollect, caused great surprise, and it is said to no one more than the Governor-General's patron and friend, the Duke of Wellington.

NOTE.—By Mr. Greville's 'Memoirs,' it would seem that the Duke thought the Board of Directors right.

47. *Your London Club, and how to make the most of it.*

When I first came to London I was a member of a club in Waterloo Place called the 'Literary Union,' to which Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Campbell the poet, the Brothers Lytton Bulwer, Isaac Disraeli, D.C.L., and other eminent *littérateurs* and *savants* belonged; but a vast majority of the members had their *autobiographia literaria* comprised within a very limited space.

It was a pleasant club—few then existed—limited to one thousand members, chiefly composed (as the literary stars were limited in number) of naval, military, legal, clerical, and mercantile men, with a fair sprinkling of members of both Houses of Parliament.

There was an amusing circumstance, which still causes me a hearty laugh to look back upon, connected with a member of the club—not a Scotchman—who practised gastronomic economy most successfully, and as the Committee considered that their institution lost money by him, the waiters were desired to keep a *strict eye* upon him in regard to the infringement of any rule in connection with the Club's *cuisinerie*.

In those days we could, *down to four o'clock*, have a large mutton chop, with bread and beer *ad libitum*, for 6*d.*, or two chops for 1*s.* The member in question did not breakfast at the club, but partook of every other meal there. He was a man known to be in affluent circumstances, and at his death some fifteen years since his personalty was sworn under £80,000.

After exhausting the morning newspapers, he was to be found about one o'clock in the coffee-room, eating a crust of white or brown bread, and drinking beer, for which he paid nothing. He then betook himself to Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens for his constitutional, returning to the Club a few minutes before four o'clock, when he gave his order for his couple of mutton-chops or steak, which down to that hour was considered a luncheon, even with a vegetable. For this he paid one shilling, drinking as usual, *gratis*, as much of the club beer as he chose. One day his watch and the club clock differed; for, while the former told him there was still three minutes' law, the latter made it four o'clock. He had, however, taken the precaution of asking a member of the club to look at his watch, which, luckily for him, corresponded with his own. The waiter respectfully said that he only could be guided by the club clock, and, having consulted the Secretary, the waiter was authorised to claim the price of a dinner. This was peremptorily refused, and the important question came before the Committee for adjudication; but the defendant having checked the time with his friend when he gave the order for the chops, the Committee were defeated in

their claim, and instead of receiving 2s. 6d., as they jubilantly declared previously they would do, they had to be satisfied with the usual 1s. I recollect that the decision was looked for with much amusing anxiety. The parsimonious defendant usually spent two hours or more over his chops or steak, and by running four o'clock so close he enjoyed, among those not in the secret, the credit of dining daily at his club. At seven o'clock he went to the drawing-room, where he had his tea or coffee and a muffin, for which he paid 6d. He then indulged in literature or sleep until ten o'clock, when he again entered an appearance in the coffee-room and had his *petit souper*—his favourite repast being, when in season, a dozen of oysters and an abundant supply of thin brown bread and butter, with beer for the third time, and all for 6d. The present price of oysters would not have suited him. So in looking back from this period of enhanced prices of human food, it cannot be disputed that the member in question of the Literary Union Club fared well for his 2s. a day, and followed out, adopting the Italian expression, *economia fino all ossa*.

48. 'It's naething like a perpetuity.'

Sir John Shaw Stewart, Bart., of Greenock, Ardgowan and Blackhall, M.P. for the County of Renfrew, who died in 1812, was a man of high talent. He told a humorous story admirably. For the following I am indebted to a gallant friend, Captain T——t, who related it *à merveille*, as he does all his

Scotch anecdotes, and in the purest vernacular. Sir John was prevented by his entail from granting feus; but there was no prohibition against leases to any extent. Being asked to grant a feu, he told the applicant that he had no power to do so, but 'that he would give him a ninety-nine years' lease. 'Na, na, Sir John, that will not do ava [at all] for me.' 'The deuce it won't; then,' said the laird, 'I will add another 9, and surely 999 years will suit you.' 'Weel then, Sir John, as ye canna grant me a feu, I suppose [suppose] I maun mak that answer; but it's naething like a perpetuity.'

49. *Mr. Pitt's Opinion of the Correspondence of the London Merchant.*

At the end of last and beginning of this century the mercantile world had not, as at present, the advantage of those most able and elaborate City Money articles of the Press each morning to refer to for its better guidance and instruction. Consequently, the partner of a mercantile firm who conducted the foreign correspondence had to cast about on all hands.

Mr. Pitt, having requested my father and one or two other merchants to wait upon him on some matter of importance connected with the West India and American trade, desired them at same time to bring copies of their correspondence connected with the matter to be discussed. The Premier had the correspondence read to him; and, at the conclusion, he remarked that better papers, or more to the point, could not have



issued from any department in Whitehall. I was mentioning this lately to a friend of mine from Scotland, who related some interesting analogous circumstances in connection with mercantile correspondence. At a dinner given in Glasgow, on his return from India, to the present Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., son of the historian—who had been, if I am not mistaken, aide-de-camp to Sir Colin Campbell at Lucknow, where he lost an arm, and has since, for his distinguished services under Sir Garnet Wolseley, been made a K.C.B.—Mr. Stirling, of Kenmure (of the house of Messrs. Stirling, Gordon, & Co.), a gentleman well known and much esteemed, having been called upon to return thanks for the merchants of Glasgow, said that many mercantile families of note had contributed their quota to the gallant defenders of their country. He mentioned that Sir Thomas Munro, General James Dunlop, and Colonel Wallace had all been brought up in the counting-house of Stirling, Gordon, & Co., and that, after leaving Glasgow, their first place of meeting each other was under the walls of Seringapatam. Mr. Stirling proceeded to say that in those days they had, of course, much correspondence with the West Indies, and that sometimes it was just possible for a letter in reply to those by the in-coming packet to catch the outgoing packet at Falmouth, if it happened to be detained a few days by contrary winds; so that they were obliged to adopt a very brief and concentrated style, not unlike that of the modern telegram. Now Sir Thomas Munro was initiated into that style; and when he rose to eminence in India his despatches were famous,

and no one admired them more for their clearness, brevity, and concentration than the Duke of Wellington, who, it is supposed by some, adopted them as his model. So it is very curious to think that perhaps the germ of the famous Gurwood Despatches is to be found in the letter-book of Stirling, Gordon, & Co., in the old counting-house in Miller Street, Glasgow.

50. *A Grave Imputation.*

Two ladies in a northern county in Scotland, no less remarkable for their humour than their genuine kindness, had made an arrangement with the minister of their parish for supplying the urgent necessities of a very indigent old woman in the village. The ladies had agreed to furnish a subsidy of coal, while the minister undertook to add blankets. The grateful recipient a few days afterwards met the worthy pastor, a bachelor, in the course of his morning rounds. 'Aye, minister,' said the poor old woman, 'it's a grand thing for the likes o' me to bide [reside] in this parish; for I aye say, the twa gude leddies keep me warm in the daytime, and the minister keeps me warm at nicht.'

51. *The Marquis of Breadalbane's Piper.*

A friend of mine was on a visit to Taymouth Castle and met Mr. Barclay, an eminent Scotch artist, who was then engaged in painting a Highland scene for Lord Breadalbane, in which his lordship's handsome

piper was introduced. My friend was in the studio when the artist who had the piper under the brush was instructing him as to his attitude, and that he must maintain an appearance at once of animation and ease, by keeping up a conversation, to which the latter replied that he would do his best in the talking way. He commenced as follows: 'Maister Parclay, ye read yer Bible at times, I *suppone* [suppose], sir?' 'Oh yes.' 'Weel, Maister Parclay, if ye do tat, sir, ten ye've read te 3rd and 5th verses of te 3rd chapter of Daniel, when te princes, te governors, te captains, te judges, te treasurers, te counsellors, te sheriffs, and all te rulers of te provinces were gathered together into te dedication of te image tat Nebuchadnezzar te king had set up, and tey were told tat whenever tey began to hear te sound of te cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, tey were to fall down and worship te golden image that Nebuchadnezzar te king set up. I tell ye, Maister Parclay, if tey had had a Hielandman wi' his pipes tere tat nonsense would not hae happened. Na, na, he would hae sent tem a fleeing, it would hae been wi' tem as Bobby Burns said, "Skirl up te Bangor" for ye maun a come back to the bagpipe at last.'

The visit of my friend, who is an Englishman, to Lord Breadalbane, in 1856, extended to two months, and the conclusion he arrived at in regard to the bagpipers of all the great Scotch houses was, that they were remarkable men and good musicians.

The Marquis was proud of his piper, John Anderson, who was about sixty years of age, very handsome,

though not very tall. He wore long white whiskers, and a beard which he cultivated with great care. It may interest my English readers whose hearts, since the Royal marriage of 1871, must additionally warm to the Tartan, to know that the Breadalbane Tartan resembles that of the Argylls, but it has a yellow streak instead of a scarlet one. I may here remark that when speaking lately to my friend the Earl of Mar, and asking him what his Tartan was, he told me that his peerage being one of the oldest in Scotland, flourished several centuries before tartans were invented, but that through the close relationship his ancestors had the honour to enjoy with Robert the Bruce, his family are entitled to the 'Royal Stuart' as their tartan, and this, by the way, giving the privilege also of wearing any other tartan they may fancy.

Anderson's dirk, with yellow cairngorm, was very handsome, and on grand occasions, he wore a variety of prize medals and a pair of gold epaulettes. My friend contrived to gather a great deal of information in regard to pipers and Highlanders in general, and the conversation frequently turned to the subject of music, but John Anderson seemed to look down upon all modern musical inventions. He used to inhabit a cottage in the Park of Taymouth; and as he was coming one morning to the castle, he was attacked by a red deer. He managed to keep down the head of the animal by holding fast on the antlers, but not always with success, and carried on the war in this manner for nearly an hour. The deer at last gave in, and skulked into the nearest wood, and poor John Anderson was so fatigued

with the encounter that he kept to his cottage for several days, and the red deer did not put in an appearance for a fortnight.

John Anderson enjoyed a handsome stipend and various other perquisites from his noble patron ; but he also carried on a little business of his own as a manufacturer of bagpipes for the Highland regiments, which was believed to be very lucrative.

### 52. *Another Piper worthy of Mention.*

My friend passed nearly four months of the autumn of 1849 at Drummond Castle, and described to me the piper of Lord and Lady Willoughby d'Eresby. Alexander Stewart was a much younger man than John Anderson, very good looking, and about thirty-five. He had been most fortunate in having gained as many as thirty-two prizes, which consisted of dirks, pipes, medals, and money. The brooches of Scotch topaz or cairngorm on his jacket were very large and beautiful.

The Drummond tartan has some blue and green streaks upon a scarlet ground. He generally wore a check plaid or shepherd's maude, which had a border of green and scarlet, and his jacket was of dark blue cloth with lozenge-shaped buttons. Stewart used to perform for half-an-hour at breakfast and at dinner. At first a slow piece of music or 'Lament,' when he moved slowly across the yard in front of the castle ; then a march like 'Over the water to Charlie,' when he marched gallantly, as if he were at the head of a regiment ; and he finished with a quick step or

reel—for instance, the ‘Tullochgorum,’—when he faced the house, but kept his right foot in motion the whole time. He sometimes played operatic music, such as the Huntsman’s chorus from ‘Der Freischütz,’ a composition I have heard, from those competent to give an opinion, rather unsuitable to the pipes. Stewart wore his medals: the two most valuable to him were the English Naval medal and the Sultan’s, awarded him for his bravery at the siege of Acre in 1840. He belonged to the ‘Benbow,’ Captain Houston Stewart (now one of the Admirals of the Fleet). The piper volunteered to land with several others, but before the boat could reach the shore he was struck in the loins by a musket shot, which first penetrated the leathern belt, and passed through the muscles. Poor Stewart was laid up for nearly a year in the hospitals at Malta and Plymouth, the upper part of the thigh-bone being shattered.

Queen Victoria passed three days at Taymouth, and three at Drummond Castle, in 1842. At the latter, the anniversary is always celebrated by a dinner; when they drink Her Majesty’s health in a glass of whisky or in Scotch ale. A terpsichorean display follows, and Alexander Stewart’s talent is in great request, as they always dance until a late hour.

53. *His Royal Highness the Regent (George IV.)  
and his friend the Essex Baronet.*

The worthy baronet was usually honoured by an annual visit in the autumn from his Royal Highness.

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His covers were well stocked with pheasants and hares, but overrun with rabbits—so much so, as to be introduced, it was alleged, *ad nauseam*, in the servants' hall, thereby creating revolutionary and communistic feelings among the domestics. The result was that resignations and dismissals were numerous in the household of the Essex baronet.

When Carlton House held sway, the honourable baronet was a frequent guest of Royalty, and was occasionally to be met in St. James's and Bond Street arm in arm with the Regent.

One forenoon a waggish friend of the Baronet met him in the country and told him he was a lucky fellow to be now immortalised, as the day previous he had seen him in all the print shops of the west end in the same picture and arm in arm with his Royal Highness.

A hurried visit was that day made by the baronet to London, where he soon espied his own portrait in juxtaposition with royalty; but the cruel artist had made *addenda* that lowered its value terribly in the estimation of its original, for he had given him a collar of rabbits, and a leash of the same lively little animal over each shoulder.

He and another baronet of the same county were bracketed as the taciturn baronets. Both prided themselves on their excellent port wine, and very often indulged their tastes together. A reverend and witty friend of mine—who, I shall suppose, was sipping his claret—described to me their usual course of procedure over a bottle of port. It was somewhat formal. The ladies having gone, the host, filling a bumper, addressed

his friend: 'I drink to your health, Sir John.' Not another word passed between them until the bottle was finished, and replaced by the second, to which they restricted themselves. This second libation yielded no whit to the other in the solemnity of its utter silence. 'I drink to your health, Sir William.' On its conclusion the meeting was adjourned.

#### 54. *How to Forgive the Man you have Injured.*

The late Mr. Charles Phillips, the Barrister, received great notice and attention when commencing his career at the Irish Bar, from the *Liberator*. In after years, when the fetters were unriveted, and St. Stephen's was re-opened to Roman Catholics, his (Phillips') arm, four days out of six, was at the command of his distinguished countryman, the great lawyer and statesman, from the Reform Club to the House of Commons. One evening an accidental discussion arose in Parliament, in which Charles Phillips' authority as an Irishman was used in opposition to the views of the *Liberator*, when the latter indulged in a diatribe against Phillips which entirely estranged him from the Idol of the Green Isle.

Months passed over without any communication or recognition being exchanged between them; but one day at the Club up came the great O to Phillips, exclaiming, 'I'm tired of not speaking to you, Charles: Shake hands; I forgive you, Charles!' Charles did not venture to say what was at the top of his tongue—that it was the first instance of an aggressor forgiving the



man he had injured. The two were reconciled and as affectionate as ever. Lord Glenelg, to whom the anecdote was told by a learned and esteemed friend of mine, stated that the *modus conciliandi* adopted tickled immensely the then noble Secretary for the Colonies, who declared it to be unique, and that no Englishman, no Scotchman, and only one Irishman could have achieved a peace by so novel and skilful a contrivance.

55. *A Curious Recent Anomaly in British Ecclesiastical Legislation.*

It would be difficult for most of my Anglican Clerical Friends to imagine under what drawbacks their co-religionists in Scotland laboured not so many years ago.

For instance, a Bill prohibiting the assemblage of more than ten (10) persons in one place to worship according to the form of their fathers, would, I presume, scarcely in these tolerant times of ours get the length of even a first reading. Such an Act, however, remained in force during the latter half of the last century. Indeed, it is scarcely credible that so lately as the year 1864, one of the clauses of the Act referred to still obtained. No clergyman of the Scottish Episcopal Church was allowed, without official permission, to occupy an Anglican pulpit on two consecutive Sundays. I may mention, incidentally, that the erasure of such a blot from our Statute Book was mainly due to the liberal good sense and energetic assistance of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch (who moved in Parlia-

ment the repeal of the obnoxious clause); Dr. Tait, the then Bishop of London, now Archbishop of Canterbury; Doctor Eden, Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church; and the late deeply lamented and highly-accomplished Doctor Gilbert Rorison.

56. *Sir George Rose.*

I once had the peculiar satisfaction, I may say, felicity, of passing some days in the country, under the same roof with that charming and accomplished man and humourist, Sir George Rose. The following, showing 'the ruling passion,' was told me by a learned Judge, as having occurred at Sir George's bedside only a few days before his death.

The doctor was watching the attendant giving his patient the usual quantity of weak brandy and water, and fearing that there was an undue infusion of stimulant, called the nurse's attention to this. Sir George looked up, 'No, no, Doctor, none of your tricks; don't you be sending me to Gravesend by water.'

The following is a bright instance of his good-natured repartee. A somewhat jealous remark was made by a legal luminary to the effect that in the County Court something was administered that was neither Law nor Equity. 'Ah,' said Sir George, 'then it has some chance of being justice.' He and a friend had gone into the country to visit a learned and most eminent Judge, who had married twice. There was a large family by each wife. As they were entering the avenue Sir George remarked that their learned

brother should give his correct designation over his gate, i.e., 'Nurseryman.'

He was giving a dinner party, and his coachman had been summoned as an auxiliary to the butler and footman. During dinner an awful smash was heard. 'Don't be alarmed, ladies; it is only Coachman and his *Brake!*'

57. *'I'm Frae Dollar, my Lord.'*

The Bishop of London (now Archbishop of Canterbury) was attending the consecration of a church in the East End of London, when a man in the procession, who held some official position connected with the parish, *sidled* up to him and whispered, 'Naething like this in oor country, my Lord. *I'm frae Dollar.*' Dollar being the name of the parish in which Harviestoun is situated, the country seat of the Archbishop's father.

58. *Chief Justice Story, of the United States.*

This illustrious jurist, of whom Mr. Everett, the eminent American statesman and diplomatist, on a public occasion declared 'that the Temple of Jurisprudence could never rise higher than one Story,' having to give his vote on some public occasion, desired his black coachman to bring round the carriage. Just as he was about to step into it, recollecting that his man also possessed the franchise, he said, 'Sambo, how do you vote?' 'Why, Massa, I vote for A.' 'That

being so, you may take the carriage back, for as I vote for B, we shall pair off.'

59. '*Old Fashions please me best.*'

(TAMING OF THE SHREW.)

An American minister accredited to the Court of St. James'—fond of the *seria mixta jocis*—relates a good story, reflecting, as I think not without reason, on the manners and customs of English society in the present day.

It is well known that to the American mind our ideas of friendly intercourse are cold and unsympathetic, and contrast unfavourably with the free and easy familiarity of their own people.

The envoy in question, with members of his family, had been invited to one of the receptions of a distinguished leader of fashion, whose entertainments, be they London or suburban, are always attended by the *crème de la crème* of society, and often graced by royalty itself.

On arriving, and after the usual presentation to her ladyship, the Minister of the Great Republic, with his own party or belongings, took up a position in another portion of the room, to make way for those flocking in. As they had so recently arrived in London they were strangers, and found themselves alone in a crowd. At length, in despair, the wearied minister, addressing a lady who was standing near him, observed, 'Your English parties, madam, are somewhat different from ours on the other side of the Atlantic.'

‘Oh, indeed, are they; how is that? I should so much like to know about yours.’ ‘Ah,’ said the Plenipotentiary, ‘*there* we are free and easy: we introduce people, make them acquainted, and enjoy each other’s society; but *this* reminds me of one of our funeral parties, where no one seems to know the other, and we all stand about in solemn state. Now, there,’ said he, as the Countess rose to lead the way to supper, ‘that’s just as we do at one of our funeral gatherings. A sort of procession is formed like this, and so we go to an adjoining room and have a last look at the corpse.’

The lady to whom His Excellency had been thus communicative was, no doubt, horrified, but the resemblance must have been so striking that the gallant general’s simile was excusable. His Excellency, however, became better acquainted and posted up in our caprices of fashion, and declared to a facetious friend of his and my own that, notwithstanding the drawbacks which struck him on his arrival in this country, there was no society that could surpass what was to be met within the saloons of the classical and historical Strawberry Hill.

#### 60. *President Lincoln.*

I lately heard an accomplished American gentleman and author expatiate in hearty and glowing language on the kind disposition, great natural sagacity, and ability of Abraham Lincoln, whose name, in his opinion, should be bracketed with Washington, as there was no instance in history of so uneducated and uncultivated

a man—the ruler of a people numbering from 35 to 40 millions—achieving such distinction. He had a difficult and discordant Cabinet to control, nevertheless he would have his own way.

His *bon mots* and quaint sayings are still frequently quoted. A man of influence connected with the Government was expostulating somewhat severely with the President for recalling generals and sacrificing commanding officers, because they had not been always successful. ‘Well,’ remarked the President, ‘that is probably true, and the same might have occurred to General Grant [now President for the second time] had he not taken the precaution when he got up the ladder to pull it after him, so that we could not follow and see what he was about.’

Another of his officials was railing against a general who held an important command, and anxiously endeavouring to impress upon the Presidential ear and mind that the officer in question was an habitual drunkard. ‘Do you know,’ said the President, ‘where he gets his whisky? for I should like to send a cask of it to some of our generals.’

A member of the Cabinet had omitted to do something of importance, and the President came down upon him sharply, and asked for an explanation, which amounted to ‘not having time.’ ‘No time!’ exclaimed the President, ‘that is very strange, for it appears to me that *you* have all the time that is going.’

In reference to a leading citizen, His Excellency was asked if he did not think he must be well off? ‘I should think he was, as he is the meanest fellow I have ever known.’

A poor old farmer one day reached Washington to lay his grievances before the authorities of the War Department, and meeting a person in the street, asked him to direct him to the War Office. 'War Office for you? Humbug.' The poor applicant went on, and meeting a tall man, asked him his way to the War Department. 'What do you want there?' 'Why, the troops have taken all my fowls, and destroyed a great portion of my grain; and I am a ruined man if they don't pay me.' 'Well,' said the tall man (who was the President), 'where are you to stay to-night?' 'I really can't say, sir.' 'Then come along with me, and I shall give you a note to a house where you will be well taken care of (the first hotel in Washington); and I shall also give you a note to the War Department, which you will deliver to-morrow morning.' The man who had snubbed the poor farmer had watched him, and after his interview with the President asked him if he knew with whom he had been talking. 'No; how should I? But he is a truly good man with a white heart, and he has given me these two notes.' The one was an order to the hotel to provide him with an excellent room, an excellent dinner, and an excellent breakfast next morning. The other to the War Office led to his claim being examined and 800 dollars, the loss he had sustained, being paid to him.

When a section of the Cabinet proposed that the North should compromise matters with the South, the President applied the aphorism, 'I don't think it safe, swopping your horse in the middle of the river.'

Abraham Lincoln was a great judge of human

nature, and wherever he saw talent he drew it forth. This was shown in his selection of that brilliant statesman, who has recently passed away—Mr. William Henry Seward—to be Secretary of State to the Federal Government; for we know that Mr. Seward in 1860 was the leading candidate of the Republican party against Mr. Lincoln, by whom he was defeated. But mutual respect and admiration existed between them, and the public good alone was the prize they both sought. No chagrin was felt on one side, or jealousy on the other. The portfolio of Secretary of State was offered by Lincoln and accepted by Seward.

The President sought his experiences in every direction, and from no class more than the ambassadors accredited to his court.

Abraham Lincoln's hands—or 'Old Abe,' as he was called—were as pure and free from jobbery and corruption as his heart was from guile.

61. *The following I should like to have told*  
*Dean Ramsay.*

A friend of mine had taken his passage in a steamer from Quebec to Liverpool, and one of the passengers, a Scotchman, amused the party with Scotch anecdotes to any conceivable extent—possibly, at times, to repletion—but all told in the purest vernacular of the 'land of brown heath and shaggy wood.'

My friend, an Englishman, as he related the incident to me, remarked to him, 'What would Boyd not give to be in this steamer himself, to hear all these admir-



able Scotch stories; and I am only sorry on his account that on this occasion, at least, I was not a Scotchman, so as to have made *notanda* for him of some of this humorous man's choicest *jeux d'esprit*.' Whether on deck or in the cabin the Caledonian went on, apparently unexhausted, with his 'infinite variety' of choice anecdotes.

As in two, or at the most three days, the steamer would sight 'Erin's green isle,' my friend resolved to put in a word on my behalf. 'Pardon me, Mr. —, but having a friend who delights in Scotch merry tales, such as you have so highly interested and amused us with during our passage, might I ask you to write me out a few of them?' 'I'll be verra happy to do so.' Next day my friend saw my countryman with sundry sheets of foolscap in hand, who said, 'I'm just ganging [going] to sit down to commence writing out some of ma anecdotes for your frien, which he may rely upon as being genuine, for I have not told you one that I have not taken from Dean Ramsay's "Buik o' Recollections o' Scottish Life and Character."'" 'Oh,' said my friend, 'I thank you very much, but, under these circumstances, I shall not trouble you, as Mr. Boyd, to whom I allude, is familiar with the Dean's volume; although he would have been equally delighted with ourselves to have heard so much of its contents so charmingly recited.' 'I should tell ye, Maister, that I was only seven year auld when I first cam to Canada, and I have never been at hame since, still, ma friens say—those who understand Scotch—that they would back me agayne [against] ony ane for speaking it richt, and

dootless that has been the cause of my success in handling the Dean's grand stories.'

### 62. *Competitive Examination.*

Talking lately with a highly intelligent and experienced general officer on this subject, he stated that in no profession was an excellent education of more value than in the army, but that success in competitive examination did not always insure the best and most dashing officers. My gallant friend is the last man to go with Dean Swift, that 'a soldier is a being hired (merely) to kill in cold blood as many of his own species, who had never offended him, as possibly he can,' nor with Moore in his view of society, that 'the leading idea of military discipline is to reduce the common man, in many respects, to the nature of a machine, that he may have no volition of his own,' &c.

He mentioned that he had met with instances where no amount of education would make an officer a soldier in the true acceptation, and described in his own graphic style an amusing incident of an officer—an Irishman—being appointed to the army long before education was talked of as a necessary qualification for entrance to the service. The young officer in question was an excellent classical and mathematical scholar, silent at all times, and apparently absorbed in his own thoughts. He was a worthy, good fellow, but nothing could ever make him a soldier, nor induce him to take an interest in his work. Why his friends placed

him in the army was a puzzle. He was appointed to my friend's old corps, which was then serving in Afghanistan. He arrived at Bombay, and on his way to join his regiment passed through Scinde, and fell in with the army of Sir Charles Napier just before he fought the Battle of Meeanee. The learned young officer was ordered to do duty with the 22nd Regiment during the coming engagement. Sir Charles Napier had 2,800 British troops, of which the 22nd Regiment only were Europeans, against 22,000 Beloochies, and gained a signal victory after a desperate fight of three hours, during which — was noticed as carrying his sword and following the company to which he was attached during the whole fight as cool as a cucumber, never looking to the right or left, apparently not caring a button as to the result, probably solving a mathematical problem. When the affair was over and the officers were enjoying their evening meal together, one officer ventured to ask, 'Well, —, what did you think of the battle?' 'Well, I have seen a better fight at Donnybrook Fair.' This was his impression of the famous Battle of Meeanee.

### 63. *Sandy Brown.*

I always gave a high place to Sandy Brown in the numerous admirable Scotch stories I have heard from my friend, Captain T — t, in our agreeable *cracks*. But, before I proceed, I should inform my English readers that crack belongs to the genus *tête-à-tête*, and, moreover, it also means immediately. By way of *elucida-*

tion, 'Ablins ye ne'er heard o' the Highlandman and the gauger, I'll no be a *crack* o' tellin it.'

Sandy had been in the Garscube family beyond the memory of man—at least of all the juniors—in fact, he was another Tommy Hill, whom I describe in this volume. Sandy was a faithful, trustworthy creature, but too fond of whisky and very irascible. He had the peculiar faculty—whether tipsy or sober—of punctuality and correctness in delivering messages; but if called to account or expostulated with for his addiction to stimulants, he came down upon the remonstrant—'whether he had ever dune his wark the waur for that.' He was known by the name of the 'Governor.' A part of his duty was to 'valet the boys,' and get them up in the morning, which he greatly facilitated by coming into their room with a long whip which he cracked, and if that did not succeed he laid it about them roundly.

Sandy's master was on the Scottish bench, with which Sandy connected himself as much as possible if relating any incident that might have occurred while attending his lordship on circuit. 'Yes, yes,' said Sandy, 'we tried him at Inverary.'

Sandy at times would tender advice gratuitously. On the occasion of the arrival of a fresh tutor in the family, he made the following pithy observation:—  
'Mrs. Campbell, mind, dinna ye *crub* the tutor.'

Mrs. Campbell looking to Sandy's religious, not *spiritual* acquirements, addressed him thus: 'Sandy, do you say your prayers and read a chapter in the morning?'

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‘Dae ye?’

‘To be sure I do, Sandy.’

‘Ay,’ remarked Sandy, ‘before a gude fire at ten o’clock in the morning. I wonder how many chapters you’d read if you had three horses to clean before breakfast.’

#### 64. *Sandy Brown’s Master*

Became a Judge at a very early period through the influence of his father, Sir Islay Campbell, the Lord President of the Court of Session. He remained only fifteen years on the Bench—which was the minimum time for retiring with a pension—having been attacked by inflammation in the eyes, threatening his sight. In consequence of this, aided by family interest, which in those old Dundas days was all-powerful, he resigned and received a very large retiring allowance. He completely recovered his health and eyesight, lived for about thirty years afterwards the life of a country gentleman, and a very jolly one he was, a great *bon vivant* and a keen politician, his son being member for Dumbartonshire.

At some meeting on election business, where there was a great disturbance, he picked out a ringleader, and called to him, ‘Take care what you are about, sir; I see you.’ The reply was, ‘Na, na, Sir Archibald, ye dinna see me, ye canna see me, ye darna see me, ye’re peyed [paid] for no seeing me. Had him there, I think?’

65. *Jeux d'esprit Théologiques.*

It would have delighted Dean Ramsay to have given a place in his world-famed volume to the following *Jeux d'esprit Théologiques*, especially had he heard them as I did, delightfully related by a lady from the Great Republic.

An old woman came to an aunt of my friend and complained that she had no proper Bible. 'No Bible! how is that?' 'Yes, a *proper* Bible, a Bible as has got the Apotecary and Merrybees [the Apocrypha and Maccabees] in it, and then I could argify with any of the folks.'

Professor Farrar, of Andover, U.S., had a clerical friend, who was engaged in composing his sermon (Ps. xxxvii. 35) and was called away while writing, 'I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree,' but had omitted the latter word. One of his sons coming in mischievously put '*horse*' for '*tree*.' The good man on his return, not noticing the mistake, went into the pulpit, came to the passage, read it over and over till, fairly bewildered, he exclaimed, 'Horse,' yes, it is horse, and horse it shall remain; the wicked shall flourish, my dear friends, like a green bay horse.'

An old deacon, in the vicinity of Newbury Port, reading from the Acts of the Apostles, read of the silversmith 'who made shins for the Goddess Dinah,' (shrines for the Goddess Diana) (Acts xix. 24).

A congregation, while singing the 51st Psalm, Watts's Version, beginning 'Lord I am vile,' tried

various tunes seeking to fit the words in, but with very ill success. At length in the second verse, beginning 'No hyssop branch,' &c., they came to a dead stop, for 'hyssop' floored all their efforts to make smooth melody; so after repeating 'hyssop' over several times, a man in the gallery, out of all patience, exclaimed, 'Do leave hyssop alone, can't ye try some other *yarb*?' (Yankee for herb.)

An eccentric old preacher in Newbury Port always concluded the middle prayer in the Presbyterian service by the following lines:—'Our brethren of the sea, wherever they be, we commend them to Thee; the poor and the afflicted, the tried and the tempted, the widow, the orphan, and the houseless stranger. Now, Lord, give the hearing ear, the understanding heart, and enable Thy poor unworthy worm to preach the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, for Jesus' sake. Amen.'

It is a custom in the New England Churches, for notes requesting prayers to be handed to the minister before the middle prayer, and some of them are very original documents. Dr. Withington, of Old Town, a most eccentric man, said one Sunday, 'I have got a note here, and I always read things as they are sent to me.' 'A man going to *see* his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation.' 'But,' said the Doctor, 'you shall have my reading now—A man going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation.'

An uncle of my friend went to an out of the way fishing village, in order to go out with a fisherman for

a day's sport, and desired to be called early. He was effectually roused by the following salutation—laconic, but to the purpose: 'Human natur, straiten up!'

*66. Dr. Geldart of Trinity, and Dr. Wood of St. John's, Cumbridge.*

Dr. Wood's jealousy of Trinity was said to be extreme; so that this brilliant teacher of youth, whom we should have hoped was exempt from so grave a defect in erring humanity, was, quoad this point, not different from other men.

One afternoon Dr. Wood beheld a young Nimrod in scarlet, most elaborately covered with mud, cracking his whip opposite his (Dr. W.'s) windows. The Doctor went out to the offender and called upon him to account for his great impropriety in daring to disturb the minds of the men of a reading College like St. John's. He then demanded his name, and to what college he belonged? 'My name, sir, is ——, and I belong to Trinity.' 'Ah! I thought you did. Well, sir, I shall call upon Dr. Geldart to-morrow.' The delinquent was on the look-out next day, and saw Dr. Wood wending his way to Dr. Geldart. In a short time the porter arrived to say that Dr. Geldart desired to see him, when a rebuke was administered, and in dismissing him in Dr. Wood's presence, he added, 'Surely, sir, you can find room enough to crack your whip at Trinity, instead of going to a *minor* College to do so?'



*67. An American Pigeon of Golden Plumage.*

A Yankee called upon Barnum, bringing with him a pigeon clothed in the richest golden plumage, and begged him to purchase it, as he knew he would make a large sum of money by exhibiting so singular a bird, and that the price was only fifteen dollars; moreover, he could assure him there was only one bird ever seen of the kind, and that was in California.

Barnum was not at first in the least inclined to become the purchaser until a confidential communication was made to him, and the price reduced to ten dollars. 'Mr. Barnum, I must tell you quietly that the pigeon is painted.' 'If you assure me it is painted, I'll purchase the bird.' 'I assure you it is, sir, as I painted every feather myself.' The pigeon on this warranty, that it was painted, became Barnum's property forthwith, and for a short period was sensational, during which a person, who had been observed on several occasions casting a longing eye on the dove, expressed a wish to Barnum to buy it, and Barnum having discovered that the golden plumage was rapidly assuming a pinchbeck hue, entertained the proposal.

'My price,' said Barnum, 'is fifty dollars.'

'Oh, sir, what a high price.'

'You must recollect that when I bought the pigeon, I was informed it was the only one ever seen of golden plumage, with the exception of one in California.'

'Why, Mr. Barnum, I assure you I have seen a flock of one thousand of the same plumage in California.'

‘Well, that may be, but my price is fifty dollars,’ and at this price the bird was sold.

In a week the purchaser came to Barnum to tell him that he must take the bird back, as he had discovered it was painted.

‘Did I say, when I sold it to you, that it was not painted?’

‘What am I to do, Mr. Barnum?’

‘Do? Why, go down to California and get one of the flock of a thousand you saw there not painted.’

#### 68. *On Receiving Knighthood.*

‘Is it requisite for me in going up for knighthood,’ said a gallant officer to a friend, ‘to make any acknowledgment to Her Majesty?’ ‘Not having had that honour conferred, the only information I can give you comes from a former Mayor of Stockport, whose response appeared not only to amuse but to gratify Her Majesty. When the Queen pronounced, “Rise, Sir Ralph Pendlebury,” the newly-created knight replied, “Thank you, mum.”’

#### 69. *How a Scotch Baillie's Vote was secured at a Contested Election.*

The late Sir John Mac Taggart, Bart., M.P., used to tell an anecdote of a certain baillie, who was suspected to have received the mammon of unrighteousness for his vote in the shape of twenty Scotch bank notes of £1 each. The enemy was therefore on the alert to

capture the baillie, or rather his vote. The worshipful baillie was wending his way to the polling-booth to record his vote, when a supporter of the opposing candidate said, 'Baillie, I wish to speak to you for one moment. Do you know, baillie, that the bank notes you have received are all forgeries?'

'Ye dinna say that?' exclaimed the baillie.

'Ah, baillie, I am truly sorry for you.'

'Oh, the scoonerels, I'll serve them weel for this, and I'm ready noo to vote for your frien'; and he forthwith did so.

### / 70. *Legal Fortitude.*

Two well-known astute members of the legal profession in Scotland, Writers to Her Majesty's Signet, had gone into the country to have a constitutional. They found themselves in a field where cattle were grazing, and while holding discussion, either on the Pandects of Justinian, the law of hypothec, or, possibly, Bucolics, they observed an angry bull close to them tossing up his tail, and snorting. They at once saw that the enraged animal was about to make their presence in his territory a *casus belli*—that the right of way would be disputed, and that instant ejection or something worse was at hand. They were horribly alarmed, but were relieved from the horns of their dilemma by a little girl, who had charge of the cattle, running up to the bull with her stick or switch and giving him a cut across the head, exclaiming, 'Gang awa wi' ye, ye big stupid brute; dinna ye see hoo ye're

frightening the gentlemen?' The lassoek's advice was adopted, as the bull now treated the legal pundits, to their immense relief, with indifference.

*71. Henry Brougham, alias Mr. Bruff-ham.*

A late eminent solicitor in London, Mr. Vizard, was dining with some friends, one of whom (now a nonagenarian) told me that Mr. Vizard humorously described to them his original introduction to the future statesman and chancellor.

He had received instructions from a legal firm in Scotland respecting an important appeal from the Scotch Courts to the House of Lords; this was accompanied by a letter of introduction to Mr. Henry Brougham, who had been recently called to the English bar, having previously for a period of six or more years practised at the Scotch Bar. The London solicitor had never heard of the young barrister even by name. He called at Mr. Brougham's, and when the servant opened the door, he asked if Mr. Bruff-ham was at home. 'No such gentleman, sir, in this house.' 'There must be, as I have this letter for him.' 'Allow me to see it. Oh, sir, Mr. Brougham expects you; pray walk up stairs.' 'Well,' said Mr. Vizard, 'an odder or rougher looking young barrister than this Mr. Bruff-ham I had never beheld during my long experience as a London solicitor. We went instantly to work, and at the conclusion of a long conference, the question of admiration, on which I was more than sceptical on entering the room, had now assumed a different phase, for I was

captivated not only with the man himself, but also with the thorough knowledge he possessed of the case which he was to argue in a few days before the Chancellor and the judges. 'All this,' added Mr. Vizard, 'was greatly enhanced in listening to the young barrister's brilliant argument before the learned Lords in the House of Peers.'

On the question of personal appearance I heard the late Sir Francis Walker Drummond, of Hawthornden, and James Stuart, of Dunearn, two of Brougham's most cherished school and college friends, say they once listened to Brougham dilating on the topic of personal appearance. 'I know, Walker,' said he, 'that you and Stuart are good-looking fellows, and that I am confoundedly ugly, but only give me—as John Wilkes said, who was still uglier than I am—twenty minutes' conversation with one of the fair sex, the handsomer the better, and Frank Walker and Jemmy Stuart will have a very poor chance afterwards.'

#### 72. *La Principessa and her Beggar.*

The Neapolitan Princess was as rich in faith as she was in works, and was pre-eminent in that most excellent of graces—Charity. One of her recipients who had for a long time styled himself—and in fact the rank had been accorded to him—the 'Princess's Beggar,' was in thews, sinews, and big semblance of the man, a railway navvy. He made his appearance at the Princess's palace every morning for his breakfast, which was handed out to him. There, however, had been

latterly some want of punctuality, as to his meals, and he resolved to break with the Princess, ‘Dite alla Principessa, ch’essa può trovar il Paradiso senza me, e un altro mendicánte.’ In other words: ‘Tell the Princess that she must reach Paradise without my aid, as I will no longer be her beggar.’

73. *Le Marquis de C——e,*

As well known for his riches as his slovenliness, was about to be married to a beautiful girl many years his junior. The approaching nuptials caused great surprise and comment. Some of his friends, bolder than others, ventured to express to him a hope that he would no longer wear his nails *en demi deuil*: Anglice, that he would wash his hands. The Marquis expressed some astonishment, and even indignation, and said to the young friends who told me the story, ‘Mesdemoiselles, pourquoi se laverait-on les mains, plus que les pieds, et qui songe à se laver les pieds?’

74. *Novels versus Biography.*

A friend of mine during a stay at the seaside sent her maid for some books to the library. The damsel returned with an armful of novels which she produced triumphantly. ‘There, ma’am,’ she said, ‘there’s “Oscar and Belinda, or Love indeed;” there’s “Zelia’s Escape, and the Depths of Woe!” Would you think, ma’am, the man wanted me to bring “The Life of Pitt,” in four volumes; but I was not a going to take

that. I read it over all through to my last mistress. It's just the 'orriblest book you can conceive. What that there Stanhope wanted to write about Pitt for, I can't tell. *Who* can care to know about 'im who never said or did a hinteresting thing in *his* life. He was only in love half a page, and *it* come to nothink. Well! people will lose their time to be sure with such like trash, and the more they're bored the wiser they think themselves. The hidear of writing about '*im*.' My friend described the air and style of this delivery as irresistible. Macaulay says 'that Pitt is claimed by Whigs and Tories as belonging to each party.' Agreed; yet after the lapse of more than half a century his reputation has apparently not yet reached the servants' hall.

75. *Lord Alvanley's Alternative.*

Those who with the writer can look back forty years or more, may recollect a native of the 'Silver Coasted Isle,' an *habitué* of Paris, who was conspicuous from his *penchant* for hanging on to the skirts of Royalty. At the same time he had another great quality, of occasionally giving excellent dinners. Lord Alvanley was in Paris, and his friend came one morning to him to ask his advice. He the day previous had been ignobly kicked by a subject of King William the Fourth. 'What am I to do, Lord Alvanley?' 'Do!' said the facetious lord, 'Why, call him out.' 'No, Alvanley, that is treating the matter too seriously; but I thought of writing to him to ask for an apology.' 'He is not

such a fool as to write an apology; therefore, unless you send him a message by a friend to demand personal satisfaction, there is but one alternative.' 'What is that?' 'Sit down whenever you see him.'

#### 76. *The Good and the Bad.*

Mr. Longworth was alleged to be the first to cultivate grapes in the United States. He said it was a hard fate that all luxuries went to good people, and for the future he would look after the bad.

An old Irishwoman, who was as bad as bad could be, heard this, and concluding that Mr. Longworth was in the same category as herself, called upon him. 'Well, my good woman, what can I do for you?' 'But plaise yer honour, I'm like yourself, one of the bad sort.'

Mr. L. smiled, and again asked her what she wanted. 'Would yer honour be after giving me a sup of whiskey?' Old Moll having swallowed her whiskey, exclaimed, 'Och! I bless and thank yer honour, and when ye rache the wicked place, may I be the one to give you the cup of could water.'

#### 77. *How a Napoleonic Decree was Circumvented.*

We read in the Life of Perthes that immediately after the French occupation of Hamburg, all intercourse with England was prohibited on pain of death, all English property declared forfeited, and all goods purchased from English dealers, although paid for, were demanded of the owners.



This brings to my mind an amusing anecdote, told by the late Mr. Richard Parish, of Hamburg.

Among the various methods of smuggling, which were the natural result of these oppressive decrees, one puzzled the French considerably. Immense quantities of British Colonial brown sugar were sold in the town, and forwarded to other parts of Germany.

In vain did the gendarmes and other officials search every warehouse, visit every vessel; nowhere could they find any proof that this sugar was a fresh importation.

At length troops of little boys were observed gathering round certain barges loaded with sand, and closely following the carts which conveyed this sand through the streets, they picked up all that fell, and when they got hold of the spades or shovels with which the carts were unladen, they immediately began cleaning them assiduously with their fingers, and filling their mouths with the gritty article. This betrayed the secret.

*78. A Highland Farmer sadly put about in his Devotions.*

Mr. H——, M.P., had taken up his shooting quarters at the house of a most worthy Highland farmer, who was a second Cornelius: ‘a devout man, one that feared God with all his house, and prayed alway.’

Mr. H—— had requested the kind landlady to prepare a bedroom for a distinguished Russian, who was coming to him next day to enjoy some grouse shooting. He observed that the advent of this foreign personage

seemed rather to disturb the equanimity of the good Cornelius, for, as evening approached, he found himself addressed as follows:—‘Sir, noo that this grand Rooshian has come, ye’ll no be caring for ony prayer nicht?’ ‘I beg your pardon,’ said Mr. H——, ‘I expect you and the family, with the servant lads and lassies, in my room as usual.’

‘Weel, then, sir, what must be must be; but atweel-atweel (truly truly), I’m ill prepared to pray before sic a grand man.’

The hour for prayer arrived, and all the party, Rooshian included, on their knees, the devout Cornelius commenced—‘Gracious God! I was never sae sair put to it to find words to address the heavenly throne as this nicht, for I hae to explain to you, gracious God, that there’s a grand Rooshian Prince arrived, and I never saw ane o’ them afore, and I am sae dumfounded that I canna fin’ language to address you, Almighty God, that’s the actual and honest trowth; so with your gracious permission we shall just conclude this evening’s devotions with the Lord’s Prayer.’

### 79. *Our Queen and the Swiss Herdsman.*

On his arrival at Lucerne, a friend of mine was laid up with a bad attack of fever. The Swiss doctor in attendance brought his daily quota of information.

The Queen of England was to spend a month at Lucerne. ‘We do not like Sovereigns,’ quoth the M.D. ‘Our Burgomaster is at his wit’s end to know what is to be done for the reception of the great Queen

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Among the various methods of smuggling, which were the natural result of these oppressive decrees, one puzzled the French considerably. Immense quantities of British Colonial brown sugar were sold in the town, and forwarded to other parts of Germany.

In vain did the gendarmes and other officials search every warehouse, visit every vessel; nowhere could they find any proof that this sugar was a fresh importation.

At length troops of little boys were observed gathering round certain barges loaded with sand, and closely following the carts which conveyed this sand through the streets, they picked up all that fell, and when they got hold of the spades or shovels with which the carts were unladen, they immediately began cleaning them assiduously with their fingers, and filling their mouths with the gritty article. This betrayed the secret.

*78. A Highland Farmer sadly put about in his Devotions.*

Mr. H——, M.P., had taken up his shooting quarters at the house of a most worthy Highland farmer, who was a second Cornelius: 'a devout man, one that feared God with all his house, and prayed alway.'

Mr. H—— had requested the kind landlady to prepare a bedroom for a distinguished Russian, who was coming to him next day to enjoy some grouse shooting. He observed that the advent of this foreign personage

seemed rather to disturb the equanimity of the good Cornelius, for, as evening approached, he found himself addressed as follows:—‘Sir, noo that this grand Rooshian has come, ye’ll no be caring for ony prayer the nicht?’ ‘I beg your pardon,’ said Mr. H——, ‘I shall expect you and the family, with the servant lads and lasses, in my room as usual.’

‘Weel, then, sir, what must be must be; but atweel-atweel (truly truly), I’m ill prepared to pray before sic a grand man.’

The hour for prayer arrived, and all the party, Rooshian included, on their knees, the devout Cornelius commenced—‘Gracious God! I was never sae sair put to it to find words to address the heavenly throne as this nicht, for I hae to explain to you, gracious God, that there’s a grand Rooshian Prince arrived, and I never saw ane o’ them afore, and I am sae dumfounded that I canna fin’ language to address you, Almighty God, that’s the actual and honest trowth; so with your gracious permission we shall just conclude this evening’s devotions with the Lord’s Prayer.’

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of the British Empire. The smallest reigning Prince expects to have honour shown him. What will not your Sovereign require?' My friend was too ill to reply, and the doctor went his way.

A few days after, the Queen had requested that no public reception should be given her. 'What a remarkably sensible woman,' the doctor said, 'though she is a Queen. Who could have believed it? She desires that no notice should be taken of her royal presence.' When the simple, quiet habits of the Queen became known, the Swiss looked upon her with great sympathy and respect. 'She is a *gute treue Mutter* (a good mother) contented in her home. If a republican she could not be more so.' One day Her Majesty was said to have visited one of the large farm dairies in the neighbourhood. She heard each cow called by name, and advance or retreat, as commanded, and made herself acquainted with the whole management of the dairy, asking questions which caused the poor peasants to think she had at some period managed some such establishment herself.

Probably the passage in Shakspeare's 'Winter's Tale' had occurred at the moment to Her Majesty: 'I'll queen it no inch farther, but milk my ewes.'

At last, on the Queen's departure, he asked, '*Sind Sie wirklich die Frau Königin von England?*' (Are you truly the (Lady) Queen of England?) He told the people afterwards that 'he was sorry' his hands were so dirty at the time, for the Queen was so *freundlich* (kindly) that he should have liked to have shaken hands with her. Of course the good man little

realised what the exalted station of his royal visitor really was.

80. *From the Banks of the Delawdre.*

A man at Philadelphia bored a friend of his by reading to him an immensely long lecture. At its conclusion, he said to his victim, 'I am going to deliver this lecture next week at Boston.' 'I am glad you are, as I always hated Boston.'

Before starting he was anxious to sell his dog, which, he pledged himself, would kill rats against any dog in the States, and a trial of his powers came off. A large rat was placed before the dog, who bolted at once, the rat after him. 'The dog you may keep, but what will you sell the rat for?'

81. *Ordination Morning.*

A Fellow of a large college at Cambridge, as well known for his musical genius and eccentric proclivities, as for his theological learning, had to appear before his Diocesan for ordination on the Sunday. The Bishop remarked to him, 'I understand you are very musical.' 'Oh yes, my lord,' in his singular jerking manner and rapid ejaculatory tone. 'Very fond, my lord, of music, especially of Bach's fugues; always carry them in my pocket, and this morning I played one before breakfast.'

The devoted fuguist, luckily for himself, having passed a high examination, the Right Rev. Prelate did not take him to task, otherwise it is not improbable he

might have told him it was *contra pietatem* to play Bach's fugues on a Sunday morning, and more particularly on the day of his own ordination.

- ✓ 82. *Dr. Mansel, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, subsequently Lord Bishop of Bristol.*

It was alleged that the head of this aristocratic college did not object to see half a dozen red-coats leave Trinity for a day's hunting, but he was most tenacious that the Nimrodian section of the undergraduates could afford to hunt, otherwise he nipped the *penchant* in its bud, wherever he discovered an inability to meet the expense. One day he met a red-coated sportsman returning from the hunting-field, and stopped him, as he knew his position. 'Does your father authorise you to hunt?' 'No, sir.' 'Can your father afford to provide you with a hunter after you leave college?' 'I fear not, sir.' 'Then, in addition to his large expenses at Trinity on your account, you impose the additional charge upon him of paying for your hunting propensities. Don't let me see you again in a red coat until you have previously satisfied me that you can afford to hunt.'

83. *'Caught us bathing and ran away with our clothes.'*

This gem of imagery and figure of speech is supposed by many to have first dropped as political manna from the lips of a highly gifted parliamentary leader

and brilliant writer of fiction. At this epoch of international congresses of Orientalists, I feel called upon to state that the flash of eloquence did not reach us from the East—‘a land formerly (as Professor Max Müller tells us) of dreams, of fables, and of fairies’—but came direct to us from the North, and, moreover, a quarter of a century before the gifted orator and statesman to whom I allude was almost drowned by the cheers of his party for having charmed them with the rhetorical allegory in question.

There is still living testimony to the following facts. Within a radius of twenty miles of that learned city and emporium of commerce, Glasgow, resided a great landed magnate, who dispensed his hospitality on an extended scale to all who had once the good fortune to be known to him. He was a fine specimen of the old school, always wore a pig-tail, and took snuff. He had two maiden sisters, who resided with him—queer old ladies—the elder of whom was considered very plucky. There was a river running through the grounds, and she, with other members of the establishment, was constantly annoyed by people bathing.

One day her brother invited to dinner a party of officers whose regiment had just arrived at the barracks in his neighbourhood. Their portmanteaus containing the necessary evening apparel they sent on to the mansion, walking, as suggested by the lord of the soil, through the park, and were tempted to have a swim in the river. The old lady, who was cruising about the grounds, caught them in the act. She at once captured their clothes and made off with them. They



gave chase, and she was obliged to drop her spoil, as they gained on her too quickly. When they had dressed for dinner and reached the drawing-room, they told their host of their adventure, and how an old mad-woman had run off with their clothes. Their astonishment may be conceived, as next minute the old mad-woman entered the room and was introduced as their hostess, but I am uninformed if the recognition was mutual.

84. *What puzzled the Very Reverend the Dean,  
but not the Attaché.*

The lady who related to me the following had a brother, who was an attaché to the British Embassy at Munich. An English Dean was leaving the Bavarian capital rather hurriedly, and required a *visé* for his passport at a much earlier hour than it was usual for ambassadors and attachés to be found at their bureau, and was recommended to go to the residence of one of the attachés at some little distance. It is necessary to mention that the very reverend gentleman was not bald-pated—the reverse—he was luxuriantly white-pated, and I may also state that the attaché was a deep student in ornithology, and lived in such perfect harmony and confidence with his feathered friends that no door was ever closed, ingress and egress being uninterrupted. Unquestionably they were pampered birds, fastidious in their tastes and learned in entomology, knowing well the difference between the grub, the butterfly, and the maggot. I must here

premise that their repast was always served to them on a white cotton cloth. As luck would have it, the hour of the Dean's arrival was the sixth, 'when beasts most graze and birds best peck,' an adage fully verified by the sequel; for no sooner had his reverence entered the attaché's drawing-room, than the astute little creatures, whose fast was as yet unbroken, vacated their cages *en masse*, and settled on the snowy capital of this pillar of our Church. We must hope they were disappointed. The incident, however, raised an interesting point in natural history, for which the Dean was unable to find an explanation; and the representative of the British Embassy had no other resource, as time pressed, than to call his very reverend visitor's attention to the marked resemblance of colour between his own locks and the birds' tablecloth. This young attaché used to make his friends laugh with a description of an amusing *rencontre* he had with Royalty, into which his birding propensities had led him. He and a young French attaché had made a walking excursion from Munich into the country, during which, the ruling passion coming to the front, a few choice birds were captured. The only asylum he could give them until he got home was his hat. Close to the palace, who should be seen approaching but his ever-facetious and affable Majesty, King Ludwig of Bavaria.

What was to be done, as the bird-catcher uncover could not, and lose his birds would not; he, therefore, addressed his companion thus: 'For, though I speak it to you, I think the King is but a man, as I am; therefore, you advance towards his Majesty, and I shall hold

back.' The King, knowing them both, asked why his friend did not come on. 'To tell your Majesty the truth, his hat is full of birds, and if he takes it off to your Majesty he will lose them.' The King laughed heartily, and, coming up to the disconcerted young Englishman, called out, 'Keep on *your* hat, and I shall take off *mine* instead.'

85. *Monsieur Persigny (subsequently Duc de Persigny) and the Padre Ventura.*

It was, I believe, in 1851 that a conversation took place between Monsieur Persigny and the Padre Ventura, that revolutionary Theatine monk who professed to be a good Roman Catholic in spite of his advanced opinions.

They were both inveighing against the demoralisation of the age, the errors of so-called progress, the socialistic and communistic theories, which were tending to the disruption of society, and threatening to plunge the world once more into the barbarism of the Middle Ages. One ark of salvation, and one alone, remained as a refuge for the troubled world. In a burst of enthusiasm Monsieur Persigny exclaimed, 'Oh, Father, who could have believed that in you we should have found such an ardent champion of the Grande idée Napoléonienne.' 'Che idée Napoléonienne?' answered Ventura; 'I was speaking of the Holy Catholic Church.' 'I venerate the Church,' said Persigny, 'but without Napoleon she would inevitably share the fate of the whole social edifice.' 'Silence!'

cried the Father ; ‘ the Church, the Church alone, can save the world from ruin ! ’ Their gesticulations, their accent, their genuine surprise beggar description, and, to make a long story short, they unwound the yarn they had spun in such harmony, and separated far asunder.

A lady, who had been an amused spectator of this scene, told me that she subsequently asked Monsieur Persigny if he really thought a restoration of the Empire possible in France, when it seemed entirely to depend upon the genius of one man. ‘ That man,’ he answered, ‘ never lived to see the creation of his genius fully accomplished ; he left to his successor the task of fulfilling his plans. Through war he raised France above other nations ; but the life of one man is not sufficient to consolidate such a power as he intended France to become.’ ‘ You would be much mistaken,’ he continued, ‘ if you underrated Prince Louis. Though not a genius, like his uncle, he has most eminent qualities ; above all things, he is thoroughly French without being a Frenchman. His travels have given his mind something of universality. Reserved as an Englishman, subtle as an Italian, patient as a German, sharp as an American, he will understand the French, and they will scarcely understand him. In a country where all talk, he is silent—where all boast, he is retiring—where all are eager, he is slow, and knows how to bide his time ; believe me, he will stand quite as alone in France as did the Great Napoleon.’ Then, after a few moments’ reflection, Monsieur Persigny resumed : ‘ He is a Prince in every sense of the word.’ ‘ Mais,’ he added, ‘ il a

des lacunes; c'est un malheur dans un homme destiné à porter une couronne.'

86. *Monsieur Persigny (encore).*

When M. de Falloux—afterwards Minister of Public Instruction—was a young man, he went to London on a pleasure-trip. On the night of his arrival he was very much disturbed by some one coughing incessantly in the next room. He asked the chambermaid who it was: 'Oh, sir, it's a good French gentleman, who is very ill indeed; he does not seem to have any friends, and can hardly speak English, so we feel very much grieved for him.' M. de Falloux immediately sent in his card, and soon made acquaintance with the invalid, who was no other than M. Persigny. Under the genial influence of M. de Falloux's kind care and companionship he soon recovered, and for the next four or five weeks the two young men became intimate companions, and visited together all that was worth seeing in the metropolis. Towards the end of his sojourn the future Minister of Public Instruction perceived that his companion appeared sadly out of spirits, and very much troubled in mind, and, just as he was taking leave, he said: 'We have been so friendly together these many weeks, that I must speak as openly to you as if we were old friends. I see that something weighs heavily on your mind. As young men of our age are often straitened for means, I guess that perhaps you are embarrassed for want of money. Now, it just happens that I have 500 francs more than I at present

require ; here is the sum, you can repay me at your leisure.' Gratitude did not render Persigny speechless, for under the strongest feelings he exclaimed : ' My dear friend, you have saved more than my life ; you have saved my honour. I know I can confide in you ; we are going to take Strasbourg.' ' Take Strasbourg ! ' said the other, in amazement. ' Yes ; all is ready for the enterprise. Some of the leading Generals are with us. I have already told you I am a Bonapartist, and when once Strasbourg is taken we shall proclaim Napoleon III. Emperor of the French.' ' With all my heart,' cried M. de Falloux ; ' I am a Legitimist, and take no interest in the present dynasty.'

History tells us that Strasbourg was not taken, and that Persigny was lodged in prison, with the future Emperor, and the other leaders of the conspiracy. He solemnly promised M. de Falloux that he should have a Minister's portfolio as soon as Prince Louis came to power.\*

M. le Comte de Molé used often to say that he never saw his Majesty Louis Philippe's acuteness more conspicuously shown than by the way in which he dealt with the Strasbourg affair, for the Comte said, in truth, it was very serious, and the conspiracy had spread extensively in the ranks of the army.

The Emperor Napoleon III., in his turn, used to describe the despair he felt when he was thrown into

\* NOTE.—This actually took place, for in 1848, when Prince Louis Napoleon was proclaimed President of the Republic, a portfolio was offered to M. le Comte de Falloux, which he accepted, in common with others of the Clerical party, in the hopes of benefiting that cause.

prison, covered with ridicule, and his cause apparently for ever crushed. After some time, however, he began to observe, that whenever he appeared at the window of his prison, the sentinels on duty constantly gave him the military salute, &c. He then saw that all hope was not lost. It is well known how he made his escape from prison, while repairs were going on in the fortress, dressed as a workman *en blouse*, carrying a plank of wood over his shoulder. Poor Persigny remained behind, and M. de Falloux had not forgotten him. In 1847 he called on M. le Comte Duchâtel, then Minister of the Interior, and asked him to set the poor fellow at liberty. It seemed a pity, he said, to keep him in prison when all the others had escaped, and none of them could do any further harm to the Monarchy of July. M. le Comte Duchâtel said, 'Oh, certainly,' he should be happy to let him go free; the only formality he should require was for M. Persigny to address him a letter in a few words, stating that he wished to be set at liberty. With this welcome intelligence M. de Falloux set off for Ham, but was much surprised, and rather grieved, when Persigny obstinately refused to ask for his liberty, as he did not wish, he said, to be beholden in any way to the Orleans family. In vain did De Falloux urge on him the folly of remaining the only martyr to a hopeless cause. Persigny calmly rejoined, 'I shall soon be set free, without any thanks to them—"Ne voyez-vous pas que tout croule autour de nous?" In a few months the King will be put to flight; all the prisons will be opened by the people, and my long term of imprisonment will then come to an end,' &c.

87. '*Also*' and '*Likewise*.'

A learned Judge recently described to me a charming dinner he had at Lord Brougham's, when he was Chancellor. Amongst the learned lord's other good stories were several connected with the Scottish Bar, one of which may possibly not be generally known.

A discussion arose in the Scotch Courts on the construction of a deed, in the course of which, as to the value and the correct interpretation of the words *also* and *likewise*. This formed a leading feature in the argument. The case was before Lord Meadowbank, whose father (Lord Meadowbank) had also been on the Bench, but his lordship was inclined to treat both words as synonymous. The leading counsel, who was desirous of showing, as he declared, an important difference, proceeded to do so as follows:—'My Lord, your Lordships' bar have always looked upon you as Lord Meadowbank *also*, but they have never looked upon you as Lord Meadowbank *likewise*.'

88. '*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*.'

Among the many charming dinners of which I partook during a period of two years at the hospitable table of Mr. Wellwood Maxwell of Liverpool, one especially made a lasting impression on my mind. I was invited to meet that charming old gentleman, the late Mr. John Syme, of Dumfries, the warm and constant friend of Robert Burns. His anecdotes of the great poet were most interesting, but one only do



I retain; and as I heard it from the lips of a man who, I believe, knew more of Burns during his residence in Dumfries than any other person, I shall now relate the incident.

The two friends made an equestrian excursion from Dumfries into Galloway, and after paying a few days' visit to Kenmure Castle, the ancient seat of the Gordons, they proceeded to the town of Gatehouse of Fleet, where they were to bivouac for the night. They had accomplished about half the distance, when heaven's artillery and floodgates opened upon the travellers. Mr. Syme urged the poet to ride fast, the latter adjured him not to disturb him by talking; and on they rode until they reached the 'Murray Arms' Inn, at Gatehouse. Syme hurried to a chamber to borrow from landlord or waiter dry clothes, while Burns called out loudly for pen, ink, and paper; and on his friend joining him he found he had, in his 'drowned clothes,' written the imperishable address of Robert Bruce to his army at Bannockburn. Waving the sheet before Syme, he exclaimed, 'This will haud its grun.'

Burns was in the heroics for the rest of the evening, but was unable to sing, 'We are na fou, we're na that fou, but just a drappie in our ee,' as he and his companion got very drunk over 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.'

NOTE.—Mr. Gilbert Burns, the poet's nephew, gave me the accompanying copy of the heraldic tree of the Burns family:—

MEMORIALS OF ROBERT BURNS.

1. Copy of Register in the Family Bible, which belonged to the parents of Robert Burns, and which is now in the possession of Gilbert Burns, Esq., Knockmaroon Lodge, County Dublin, a nephew of the Poet.

The entry of the death of William Burns is in the handwriting of Robert Burns.

2. Copy of 'Bruce's Address.'

Presented to each gentleman present at the Centenary Festival in Dublin on 25th January, 1859.

William Burnes was Born 11 Nov<sup>r</sup> 1721.

Agnes Brown was born 17 March 1732.

was married together 15 Dec<sup>r</sup>; 1757.

had a son Robert 25 Jan<sup>r</sup> 1759.

had a son Gilbert 28 Sept<sup>r</sup> 1760.

had a daughter Agnes 30 Sept<sup>r</sup>: 1762.

had a daughter Arabella 14 Nov<sup>r</sup> 1764.

had a son William 30 July 1767.

had a son John 10 July 1769.

had a Daughter Isbal 27 June 1771.

William Burness departed this life 13<sup>th</sup> Feb. 1784

Aged 63 years 2 months and 22 days.

Agnes Brown departed this life on Friday 14<sup>th</sup> Jan<sup>r</sup> 1820

Aged 87 years and 10 months and was interred in the church-yard of the parish of Bolton, East Lothian.

BANNOCKBURN—Tune, 'Lewis Gordon.'

BRUCE TO HIS TROOPS.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to glorious victorie.

Now's the day, & now's the hour,  
See the front o' battle lour  
See approach proud Edward's power,  
Edward! Chains & Slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave?  
 Traitor! Coward! turn & flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
 Free-man stand, or Free-man fa',  
 Caledonian, on wi' me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!  
 By your sons in servile chains!  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall, they *shall* be free!

Lay the proud Usurpers low,  
 Tyrants fall in every foe,  
 Liberty's in every blow,  
 Forward! Let us do or die.

To Mrs. G. Burns, from her brother

THE AUTHOR.

89. *Sir David Wilkie, Royal Academician.*

I found myself one day last summer under the scissors of an intelligent countryman of mine in the Burlington Arcade, whom I observed in the glass was viewing my bare scalp, and asking himself, 'What does the gentleman require me to do?' This reminded me of an anecdote a friend used to relate of his first visit to Paris during its occupation by the allied armies after Waterloo. He was, like myself, extremely bald. At that time Englishmen were terribly victimised in the French capital. He entered a hairdresser's to be operated upon, and was thunderstruck to find himself charged ten francs. 'Ten francs,' exclaimed my friend,

‘for cutting my hair!’ ‘Oh, no, Monsieur, not for *cotting* your hair, but for finding *de hair* to *cot*.’

My countryman in the arcade only charged me one-eighth this sum, and gave me an anecdote of Sir David Wilkie into the bargain. His father was a school companion of Wilkie at Ceres, in Fifeshire. The scholars were all engaged (but one) in arithmetic, when the master, who had been watching Wilkie, called out, ‘Da-vid Wilkie, you are not *ceephering*,’ at same time rising hurriedly, seized Wilkie’s slate, on which were excellent likenesses of three of the scholars. It was only an accident, or (as the narrator described it), ‘It was a recht doon mercy that the schoolmaster had not found his own portrait, frequently not in the most flattering attitude, in which case, as now with garotters, Da-vid would hae come in for an awful welting, whereas ma father tellt me that the sentence he received was to stand on a form for the rest o’ the day.’

#### 90. *A Legacy to the Kirk.*

A Scotch gentleman of fortune, on his deathbed, asked the minister ‘whether, if he left 10,000*l.* to the Kirk, his salvation would be certain.’ The cautious minister responded, ‘I would na like to be *positive*, but it’s weel worth the trying.’ The gentleman paid the money, and soon afterwards gave up the ghost.

91. *The Marquis of Dalhousie as Governor-General of India.*

Mr. W——, of the Bengal Civil Service, told me the following anecdote of the late Marquis.

A deputation (or mission) of ambassadors arrived at Calcutta from Burmah, to solicit an interview with the Governor-General. At the durbar the ambassadors crept on all-fours to the presence of Queen Victoria's representative, who occupied himself in talking to one of his Council, taking no notice of the approaching members of embassy until they reached the viceregal throne.

The prayer to his Excellency was, that he should concede to their sovereign certain territory. Lord Dalhousie, addressing the interpreter, said: 'Tell the ambassadors' (his right hand pointed aloft) 'that while the sun shines in the heavens the flag of Great Britain shall float over Burmah.'

92. *Freemasonry in India.*

Not having the honour to be a Freemason, I heard the following anecdote related with peculiar interest.

A dinner-party had been arranged to be given at Cawnpore in honour of the then Bishop of Calcutta (Dr. Wilson). The day previous to the party, the bishop asked Mr. Elliott, the magistrate of the station, if he could tell him what the Freemasons' sign was, mentioning his great wish to find it out. Elliott told him he could not, but (desirous to have a little fun

at the bishop's expense), he added, that a certain Colonel Ximenes, who was known to be a very high Mason, would be at the dinner; and as he had a habit of continually *rubbing his nose* at the tip when speaking to anyone, it was generally supposed that this had something to do with the Freemasons' sign—saying at the same time, 'The Colonel is always very much pleased if anyone, in addressing him, also  *rubs his nose.*' During dinner the bishop asked Colonel Ximenes to take a glass of wine with him. 'With much pleasure, my lord,' with a bow and a rub of the nose. The glasses were filled. 'Your health, colonel,' a bow, and a rub. 'Your health, my lord,' a bow and a rub; and thus they continued rubbing their noses till the company was convulsed. At last the bishop, beginning to suspect that a trick had been played upon him, glanced round the table, and goodnaturedly said to Mr. Elliott: 'Mr. Elliott, you are a wag, sir—you are a wag!'

93. '*Shall I not find a Woodcock too?*'

SHAKSPHARE.

Colonel Paschal, in one of our agreeable *tête-à-têtes*—which I hope for some years still to enjoy, for his sake as well as my own, although they are generally to 'ope the purple testament of bleeding war—in alluding to the happy constitution of our natures, remarked that, even while surrounded with 'roaring war,' men will find time to practise a joke on each other. He described to me how he was taken in with regard to his woodcock.

He was then serving in the Peninsula in the King's

German Legion, encamped in the Pyrenees. The officers' mess numbered ten. The quartermaster had been to Passagas, and brought with him for the officers' mess nine woodcocks, all he could get. 'What a pity,' said one of them, 'there had not been another!' 'Oh,' said Captain Müller, who shortly afterwards met a soldier's grave at the sortie from Bayonne, 'I shall make it all right with that young Englishman Paschal.' 'Paschal, have you ever eaten a woodcock in England?' 'I should think I had.' 'Well, then, I must tell you that we Germans cook our woodcocks in a very dirty manner.' 'Sorry to hear that,' said Paschal. 'We don't clean them out at all,' said Müller, 'in Germany, and to one not accustomed to this it appears rather disgusting; but, Paschal, I will see that yours is drawn and cleaned in the way you like.' When the woodcocks appeared on the table, there was one considerably whiter than the others, without the head and bill of the woodcock, but otherwise resembling as much as possible the charming bird; still, said Paschal to himself, there is something queer in its aspect, and he thought of the line of the Bard of Avon, in 'Taming of the Shrew,' 'Oh, this woodcock, what an ass it is!'

'Now,' said Müller, 'let us see, Paschal, whether you can distinguish your woodcock from the others, as there is one dressed in the English way.' Paschal arrived at the same conclusion when he saw a woodcock much whiter than the others (a small chicken having been substituted to make the ten), which he forthwith secured.

The Colonel concluded his anecdote by acknow-

ledging that the *ruse* succeeded; 'For I,' said he, 'was eating a very nice small chicken, while my *confrères*, nine in number, each enjoyed a woodcock. I was left in happy ignorance of the joke until I heard it from an officer of the brigade, who some weeks after was quizzing me on being such a capital judge of a woodcock, and who told me the whole story. Of course it caused a hearty laugh, being a standing joke against me on outlying picquet, when poor Müller, its author, had gone to that bourne from which no soldier returns.'

#### 94. *Prelitical Minuteness in Dates.*

A friend of mine was on a visit to the late Lord Plunket, Bishop of Tuam, and one day his lordship received a letter from his clerical neighbour, John of Tuam, the Catholic archbishop. His Grace's letter was dated on the 'Feast of Saint Jarlach,' and Lord Plunket, in his reply, dated his letter (which it was), 'The Anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne' (July 1st). The bishop's secretary slightly expostulated, suggesting to the Protestant prelate that it would be better simply to confine the date to the 1st of July. 'Not a bit of it!' exclaimed the bishop; 'the archbishop reminds me of the Feast of Saint Jarlach, and I remind him of the Battle of the Boyne; and further, I look for a hearty laugh over our respective dates when we next meet; so, Mr. Secretary, send my letter as it is.'



95. *Amusing Incidents at a Mansion-house Dinner.*

My father used to relate two laughable circumstances that occurred at a Lord Mayor's ministerial banquet at which he was present. At the beginning of the century my grand-uncle, Mr. Mark Sprot, and his wife, were invited; and their names, which had been given correctly at the foot of the staircase, underwent a material change before they reached the top, for the worthy couple were announced as the 'Marquis and Marchioness of Sprot,' to the infinite amusement of the distinguished guests assembled, Mr. Sprot being equally well known to the First Lord of the Treasury (Mr. Pitt) as to the Governor of the Bank of England. Mr. Pitt, who enjoyed the joke as much as anyone, came up to Mr. Sprot, and addressed him as 'my Lord Sprot.' 'That designation, Mr. Pitt,' said my relative, 'rests with the Sovereign, but mainly with his Prime Minister.'

Dinner being announced, and Mrs. Sprot being assigned to one of the guests to be handed down to the banquet-hall, her husband, whose coronet had already dropt from him, found himself, to use a term to be heard on Derby Day at Tattenham Corner, in the 'ruck,' or, more recently, in the 'cold,' and involved in a question of precedence with one of the guests. 'Oh, no, Mr. Sprot! Not a bit of it!' '*Seniores priores*,' rejoined Mr. S.; 'but at once settle the point by telling me in what year you were born?'—'In 1742.' 'So was I. What month?'—'July.' 'So was I. What day?'—'Fifth.' 'So was I. Morning or evening?'—'Can't

tell.' 'Nor can I.'—'Well, *this is* very strange; but as we must not lose our dinner, give me your arm,' said Mr. Sprot, 'and let us be bracketed *æquales*.' 'Purse and all, Mr. Sprot?'—'We shall talk of that after dinner.'

The dates were subsequently checked by some persons who were sceptical as to their dovetailing so exactly, and the proofs adduced were undeniable.

96. *Sir Joseph Paxton, M.P.*

Mr. George Spencer Ridgway, of Mayfair, held the position of Private Secretary to the late William Spencer Cavendish, 6th Duke of Devonshire, to whom he was foster-brother, his mother, Mrs. Ridgway, having suckled the future Lord of Chatsworth. Ridgway introduced the lad Joseph Paxton to the Chatsworth gardens, where he commenced at fourteen shillings a week, and one day walking with the Duke, he said, 'We have a very clever youth here whom I should like your Grace to notice.' A conversation ensued which led to Paxton's subsequent advancement. Ridgway introduced me to the future Sir Joseph Paxton, while so employed at Chatsworth, and in consequence I watched with peculiar interest his ascent up the professional and social ladder.

One day accidentally meeting Mr. Ridgway, the conversation turned to Paxton, who had now reached his goal, when he mentioned a circumstance that had occurred the previous evening in reference to the great landscape gardener. The Duke was residing at his charming Chiswick surrounded by relatives, his sister

the late Countess of Granville, his niece the Duchess of Sutherland, and others. Covers were laid for nine, eight of whom were Cavendishes and Gowers. Some family reminiscences came on the *tapis*, and the Duke, being out in his date, desired Ridgway to be sent for, who at once settled the point. He proceeded: 'Mr. Boyd, how singular it was for me last night, to see at the table of the Duke of Devonshire, as the only visitor not connected in blood with the families of Cavendish and Gower, that man Joseph Paxton, whom I had introduced to the Duke when a labourer in the gardens of Chatsworth, sitting at dinner next to the Duchess of Sutherland.'

NOTE.—George Spencer Ridgway was eight years older than his Grace of Devonshire, and had watched his youthful career from the earliest period. He accompanied the Duke on his mission when appointed Ambassador Extraordinary in 1826 from His Britannic Majesty, to assist at the coronation of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Nicholas of Russia.

The expenses incurred personally by the Duke on this occasion were described to me by Ridgway as something enormous, and I believe eventually led to the sale of a valuable estate in Yorkshire. One morning at Moscow, while the Duke was at his toilet, he said to Ridgway, alluding to the expenses, 'George, we are going it.' 'Indeed, my Lord Duke, we are; and this very day we require three thousand pounds (£3,000)'

97. *The Advantage of Knowing the Exact Depth  
of the Pool.*

A rich English brewer and M.P., whose moors are as well known in the Highlands as his liberality and kindness are appreciated, latterly took to fishing, and one day fell into a pool; but his gillie jumped in and speedily landed him, a service for which he received a handsome cheque on the local banker and high praise for risking his life. The gillie assured the honourable sufferer, 'tat my own life 'tis of no value; but yours, Sir, 'tis a valuable life.' In drawing his cash, the banker remarked to the gillie that he had made a good haul from the pool, adding, 'you knew the depth.' 'To an inch, Sir.'—'I thought you did; and your knowledge has been well rewarded.'

98. *A Sheriff of London Appalled by his own Rank.*

A few years ago, a witty friend of mine was talking to one of the Sheriffs of London, when I was passing, and afterwards joined me, when he described a scene that had occurred in this Sheriff's drawing-room on his return from the Palace to his residence at Camberwell or Brixton, after receiving the honour of knighthood at the hands of Her Majesty.

The Sheriff in his wisdom recounted the facts with great seriousness to my friend. On alighting from the state carriage at his own door, he desired his coachman, in slow and emphatic language, to put up his horses as quickly as possible, and without taking off his livery to

come to him in the drawing-room, as he had an important communication to make on the part of her Ladyship and himself to the servants of the establishment. The coachman having arrived, the footman received orders to summon the lady's maid, the housemaid, and the cook, who, with the three males, constituted the household.

The Worshipful Sheriff began by first addressing his own sex:—‘Her Majesty has this day been graciously pleased to confer upon me the highest honour ever bestowed on a subject holding the dignified office I do of Sheriff of London and Middlesex: I am now Sir William—— and your mistress is Lady——. Henceforth, when you address me, it will be, “Sir William,” and when you answer me you will say, “Yes, Sir William,” or, “No, Sir William.”’ Then turning to the females: ‘In the same way, when her Ladyship speaks to you, your answer will be, “Yes, my Lady,” or, “No, my Lady,” or, “Can I do anything for your Ladyship?” I hope you now understand all I have stated to you.’ ‘Yes, Sir William,’ from both sexes. ‘You can now retire.’

I feel persuaded that had our distinguished Royal Academician, Sir David Wilkie, heard the story related as I did, we might have looked for a picture worthy of him. The Sheriff sitting on his couch in his robes; her Ladyship in her Court dress; the coachman and two footmen in their state liveries; the cook, the lady's maid, and the housemaid, in the toilettes worn by such officials, emerging from their respective departments in working hours. Such a group on Wilkie's canvas would have been imperishable.

99. *A Scotch Farmer of the Olden Time who did not  
Keep a Diary.*

Farmer : 'I am come to pay John Thomson's bill.'

Banker : 'Well, John, when was the bill due?'

Farmer : 'Due! I dinna ken ; but it was made oot  
at the Shotts Fair and to be paid at our Sacrament.  
You can count that, and may be ye'll fin' oot whan the  
bill was due.'

100. *Arranging the Boundaries of Three Estates in  
Scotland at the end of the last Century.*

The form having been complied with in the presence  
of the legal authorities, the usual document was drawn  
up, to which the clerk made a note or addendum of his  
own in reference to the three lairds :

'W—— was drunk.

N—— was drunk, and

F—— was verra drunk.'

101. *The Earl of Clarendon, K.G. (the 4th Earl),  
our former Foreign Secretary.*

George William Frederick Villiers, when a Commis-  
sioner of Excise or Customs, occasionally came to the  
public breakfasts given at the house of Mr. John Ram-  
say McCulloch, the Political Economist, at one of which  
Sir James Graham, the Minister, was present.

After Mr. Villiers left, Sir James said that in his  
opinion George Villiers was the *beau idéal* of an English

gentleman. I was mentioning this to a friend on the day that Lord Clarendon's lamented death was announced, when a jaunty and discursive widow present chimed into our conversation and declared Sir James Graham to be right, as 'Lord Clarendon was perfection.' I was somewhat anxious to hear on what her estimate of the noble earl was founded. 'Well, I shall tell you. I was at Wiesbaden with my clerical son, and one forenoon in our walk we met Lord Clarendon, and in the course of conversation I asked him where he was going. He told me, to the Quarter Sessions. "The Quarter Sessions, my lord?" I exclaimed. "How strange that sounds in English ears." "I am, indeed, and can take you and your son both with me." We accepted his offer, and accompanied the noble Foreign Secretary, and soon arrived at his hotel, the "Quatre Saisons." "Here," he said, "I hold my Quarter Sessions at present, and I shall now be happy to see you both tried at the bar with the best our Sessions House contains." Was not that very nice?' remarked the widow; 'Oh, Lord Clarendon was a dear, dear creature.'

102. *The 'De haut en bas' with a Vengeance.*

Miss Barclay of Urie, Aberdeenshire (sister of the celebrated athlete and whip), was herself scarcely less famous in a different direction. Her horror of all contact with the proletariat amounted almost to a monomania. This weakness, however, existed with a decided *penchant* for airing her vanity in any frequented promenade available. A comical illustration of this odd proclivity

occurred in the streets of a populous northern city. In an evil hour Miss B., to her disgust, found herself entangled in a plebeian crowd. Her undisguised annoyance was observed and relished by a wicked wag to whom her peculiarities were not unknown. Noting her close proximity to a female vendor of market produce, our humourist firmly attached the two by the simple but effective means of a three-inch pin. Having thus laid his train, he awaited the explosion which he knew was inevitable.

‘Woman,’ shrieked Miss B., with tragic emphasis, after hopeless efforts to cut this most unnatural knot, ‘Woman, I despise you!’ Her humble associate for a moment stood astounded at this sudden and gratuitous assertion of superiority. The rejoinder, notwithstanding, when it at last found utterance, offered, in point of good sense and temperance, a contrast to the other which cannot but be regarded as favourable: “Deed, mem, it disna muckle maitter whether ye despise me or no, for you and me’s sicker preened thegither’ [securely pinned together.]

103. ‘*Religion in Silver Slippers.*’

The Bastille had fallen years before, and France seemed destined to bask eternally in the sunshine of glory shed upon her by the First Empire. A lady who was brought up in one of the Government institutions, founded by the great Napoleon for the education of the daughters and sisters of his devoted soldiers, was eyewitness to the following.



Time was, when the harmless joke of a thoughtless school-girl might have brought dire ruin to herself and her family, but the despotic rule of Napoleon was considered freedom, in comparison with the arrogant vexations of the nobles under the *ancien régime*. The remaining relics of that long period of oppression became ridiculous, instead of formidable, and so it was with the heroine of my present anecdote.

An old lady, presumably of the *ancien régime*, in whose coach Miss Barclay of Urie would not have hesitated to ride, dressed like a *marquise* of the severest type, followed closely by a servant in livery bearing her crimson velvet prayer-book, used to walk up the aisle of one of the churches of the Marais in Paris whenever she went to perform her devotions, striking the pavement with her gold-headed cane, and saying in a loud, peremptory voice as she proceeded, 'Rangez-vous, canaille. Place à la noblesse.' This, to the great delight of a crowd of school-girls who constantly beset her path to provoke the expression of the imperative order.

In adopting the good and humble Bunyan's remark of 'Religion in her Silver Slippers,' I am reminded of a circumstance somewhat correlative, which the late Mrs. James Stuart, of Dunearn, Fifeshire (formerly Miss Mowbray, of Cockairnie, N.B.), told me. She went into Huntingdonshire to visit a relation who had succeeded to the estates of her father or uncle, the late Admiral Sir Richard Hussey Bickerton, Bart., K.C.B., of Upwood. The Lady of the Manor was held in high respect, but Mrs. Stuart's Presbyterian notions

of equality—at least in the House of God—received a shock on hearing from her kinswoman the first Sunday after her arrival, to whom she had expressed a fear that they were late for church, ‘Oh no, my dear, the service never commences until my arrival.’ Sure enough it was so, as the clergyman was all ready, and so soon as the Lady of Upwood and Woodwalton entered the church, the whole congregation rose and remained standing until she was comfortably seated. The rector then commenced, ‘When the wicked,’ &c.

104. *Robert Downie, of Appin, M.P.*

Mr. Downie was member for the Stirling burghs from 1820 to 1830, and during his ten years of senatorial life caused almost as many quaint stories to be floated against him in the illustrious assembly of St. Stephens as Mr. Dempster did during his long Parliamentary career as member for the St. Andrew’s district of burghs in the last century.

I am reminded of an observation the member for Stirling made when dining at the hospitable table of an esteemed and valued friend of mine, that excellent man the late Mr. Richardson Borradaile, M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyne, which caused the guests a most hearty laugh, the more so, as it came from his lips entirely *au sérieux*. In referring to another M.P. with whom he and Mr. Borradaile were intimate, he remarked, ‘Whatever can that young man expect frae the Prime Meenister ather for himsel’ or his friens, if he keeps for ever voting agayne (against) the Government?’

But an admirable story of Mr. Downie, which caps mine entirely, is given by the Right Honourable Thomas F. Kennedy, one of the ablest and most indefatigable as well as useful public men ever sent from Scotland to the House of Commons. In his work recently published on the 'Affairs of Scotland'—so interesting to all Scotchmen who recollect the Reform Bill of Earl Grey—he says, 'I had written to Mr. Cockburn (afterwards Lord Cockburn) with reference to Mr. Robert Downie, of Appin, M.P. for the Stirling burghs—an extraordinary man. When in 1822 or 1823, I had my Jury Bill passing through the Commons, on one occasion when it stood as an order of the day, and I expected it to come on, and that a division would take place late at night, I happened to pass along one of the back benches on which R. Downie was sitting. He stopped me and said, 'Maister Kennedy, that's an excellent bill o' yours—that Jury Bill.' I replied, 'I am happy to hear you say so, Mr. Downie. I had not hoped to have your support; but I think it will come on to-night, and I hope you will stay in the House that I may have your vote.'

'Na, na, Maister Kennedy, that's a very different thing—it's an excellent bill, and I wish you may succeed; but if I was to vote wi' you, and gang against the *Government*, hoo could I gang to the Treasury next day, beggin' for eight-and-twenty thoosand *damned scoondrels* [the people of the burghs he represented]? That would never do, Maister Kennedy—but persevaire, Maister Kennedy, and never mind me.'

105. *A Southron meeting with More than his Match.*

I consider that the answer given by the Highland shepherd, who was proud of the view from the mountain he daily visited while tending his master's flock, to the Southron who, he discovered, wished to trot him out, has never been surpassed.

'Donald, I am told you have a most extensive view from your mountain.'

'Tere is, indeed, a grand view.'

'They say, Donald, you can see America from it.'

'America,' said the stern Caledonian, 'far ayont [beyond] America, for we can see te moon.'

106. *Rather awkward on the Eve of Marriage.*

A reverend friend of mine tells a good story of a predicament in which he found himself within four months of taking his Cambridge degree, and six weeks after his ordination. He was doing duty for the first time to oblige a neighbouring clergyman, and a couple had been that day out-asked, or called for the last time.

Next day the bridegroom elect called upon him to arrange about the marriage, and stated that he had something to mention on which he required advice.

'What is it?' said the reverend gentleman.

'Why, sir, the young woman has no fingers.'

'No fingers?' said the young clergyman.

'No, sir, on neither hand, but she has two wonderful thumbs, as she can sew as well as any young woman in

the country, and as for baking bread, she can't be surpassed; besides, sir, she is so pretty.'

My friend's father being a rector, he delayed giving an answer to the anxious swain until he consulted him.

'Arthur, marry the couple;' and he did so, the candidate for Hymen having arranged with his jeweller a ring capacious enough for the thumb.

107. *A Scotch Gardener's Opinion of the English.*

Being asked by his employer, an English squire, how he liked the English, replied, 'Weel, sir, being frae hame and amang the English, I find nae great faut in them; but I maun mak this remark, that for mi-nisters or gar-deners, or onything needing hede wark, you maun come to us in the north.'

108. *Comparisons are said to be Odious, but in this Case Useful.*

Alexander Fergusson, of Craigdarroch, gained the Whistle in that famous drinking bout, the 16th October 1790, as described by Robert Burns, 'Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law.'

His late distinguished son, the Right Honourable Robert Cutlar Fergusson, M.P. for Kirkcudbrightshire, was Judge Advocate in Lord Melbourne's Government, on his return from India, where he had been a most successful barrister.

At the joyous meetings in London, of the Dumfriesshire and Galloway Club, he often alluded to his

father in connexion with the great post-prandial victory in which he carried off the 'Whistle.'

Craigdarrech (the victor) was a most difficult person to manage on his return home from one of his orgies. The only person of the household who could induce him to go to bed was an old confidential servant or housekeeper of Mrs. Fergusson's, and this was achieved by a peculiar line of tactics, which I heard delightfully related by an accomplished member of Cambridge University, hailing from my part of Scotland, and I only hope I may not spoil a good story. Mrs. Fergusson having exhausted all her coaxing and persuasive powers with her husband at the bottom of the staircase, Jenny, the housekeeper, took her first stand about six steps up, when she opened on her master, as follows:—

'Weel, for ma pairt, there's nae Laird in this Kintra side to compare wi' the Laird o' —— . He is a discreet guid man, fond o' hame and quietie : I ken nae body the like o' *him* here aboots.' 'What's that ye say up there, ye impertinent jade ? Only stop till I get at you,' seizing the banister and mounting as rapidly as circumstances admitted. Jenny had now gone six steps higher, and Craigdarroch having reached the first stage of his upward journey, again opened upon Jenny. 'Don't you know, you saucy minx, that while my ancestors were officers fechtin' for their Sovereigns frae the time o' Robert the Bruce, his grandfather and great grandfather were doing noch't but peeling potatoes or driving the pleuch ?'

Up stairs the laird again struggled to get at Jenny,

who kept up her master's ire at the *highest* pitch, until the *highest* step was reached ; but there was something still to accomplish, as Jenny had yet to tease him by addressing him from his own bedroom door, to which—being now on level ground—he made a grand rush to reach her, Jenny retreating by a side door which she locked, while another domestic behind the laird, who was now cribbed, turned the key upon him, and all trouble with their master was at an end for *that* night.

NOTE.—Having now introduced my English friends to the Laird of Craigdarroch, I must tell them something of the 'Whistle.' In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, was a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony 'whistle,' which, at the commencement of an orgy, he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow it—everybody else being disabled by the potency of the bottle—was to carry off the 'whistle,' as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories without a single defeat at the Courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty Courts in Germany ; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess or else acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwellton, who, after three days and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table, and blew on the 'whistle' his requiem shrill. Sir Walter, son of Sir Robert, afterwards lost

the 'whistle,' to Walter Riddel, of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter. On Friday, the 16th of October 1790, at Friar's Carse, the 'Whistle' was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by Sir Robert Laurie, Robert Riddel, Esq., of Glenriddel, and Alexander Fergusson, Esq., of Craigdarroch, likewise descended from the great Sir Robert, which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field. Robert Burns, the poet, was present. William Hunter, a servant at Friar's Carse House, who was living in 1851, says Burns was present the whole evening. He was invited to attend the party, to see that the gentlemen drank fair, and to commemorate the day by writing a song. The combatants drank claret, but Burns, who sat at a side table, drank either brandy or rum and water, and walked home after the debauch he had witnessed without any assistance.

109. *An Old World Episcopal Synod in Scotland.*

I have already referred to the disabilities which pressed upon one section of Scottish Christianity until far on in the present century.

The Scottish Episcopate of former years was not embellished by those accessories of wealth and mundane dignity which attach to the sister institution in the South. The Scottish Prelates were regarded merely as pastors of a superior standing, severally adding to their episcopal functions the humbler duties of a parochial charge. This state of things, however, did not preclude the existence within the



clerical body of very considerable learning and strong common sense. Foremost, perhaps, among the men characterised by these qualities stand the two names of Russell and Gleig, the father of the accomplished Chaplain-General of the Forces, who has (1875) recently retired.

In the earlier years of this century the national importance of a locality did not necessarily coincide with the convenience of the Northern Episcopate 'in conclave met.' The Bishops usually selected a spot easy of access to the greatest number—locomotion and its means being then no trivial consideration. One of these meetings held at Laurence Kirk, in Kincardineshire, had for its president Bishop Gleig, the worthy old Divine already mentioned. He was a man remarkable in his day, no less for scholarly attainments than for great shrewdness in practical matters; though at this period of his life he laboured under the physical defect of deafness. He was flanked on this occasion by two brother prelates, who could scarcely be accounted his match in point of intellectual force. These worthy assessors ventured successively to furnish the President with suggestions relative to some points under immediate discussion. Bishop Gleig's reply to Assessor No. 1 was certainly not complimentary to his friend in council: 'That's great nonsense,' and his rejoinder to No. 2, if possible, less so: 'That,' thundered forth the dissatisfied pundit in true Johnsonian fashion, 'is still greater nonsense.' What would the Upper House of Convocation say to such a criticism issuing from the Archiepiscopal Throne?

110. *'Hot Joints from Two to Three, Daily.'*

There was a leading member of the Underwriters' Room at Lloyd's, who was popular with the body, save and except on one point, in which he was a monopolist. He had an awkward habit, in cold weather, after despatching his own business, of standing for an hour, before going on 'Change at three o'clock, with his back close to one of the fires; and being a man of large dimensions, he effectually screened two old members, who sat in that part of the room, from any participation in the warmth from the fire in question.

The offender was a Don in the Underwriters' Room, and, in consequence, had long been allowed to indulge himself.

One of the aged sufferers told a humorous brother member, a Scotchman, who sat in a different part of the room, that he liked the man as much as any of them did, but for this practice of appropriating the fire. 'Oh' (said his facetious friend), 'I have an effectual cure, and after to-day you will not be again annoyed.' 'I hope' (said the complainant) 'you are not going to speak to him on my account, as I should be extremely sorry to offend him.' 'I have no intention of saying one word to him, but I promise you there shall be no recurrence of the grievance under which you have so long suffered.' 'However, you and I must keep the secret to ourselves.'

Accordingly, his Scotch friend retired to his own seat, or more correctly box, and there prepared the

following tempting announcement, written in tolerably large text—


‘Hot Joints daily, from Two to Three, in the Underwriters’ Room.’

As the offender was leaving Lloyd’s, as usual, for the Royal Exchange, the placard was pinned to his coat; and he paraded up and down the Exchange for some minutes, receiving the congratulations of his friends, amidst much laughter.

The hint was taken, as there was no future complaint of his absorbing more of Lloyd’s caloric than his fair share.

### III. *Anticipating the Coroner.*

I recollect my father returning home from our town (Newton-Stewart) in a rather excited state of mind, and during that and the following day, nearly the only remark we heard from him was one made to himself, ‘What could possess the man not to wait until I had arrived?’ He had received, about eleven o’clock in the forenoon, a hurried note from a brother magistrate, a worthy banker in our district, requesting his immediate presence, as a fight had just taken place, and Jock — had knocked Dennis — (the Irishman) down, and killed him. My father was on the spot within an hour of the occurrence, but, accustomed as he had been in England to the Coroner’s Inquest, what was his astonishment when he found that his zealous colleague in the magistracy, instead of taking evidence, to be submitted to the Sheriff or to the



Sheriff-Substitute, or (more important still) of waiting until it was ascertained whether the knocked-down man was not in a swoon, had ordered Dr. Smith, our medical man, to proceed with the post-mortem examination, and the head and other parts of the body were already laid open. My father took the magistrate into a private room, and told him, *sub silentio*, that had this happened in London, the Coroner would have committed him. However, both magistrates escaped, and died in their beds.

112. *The Cokaines of Ashbourne, Derbyshire.*

I was in the coffee-room at Oatlands when a serious altercation arose between a visitor and Cokaine, the head-waiter. The former had just partaken of a hearty luncheon, with the accompaniments of sherry and Bass—therefore good temper on his part might have been looked for; but neither the good things of this life, nor the presence of ladies, had a controlling power. Cokaine was a civil and obliging man, and had shown great forbearance. He apologised to the ladies, and then broke out as follows:—‘Why, sir, you can’t be a gentleman to treat me in this way; but I tell you what is it, sir—if you will go down with me to Derbyshire, I’ll show you the tombs of my ancestors, in our parish church and churchyard, from the time of King Henry the Third down to Queen Victoria. That, I suspect, is more than you could do, in your parish churchyard.’

Fortunately, the visitor did not appear anxious to

discuss either ancestral or hotel matters further; but had he applied to me, who had heard the war of words, I should most certainly have supported the descendant of the ancient house of Cokaine.

### 113. *Blindness.*

Either the late Mr. Fisher, or Mr. Elwes, of Kemp-ton Park, Sunbury, Middlesex, was in the habit of paying an annual visit to the Rev. Mr. Hubbard, the rector of Shepperton—that well-known rendezvous on the banks of the Thames for the disciples of Izaak Walton. The rector's son, who told me the story, described a peculiarity in regard to this annual visit worth recording. The visitor was stone-blind, both his carriage-horses were stone-blind, and his coachman was a Cyclops, having only one eye.


### 114. *The Uncertainty of the Law—‘Small versus Attwood.’*

I was requested, at the house of a relation, to hand Miss Copley, the sister of Lord Lyndhurst (then Chief Baron), down to dinner. The morning papers were filled with his lordship's argument in summing-up and giving his decision the previous day in the above case; and in my conversation with Miss Copley, I alluded to the great sensation the decision had created in the public mind. The sum involved was £600,000, and Lord Lyndhurst being looked upon then

as the greatest lawyer on the Bench, no one contemplated an appeal. I recollect Miss Copley interested me extremely by describing, in a very amusing way, how her illustrious brother had that day employed her in the 'last scene of all' of '*Small versus Attwood*.' Under the Chief Baron's personal supervision, Miss Copley and the private secretary folded up, docketed, and placed each paper in the space 'it was ordained to fill.' It occupied all the day—I think a Saturday. At all events, it was a *dies non* in Court, as the Chief Baron remained at home (George Street, Hanover Square), while the funeral obsequies, as he supposed, were being performed in this memorable trial. Miss Copley told me that the labours of the trio were not completed until five o'clock, and when the last packet had been closed and coffined, the Chief Baron said, 'There, my dear Sarah, thank goodness, is the last of *Small versus Attwood*!'

What followed this remarkable Judgment has been described to me by a learned friend, who acted as assistant junior counsel on the occasion. During the speculative-mania year of 1825,\*Mr. Attwood sold to the British Iron Company his mine, near Stourbridge, for £600,000. After the great panic at the end of 1825, the company refused to complete the bargain by paying the balance of £400,000, then due; and filed a Bill in Equity to set aside the contract, on the ground of alleged fraud by Mr. Attwood, in having exaggerated the value of his property, and understated the cost of working the mine. Lord Lyndhurst decided in favour of the company, and Mr. Attwood appealed to the

House of Lords. His counsel before Lord Lyndhurst had been the late Lord St. Leonards (then Sir Edward Sugden), whose fee was said to be 3,000 guineas; but before the appeal was ripe, he had been appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland. It was, therefore, necessary for Attwood to find another counsel; and, happily for himself, he selected the most indefatigable of English advocates, the late Lord Truro, then well known as Mr. Serjeant Wilde, who, in order to perform his herculean task of upsetting the famous Judgment, gave up all his practice, and devoted himself entirely to master the case at his chambers at Serjeants' Inn for months. His original fee was 4,000 guineas, but eventually he received 8,000. The appeal was heard before Lord Chancellor Cottenham, Lord Lyndhurst himself, Lord Brougham, Lord Wynford, and Lord Devon, and occupied thirty days, in which the Serjeant spoke fourteen, in opening and reply. His opponent was the late Lord Justice Bruce. The famous Judgment was reversed, though Lord Lyndhurst defended it like a lion at bay. My informant, who was present, tells me that he spoke for nearly two hours, going through the facts and voluminous papers and law cases without looking at a note or paper. It was a wonderful exhibition of intellectual power, never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Lord Wynford (formerly Chief Justice Best) supported him; but the Chancellor, and Lord Brougham, and Lord Devon overruled him.



115. *Second Thoughts are often the Best.*

The late Captain M——s, who commanded one of the Honourable East India Company's ships, was certainly not the handsomest man I ever saw. But on one of his numerous voyages to the Celestial Empire, he resolved to patronise a native artist, and had his portrait painted. When it was completed he thought it failed to do him justice, and wished to repudiate the picture. The Chinese artist protested; but my countryman, a canny Scot, declared he would have nothing to do with such a production, much less pay for it. 'How make you, Captain, handsome,' said the artist, 'when you be d—d ugly? But if you no pay me, I will hang picture outside, and all passing will *savi* (know) it, and say, "That is ugly Captain M——s, how like him!"'

Under the circumstances, as explained by the Chinaman, the Captain thought it advisable to pay for the portrait, as well as take possession of it.

116. *An interesting Meeting between two Sailors.*

A gallant Admiral, a highly-esteemed friend of mine, told me that never were his feelings so much tried for the moment as on his arrival at Spithead from his last command. He had been absent for eight or nine years, having been re-commissioned; and six years before he left England for the South Seas, his second son had entered the Navy and gone to the



South American station, so that he had not seen him for fourteen years.

He had just dropped anchor, when he observed a boat put off from one of the ships of war. He was on deck to receive the lieutenant in charge of the boat, when a handsome young man of six feet, *in mufti*, came hurriedly up the ship's side, springing on deck, and approaching him in so unceremonious a manner as to lead him to conclude that some extraordinary change must have occurred in the rules of the Service since he last left the Channel, as to the mode of a lieutenant in Her Majesty's Navy approaching a commanding officer on his own quarter-deck. 'I was,' said Sir Henry, 'therefore obliged to starch up, and ask the officer his name and the object of his visit. The answer I received was, "Oh, father!"—bursting into tears—"have you forgotten your son A——?"'

Nature now claimed her supremacy; for father and son fell into each other's arms; and, as the former described the scene, 'How I reached my cabin, with my tall son clasped round me, I have no recollection.'

#### 117. *Scotch Assurance.*

A Colonial Judge, a Scotchman, and not one of the wisest and best-looking of the Macs, found himself riding on horseback alongside the sister of the Governor, subsequently a distinguished Governor-General, one of Scotland's proudest nobles, and bearing an illustrious name. He began his courtship, as my learned informant told me, by at once calling the attention of the noble young lady to the fact, that the

former differences of the B.'s and the Macs were now settled. At this point of the narrative Lady A—— put her horse into a canter, and evaporated from the learned Judge.

118. *'I'll just tell ye hoo I differ frae the Coo.'*

A Scotchman was seriously called to task, by one who had his welfare at heart, for his constant addiction to whisky. 'Canna ye follow the example o' that coo, noo, ganging doon to the water to tak a drink which will satisfie her until the morne? But wi' you it's drink, drink a' day lang.' To which the accused replied: 'Ye maun recollect this, that the coo haesna, as I hae ower often, ane or ither sitting opposite, and saying to me, "Here's to ye—finish yer glass, and let's hae anither hauf mutchkin." That's hoo I differ frae the coo.'

119. *A Good Appetite.*

Three friends had agreed to converge upon the village of Crawford (Lanarkshire) on a particular day, to enjoy some trout-fishing, having ordered a good dinner to be ready for them at the inn after the day's sport. Two of them had mistaken the date, and arrived the following day. They found that their friend had appeared, had his fishing, and his dinner.

They asked the landlady how their friend looked, as he had been a great invalid. 'Weel, gentlemen, for ma pairt I saw naething the matter wi' him, tho'

I'm no certain he haesna lost the bottom o' his stam-mack, for by my certy he devoured the hale o' the denner I had prepared for the three o' ye.'

120. '*My dear Agnes, a glass o' whisky-toddy  
maks anither man o' me.*'

A witty, popular, and learned lord on the northern side of the Tweed tells a story of a Scotch wife, shortly after the nuptial knot had been tied, mildly expostulating with her husband for indulging in two tumblers of whisky-toddy just before going to bed. 'My dear Agnes, a glass o' whisky-toddy maks anither man o' me.' 'But, my dear William, you take two.' 'Aye, Agnes, that gangs to the ither man.'

This is somewhat analogous to the story of a Mr. Mann meeting a madman who had escaped from his asylum, who accosted him thus—'I am going to kill you.' 'No, you had better not try that, for my name is Mann, and in addition I am a man myself, so that you will have to fight two of us.'

'But,' rejoined the madman, 'I am a man; and, moreover, a man beside myself, so that there are two of us.'

I never heard whether the husband *did* give up the *ither* man's glass o' toddy, nor whether the madman *did* kill Mr. Mann. We must hope that the former *did*, and that the latter *did not*.

121. *Worth Knowing.*

'My dear,' said a lady to her husband, who had an impediment in his speech, 'How much better you speak in New York than in Philadelphia!'

'Be—be—cause, New—New York is—is a larger place.'

122. *A Fairish Income.*

I was talking to an American gentleman as to the large private fortunes the citizens of the Great Republic who visited Europe seemed to have, and I asked him what was considered a fair income in the United States? 'Why, four shillings a minute, night and day, Sunday included. Mr. Boyd,' continued my informant, 'if you turn that out, you will find it a fairish income.'

123. *Patrick Robertson, Dean of Faculty.*

The Dean (subsequently Lord Robertson, the eminent and facetious Scotch Judge) had dined, or attempted to do so, with a friend who had asked him to take 'pot-luck'—a dangerous proceeding with so noted a *bon vivant*.

Next day, in describing the banquet, the learned Dean said the same liquid appeared three times—first as hare-soup, secondly as port-wine, and thirdly as coffee.

124. *Dr. Strachan, Bishop of Toronto, and the  
Scotch Accent.*

Dr. Strachan was an Aberdonian; and when a young Scotch divine (some recent importation of the Dominion) waited upon the worthy prelate, he was always sure to receive one piece of advice—‘Noo, my young frien’, the first thing you have to do is to get rid of the Scotch accent. Ye’ll find it no easy matter, but ye must persevere; for I was twenty years before I conqueret it.’

There were, however, two vocables which, even in so long a *curriculum* of study, he failed to master: heresy with the respected prelate was always *hairesay*, and schism *skism* to the end of the chapter.

125. *The late King of Sweden, the Grandson of  
Bernadotte.*

His Majesty was so extremely fond of dancing, that he used to say he had danced to death all the ladies of his own generation, and most of their daughters had met with a like fate. He even began to think that the granddaughters might not escape his dancing powers; for, unlike Giselle, who danced herself to death, he could only victimise others. He indulged his choreopedic propensities for nearly the last time at a watering-place in France, whither he had resorted for the benefit of his health. He led forward his partners *au pas de charge*, and no fortress could have withstood the

impetus with which he flung himself forward in the *pas seul*.

His Majesty was full of generous intentions, which were, however, not always carried out by his retainers. My friends, who related the incident to me, remember seeing a French coachman most irate on receiving an insufficient fee. He grumbled out, very audibly, 'Il devrait pourtant savoir comment on paie les cochers, car son grand-père était conducteur de diligence.'

126. *Be carefu' aboot leaving the Kirk.*

Sandy Bell, a celebrated farmer in the North, quarrelled with his minister, the late Dr. Brewster, and for a time took to the Episcopalian Chapel, where the service was very different to the slow easy style he had been accustomed to. One day a neighbour said to him, 'Weel, Maister Bell, and how do ye like the English Kirk?' Sandy, who had evidently a secret longing after his old friends, replied, 'Od man, it'll no *du ava*; yer scarce *het* upon yer seat nor yer on yer legs again.'

127. *A Salvo for the Conscience.*

I am old enough to remember a royal duke who always travelled to Newmarket on Sunday. When the carriage was ready, and his Royal Highness about to get into it, under the eyes of a section of the loyal subjects of his Majesty King George III., his invariable question was, 'Taylor (Sir Herbert), are the Bible and Prayer Book in?' 'They are, your Royal Highness.' 'All right.'

128. *'But if I bow, they'll say it was from fear.'*

The late Sir George Staunton, M.P., was supposed to make twenty bows, on entering a drawing-room, before he reached the hostess; whereas his father, when Ambassador to China, nearly upset the mission to the Emperor for not bowing. It was alleged that his son was much better suited for such an embassy.

129. *The (late) Honourable Edmund Byng.*

Mr. Byng, who was for many years a Commissioner of Colonial Audit, and Treasurer to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, received his commission in the Foot Guards (having been a royal page) about 1785. He was a good and religious man, and, during the eight years I had the pleasure of knowing him, he often alluded very earnestly to the new era that had arrived, and to the improving tone of society under the young and illustrious couple who had so recently commenced to rule. The battalion of Guards to which he was appointed he joined at Gibraltar, and the practice then was to sit at mess until midnight. 'Boyd,' said the old gentleman, 'if we attempted to drink a toast with your Highland honours—half the party now verging on being tipsy—the probability was that, of those who managed to mount their chairs, and get the right foot on the table (*in more Scotorum*), one or other lost his equilibrium, depriving his neighbour of his, thus knocking each other over—some rolling under the

table, there to sleep until it was time for morning parade.'

130. *London in the Olden Time—An Incident in Park Lane.*

Sir William Augustus Cunynghame, Bart., M.P., of Milncraig, in Ayrshire—born about the same year as George III.—married for his second wife, in 1785, Mary, only daughter and heiress of Robert Udney, of Udney, who survived her husband many years, and died in Savile Row, in 1847, at the age of ninety-five. I knew her son, Captain George Cunynghame, of the Dragoons; but to her eminent physician, a countryman of my own, I am indebted for the following description of an escapade in Park Lane.

Sir William and Lady Cunynghame had, as a visitor in London, Thomas Graham of Lynedoch, then in command of the Perthshire Militia. They were driving down Park Lane to a ball or concert at the palace, when the carriage was stopped by two footpads—one of whom took possession of the horses' heads, the other of the occupants of the carriage, by presenting a pistol inside.

Colonel Graham, who was in uniform, instantly sprang from the carriage on the opposite side to the footpad, and, hurrying round, made a thrust with his sword; but whether the future hero of Barossa and Lord of Lynedoch fleshed it for the first time on this occasion is uncertain. The thrust, however, was a successful one, as the robbers made a precipitate retreat;



and Lady Cunynghame's magnificent diamonds, so well known in the fashionable world, and no doubt the allurements of the footpads, escaped, and the party proceeded, without further let or hindrance, to enjoy the attractions and hospitality of the palace.

NOTE.—The Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., in his *Boswelliana*, relates a little passage of arms in St. Stephen's, not Park Lane, between Sir William Augustus Cunynghame, who for many years represented the county of Linlithgow in Parliament, and the Hon. Henry Erskine, M.P. for the Dumfries Burghs: 'In the winter of 1779, after Scotland had been exhausted by raising new levies, the hon. baronet boasted that 20,000 men might yet be raised in that country, and never be missed, either from manufactures or agriculture. Mr. Erskine, a celebrated humourist, whose younger brother was Lord Chancellor Erskine, said he believed it was true, but they must be raised from the churchyards!'

### 131. *Preaching and Ploughing.*

A late popular and hospitable Rector in the county of Middlesex declared that the greatest surprise he ever had was on the occasion of a visit he was paying an old Eton and Oxford friend, a Welsh baronet, at his seat in the Principality. They were on horseback, when his friend Sir George ——— remarked, 'Do you see that man ploughing with one tail to his coat?' 'I do.' 'Well, that is our curate, who ekes out his miserable income as a ploughman, or in the best way he can in agricultural labour: he is a very good

fellow, and I shall desire him to come this evening and play some Welsh airs for us on his violin, while we are at dinner.' The hospitable English Rector inquired if he did not dine with them. 'Oh, dear no, never; my butler takes very good care of him downstairs, I assure you, he being a great favourite with all the servants.' The curate fulfilled his musical engagement for the dinner-party, receiving as his remuneration a hearty meal downstairs, with the usual quantity of Welsh ale, in the circle of the domestics of the household.

132. *Was the Eminent Physician Right?*

Towards the close of last century there arose in the modern Athens a controversy, which for a time shook society, as it involved a charge affecting the character, feeling, and good taste of the leading member of the profession of Æsculapius in that city. He had brought himself into collision with a lady of high position, and this circumstance added greatly to the interest taken in the question.

Even as late as 1800, some years after the occurrence, public opinion with the sterner sex ruled in favour of the great physician; but I much fear—judging from what we daily witness in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens—that if Tyburn had existed, it would have gone hard with him. Had the case now been left for adjudication to a jury of matrons and spinsters—and three-fourths of the present House of Commons (1875) support a female panel—I should

have looked with dread to the verdict of the fairer portion of creation. The impeachment was, that the head of the medical profession in the Northern capital had erred in his mode of treating the most cherished member of the noble lady's household; and those of the tender sex with whom I have discussed the matter are unanimous, that had the Act of Parliament then existed, which I recollect being introduced by my late friend Mr. Richard Martin, M.P. for the county of Galway, known as 'Humanity Martin's Act,' the great Scotch physician could have been indicted under it. But this I leave others to decide, my duty being strictly to place the facts before my readers, as they were related to me, with the gravity they were entitled to command, by a learned and witty friend of mine, a Q.C. He and I endeavoured to view the affair with the seriousness and sobriety which the ladies who were present during our discussion declared it deserved; still, he and I expressed a firm opinion that we believed there are eminent medical men in London—we say nothing of those equally so in Edinburgh—who might follow out precisely (although it may not be found in the Pharmacopœia) the course adopted by the famous Northern physician.

The noble lady's butler was suddenly summoned from his bed by the maid to her ladyship's presence, and desired to go instantly for Dr. — and request him to come to her immediately. The ever attentive and celebrated physician forthwith left his marital couch to encounter in his walk one of Edinburgh's bitterest east-winds. Lady Mary greeted him most cordially on

his promptitude and kindness in coming at that hour, and on such a cold night; adding, that she was thankful to say she herself was quite well, but had passed with her maid some hours of deep anxiety, owing to the serious illness of her poor little darling Corinda (her lap-dog). Corinda being produced, the Doctor took her up in his arms, and after an apparently careful examination, said, 'Madam, this dog wants nothing but air,' and going to the window, opened it, and threw the interesting creature out; and as her ladyship's bedroom was, like many others in Edinburgh, at a lofty elevation, Corinda's further sufferings were of brief duration, as she was killed on the spot.

The Doctor now made his bow to Lady Mary, and, wishing her henceforth all manner of happiness in life, retired.

133. *A Roland for an Oliver.*

My friend General Taylor, at that time Inspector-General of the Royal Artillery, told our circle at Oatlands—a moiety being Americans, and at the moment engaged, in good humour, bringing to the front as many of each other's national weaknesses as possible—that he remembered being much surprised at the abrupt manner in which an apparently mild gentlemanlike American broke ground with him in conversation. He and other British officers were at breakfast at an hotel in Quebec, when, most unexpectedly, the stranger, with whom he had never previously exchanged one word, addressed him as follows:—'I guess, Colonel, you don't in the old country brag much

about the Battle of New Orleans?' To which the Colonel replied, that 'British officers, so far as his experience went, were not in the habit of bragging of actions in which they took part, and certainly never of one in which they were unsuccessful.'

134. *A Bill after being Read a First Time.*

Two Americans had been enjoying a trot through the States, and resolved to put up at what appeared to be an inviting hotel in one of the far West cities. They interviewed the glories of the surrounding neighbourhood, and the time had arrived for closing their sojourn in the locality; but there was yet a *sequitur*: they asked for their bill, and great was their astonishment to find that it far exceeded their calculations. The purse-bearer, calling the waiter, said:—'Waiter, this is a tarnation fine bill, when we might have lived in New York City for two months for half as many dollars. Just call the landlord here.' On the landlord making his appearance, he was addressed as follows: 'Wall, landlord, and what might your name be?'—'My name, sir, is Manley.' 'Manley, is it?' said the enraged Yankee. 'Wall, that's peculiar: it puts me in mind of a hoss my father had, and they called him Snowball, but devil a white hair had he about him.'

135. *Admiral Sir Benjamin Hallowell, G.C.B.  
(subsequently Carew), and the Goose.*

Captain William Hemsley, R.N., lately amused me with an anecdote he heard from his uncle, who

sailed with Sir Benjamin Hallowell. The Admiral used to describe how he had been sold by a young mate in the service.

Hallowell was at the time a lieutenant, and the ship to which he belonged had just completed repairs and refit in Portsmouth Harbour, and was to go out to Spithead next day (Monday). One of the mates—a humorous dog, a favourite with his captain—was on shore on leave, of which, as usual, he had overlooked the extent. Hallowell was despatched to bring off the culprit, and knew very well where to pounce upon him. He found him busy ‘basting’ a goose, which the two ladies of the mansion had desired him to superintend while they went to church.

Hallowell told his prisoner the scrape he was in, on hearing which he said:—‘Now, like a good fellow, look after the goose, while I run upstairs and bring down my kit.’ Hallowell forthwith took up his new appointment, and went on ‘basting’ the goose until the ladies returned; but, instead of the captured mate making his appearance, he had slipped out of the house, got a boat, and went off to his ship. When he appeared on deck, he was asked by his captain if he had seen Lieutenant Hallowell.—‘Yes, sir, I have.’ ‘Where did you see him?’—‘Why, sir, I left him basting a goose at so-and-so’s.’ ‘Basting a goose?’—‘Yes, sir; shall I go for him, sir?’ ‘No, you shan’t, and be d——d to you!’

Strong language was then in vogue in the navy. Another lieutenant was instantly despatched to look after Hallowell, who was found enjoying a good slice of

the goose along with the ladies, who would not allow him to depart without sharing it with them, and possibly, under the seal of confidence, the fresh visitor likewise partook of their hospitality.

136. *The Two Things best worth Seeing in the British Metropolis.*

As a schoolboy my *château en Espagne* (barring the Hibernianism) was to see Rome and St. Petersburg. I find similar youthful aspirations occasionally hold sway amongst our Anglo-Saxon cousins in America. One who had just arrived in London from the Great Republic of the West, on a visit to some friends, returned to dinner the first day after his arrival in an ecstatic and buoyant state of spirits. 'Well,' he exclaimed, 'the objects of interest that everlastingly crowded upon my mind in early life have this day been realised.' There was a general rush of inquiry on both sides the table, for, as Shakspeare tells us, 'All strange and terrible events are welcome.' He then informed the party that he had that day seen the two things best worthy of notice in the British metropolis—*videlicet*, St. Paul's Cathedral, and the house from which John Gilpin started on his adventurous ride!

137. *'Have you been Sworn at Highgate?'*

I had this question lately put to me, and my reply was, 'Yes, forty years ago.' I was, at the same time, reminded of a laughable scene I witnessed in connec-

tion with the administration of the oath. My brother, with myself, had accompanied some male friends to the Zoological Gardens, after which a walk was proposed towards Highgate; and passing through that ancient village, my brother said to the old gentleman of our party, 'I presume you have never been sworn at Highgate?' 'Never, nor do I even know what you mean.' 'Then I must tell you that it is my duty, in accordance with my oath, to have all of you sworn, who have not been so previously, at this tavern' (the 'Gate-House and Horns'). On entering the tavern, the initiatory step was taken by ordering two bottles of wine—one sherry, the other port—which, in those days of swearing in customers, the landlord took great care should be excellent for so grave a ceremonial, and he did not omit to charge for it accordingly.

The landlord and his waiter then retired to prepare for the imposing ceremony, and in ten minutes a thundering knock at the door announced the approach of the officials. In marched with solemnity the swearer-in, dressed in a black gown with bands, wearing a mask and wig; his clerk also in a black gown, carrying the horns fixed on a pole in one hand, and in the other a large book, from which the oath was to be read. At this juncture our old friend, a sexagenarian of sixteen stone in weight, one who had been engaged all his life in more political excitement than most men, and to whom the precedence was to be given of having the oath administered, exclaimed, 'That it was a most improper proceeding, which he could not sanction, especially on the Sabbath.' My brother reasoned calmly



with him, reminding him that an hour before he had witnessed him conversing with parrots, quizzing monkeys, irritating bears by not throwing biscuits to them, &c.—to say nothing of discussing paintings and politics with Sir Robert Peel, in his *tête-à-tête* with the illustrious statesman in the Zoological Gardens, which my relative contended were worldly proceedings quite if not more damaging on a Sunday than the innocuous oath at Highgate, and which, as he told our party, had been taken by Sir Robert's distinguished Harrovian chum, Lord Byron.

This line of argument was successful. 'Well, then, although it is a most foolish proceeding, as I am here, let me be sworn.' The landlord then proclaimed in a loud voice, 'Upstanding and uncovered:—'

'Take notice what I now say unto you, for that is the first word of your oath—*mind* that. You must acknowledge me to be your adopted father; I must acknowledge you to be my adopted son (my friend's age and ponderousness made the scene peculiarly amusing). If you do not call me father, you forfeit a bottle of wine; if I do not call you son, I forfeit the same. And now, my good son, if you are travelling through the village of Highgate, and have no money in your pocket, go call for a bottle of wine at any house you think proper to go into, and book it to your father's score. If you have any friends with you, you may treat them as well; but if you have money of your own, you must pay for it yourself; for you must not say you have no money when you have, neither must you convey the money out of your own pocket into your friend's

pocket; for I shall search you as well as them, and if it is found that you or they have money, you forfeit a bottle of wine, for trying to cosen and cheat your poor old ancient father. You must not eat brown bread while you can get white, except you like the brown best. You must not kiss the maid while you can kiss the mistress, except you like the maid the best, but sooner than lose a good chance you may kiss them both. And now, my good son, for a word or two of advice. Keep from all houses of ill-repute, and every place of public resort for bad company. Beware of false friends, for they will turn out to be your foes, and inveigle you into houses where you may lose your money and get no redress. Keep from thieves of every denomination. And now, my good son, I wish you a safe journey through Highgate and this life. I charge you, my good son, that if you know any in this company who have not taken this oath, you must cause them to take it, or make each of them forfeit a bottle of wine, for if you fail to do so you will forfeit a bottle of wine yourself. So now, my good son, God bless you; kiss the horns, or a pretty girl if you see one, which you like the best, and so be free of Highgate.' (If a lady was in the room, she was usually saluted, if not the horns must be kissed; the option was not allowed formerly.)

The landlord, as swearer-in, now commands 'Silence,' and addressing himself to his new-made son, he says: 'I have now to acquaint you with your privilege as a freeman of this place. If at any time you are going to Highgate and want to rest yourself, and see a pig

lying in a ditch, you have liberty to kick her out and take her place; but if you see three lying together, you must only kick out of the middle, and lie between the other two. God save the King!’

We returned to town to dine, and meet a large party at the house of our respected friend, who described most amusingly the proceedings in which my brother had involved him in making him a freeman of Highgate; and he told his guests, several of them senators, that he could look back on his long life to no circumstance, either socially or politically, that had caused him, while it lasted, more excitement, as he declared at the commencement he intended to be very angry with my brother.

The custom has now fallen into disuse, but at the ‘Gate-House Tavern,’ some months ago, while the waiter was administering to me an excellent luncheon, I mentioned that were the landlord to revive the custom, many of the present generation would extremely enjoy the fun in which their ancestors had indulged, and none more than our American cousins. ‘Moreover, waiter,’ I said, ‘where you now make five shillings you would pocket ten; and if your landlord provided as good sherry and port as formerly, he would sell two bottles for one. Waiter, you must also not forget that the great Lord Byron was sworn at Highgate.’ ‘Dear me, sir, was he?’ This seemed to make a strong impression upon him as to the advantages his landlord and himself might derive by a revival of the administration of the oath. Lord Byron alludes particularly to ‘Unless you like it better’ :—

Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribbon'd fair,  
 Others along the safer turnpike fly;  
 Some Richmond Hill ascend, some scud to Ware,  
 And many to the steep of Highgate hie.  
 Ask ye, Bœotian Shade, the reason why?  
 'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horns  
 Grasp'd in the hand of Mystery,  
 In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn,  
 And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till morn.  
 — *Childe Harold*, Canto i. 70.

138. *'By far the Best Spache of the Avening,  
 out and out.'*

I was passing ten days in Dublin, my headquarters being at Gresham's Hotel, Sackville Street. I had been at a grand Corporation banquet, where there was a rich and varied display of Irish eloquence, most of which was not only instructive, but highly amusing. Some of the residents at the hotel had been also at the Lord Mayor's dinner, and were next morning in the coffee-room discussing the merits of the different speeches delivered on the occasion. 'Well, for my part,' said one of the commentators on post-prandial oratory, 'Alderman Smith's was by far the best spache of the avening, out and out.' Now, as the Alderman's address was short, I am able—like the great Pundit described by Mr. Talboys Wheeler in his delightful work, 'The Travels of a Hindoo'—to recollect every word of it; but I had better first introduce my readers to Juggernaut Turkopunchanun, who was Sanscrit tutor to the great and learned Sir William Jones, and had an extraordinary memory. He was returning home

one day from his bath in the Ganges, and met a Kaffir and a Chinaman abusing each other and fighting in the streets. The case came before the magistrate of police, and Juggernaut Turkopunchanun was called upon to give evidence. He repeated, verbatim, from memory, the language used by the Kaffir and Chinaman to each other. The magistrate requested the great Pundit to interpret to the court what each had said. 'Oh, your worship! I do not understand a word of either Kaffir or Chinese, but I have repeated precisely the words each uttered,' causing the greatest astonishment to all present.

My task is not so difficult: the Lord Mayor, after the toasts of loyalty to the Crown and to the Lord-Lieutenant, gave 'The Army and Navy'; but, what was very unusual at a Dublin public banquet, there was no member of either gallant profession present. A pencil memo. was sent up to the Lord Mayor, who at once called upon Alderman Smith (I may be wrong in the Aldermanic name) to return thanks for the Army, the Alderman having been in early life a lieutenant in an infantry regiment. The Alderman at once rose: 'My Lord Mayor, my lords and gentlemen, I should be right glad to return thanks for the Army (upon my soul I should); but I can't, my Lord Mayor, because I have sold out.'

139. *Sir Adam Fergusson of Kilkerran, Baronet.*

The Honourable Baronet—who was an LL.D., and sat in Parliament for nearly a quarter of a century (first for

Ayrshire, and subsequently for the city of Edinburgh)—was an old friend of Sir Walter Scott. The latter got numerous stories and anecdotes from Sir Adam, many of which are embodied in the Waverley Novels. Sir Adam was a peculiarly fine specimen of a Scotchman, full of wit and humour, with often a spice of caustic in his stories. Lady Fergusson, in her latter years, was in infirm health, and like other invalids occasionally complained of life and its uncertainty, with the conclusion, ‘She would not be long for this world.’ On one of such occasions, talking in her usual strain of being very near her end, Sir Adam, not wishing to encourage her in complaining, said, ‘Canna ye set a time, and keep it?’

140. *Scylla and Charybdis—Tale of a Teapot.*

A good story is told of a well-known, highly respected, and prudent Scotch lady in connection with a teapot. Her son was about to be married, and amongst other valuable presents she made to the affianced couple was an extremely handsome silver teapot, which she expected would be used by the young people exclusively ‘on high days and holidays.’

On the return of the married couple from their Continental tour, Mrs. ———, who resided in the country, arrived in the modern Athens on a visit to her son and daughter-in-law. Next morning she reached the breakfast-room some time before the juvenile host and hostess, and, to her immense surprise—nay horror—saw the handsome silver teapot on the table. The thrifty lady considered this a bad omen of her daughter-

in-law's prudence, to have so magnificent a teapot used in common. 'I cannot,' thought the indignant lady, 'countenance such reckless extravagance, and I shall again repossess myself of it.' Accordingly, she placed it under her shawl, returned to her bedroom, where she locked it up, and remained in her room until she received a summons to breakfast. The young couple, with the servant, were dismayed as to what had become of their dear mother's handsome teapot, which they had brought out for the first time in honour of the old lady. They concluded that an expert thief had seen it from the outside, watched his opportunity, and carried it off. The distracted young bride told her dear husband that he must that day go to Marshall's or any other first-rate silversmith's, and select a teapot as like the one stolen as possible, so that, without fail, they might have it on the table next morning. A less attractive teapot (*pro hac vice*) having been substituted, the breakfast passed off quietly, without any allusion whatever having been made to the subject of teapots. On the morrow, when mamma entered the breakfast-room, the newly-purchased teapot of the day previous graced the table; and although she must have been puzzled to see a teapot equal to her own, it did not prevent her opening on the young couple, whose connubial bliss had so recently commenced, by declaring, in strong language, 'how great was her surprise to see so elegant a teapot on the table on such an occasion.' 'Oh, my dear mother,' said her son, 'we only brought it out in compliment to you.' This was re-echoed, in stronger and even more affec-

tionate terms, by his wife. The old lady, looking sternly at both, said, 'I do not know what you mean, as I never saw that teapot in my life.'—'Oh, my dear mother, do you not recognise the beautiful teapot you presented to Eliza?' 'I repeat, that I never saw that teapot before,' and in solemn language declared that what had passed that morning was a bad augury of the future, as she did not expect that, at her second breakfast with her son and his wife, she was to hear so many untruths, and wound up as follows:—'I have again got the teapot which I presented you with into my own possession, and there it shall remain.'

141. *King Ludwig of Bavaria.*

Prince Metternich was on a visit to his Majesty at Munich, and related to my friends a whimsical instance of this eccentric and clever monarch, who was not—at least where ladies were concerned—prone to study economy. However, it is possible that on this occasion he desired to make a favourable impression on the Court of Austria through its great Chancellor, so as to convince him that he well understood economy to be one of the chief duties of a State as it should be of an individual. His demonstration was as follows:—At dinner he called for Sapporta, his majordomo, and told him that he observed a great waste of bread, of which he highly disapproved. Sapporta assured his Majesty that the bread was not wasted, as it was made into *quenelles*. The King was satisfied;



but at the Royal table, a few days afterwards, he observed that one of his guests was constantly using a toothpick, which he invariably stuck into his bread; and his Majesty, fearing he might forget to issue the Royal command, called for the major-domo, and in distinct terms said, 'Sapporta, keine quenellen morgen' (no quenelles to-morrow).

142. *The Bishop's Laudable Attempt to Soothe and Comfort the Rural Dean.*

The Rural Dean said to his lordship that he thought it rather hard, as the Dean was entitled to be styled 'The Very Reverend', and the Archdeacon 'The Venerable,' the Rural Dean—who had, as his lordship knew, very grave and responsible duties attaching to him—was merely 'The Reverend.'

The prelate, reflecting for a moment with apparent seriousness, said he saw the grievance, but was at a loss for the remedy, unless styling the Rural Dean 'The Rather Reverend' might meet the difficulty.

143. *An Irish High Juryman who was Too Communicative to the Judge.*

A witty Irish friend related the following of a countryman, a lofty squire of a south-western county, who was on the Grand Jury. He had kept the Court waiting, and on entering the box the Judge said, 'Let that juryman be fined for being so late.' The pompous high-juryman rose and said, 'My Lord, I am Mr. C—'

of C—— Hall;’ to which his lordship rejoined, ‘Fine that juryman £50 for the introduction.’

144. *Homœopathic Treatment Objected to.*

The Rev. Dr. Dobie, the Minister of Linlithgow, fell into the Forth and Clyde Canal, and was got out with great difficulty. After an hour’s rubbing he began gradually to recover, and the medical attendant recommended his having some whisky and water. ‘Let me have the whisky,’ said the Doctor, ‘as I have had the water already.’

145. *Wandering Willie, the Blind Harpist.*

One of the most enjoyable days I ever recollect passing, as a boy, was on the occasion of the arrival of Wandering Willie, with his family, at Merton Hall, being on one of his periodical journeys from West to East Galloway. We had some young friends with us, and our tutor gave us a holiday. The blind harpist and his suite made their appearance about midday, just in time to have placed before them a substantial dinner. This concluded, we boys were ‘masters of the situation,’ and ‘Wandering Willie’ and his little band our devoted adherents for the rest of the day. They played (harp and violin), we danced, and never was a merrier gathering. It was kept up until the band supper was announced. After a comfortable night’s lodging they were provided with a good Scotch breakfast, the last but one they were ever

to enjoy. To our deep regret as juveniles, the hour had arrived for poor blind Willie's departure. The modest 'troupe' assembled in front of the house to take farewell of us. Willie, led along by his wife, the children following, the donkey with pannier ready packed for migration—the whole a group for Wilkie. My father, coming forward to present the harpist with a honorarium for yesterday's entertainment, afforded by himself and his orchestra, completed the picture.

From our house they proceeded on their journey and received shelter for *that* night, but the following night, at a farm-house and other places, were refused. The poor creatures, worn out by fatigue, and most probably exhausted by hunger, sought a refuge in a gravel-pit close to the high road; but during the night the bank of gravel gave way, smothering the whole family, consisting of seven. Next day was Sunday, and the poor donkey, that had escaped, attracted attention from constantly braying and moving about close to the gravel-pit.

Sir Walter Scott, to whom a recital of the tragical end of Wandering Willie and his family was communicated by Mr. Joseph Train, a gifted correspondent of Sir Walter, in Galloway, alludes to the 'Blind Beggar' in 'Redgauntlet,' and thus communicates his impressions to Mr. Train: 'You will no doubt recognise an old acquaintance in the person of the Blind Beggar, poor fellow! I must some time or other pay a further tribute to his memory, but you know circumstances will not permit of me doing so at present.' I shortly afterwards visited the scene where the un-

happy family met their deaths, and with feelings which at this distant day I cannot otherwise describe than by stating that I have classed the entombment of Wandering Willie, his wife and children, in the gravel-pit, as the most painful of my reminiscences.

146. *Two Worthy Scotch Matrons Travelling by Railway for the first time.*

The wives of two Forfarshire farmers, who occasionally treated themselves to a day's 'outing,' resolved to make an excursion from Dundee to Perth by railway, being their first trial of that new mode of travelling. Unfortunately, their opinions expressed during the journey are unknown, but, on reaching the Perth terminus, they proceeded along the platform until they got to the engine, then letting off its steam at a rate and in a manner to which they were strangers. One of them patted the locomotive very affectionately with both hands, and exclaimed, in a firm as well as a pathetic tone, which was heard by several of the bystanders, 'Puir thing, weel may ye pech, for sair hae ye gane, and sair saughten maun ye be.' I have been called to account by several of my countrymen, who have done me the honour to peruse 'Boyd's Reminiscences,' and told that it borders on an insult to my readers to give them a glossary, or put my Scotch in italics, when the idiom of the language, owing to the writings of Walter Scott, is now so universally understood. I therefore, in this case, asked my wife, who is English, if she knew what the Forfar-

shire farmer's wife had addressed to the locomotive. 'Of course, my dear, I do. She said, "Poor thing." 'Quite right. Now, proceed, if you please;' but, beyond 'Poor thing,' I saw there was an insurmountable barrier, and that being so, the translation must follow: 'Poor thing, well may you be breathless, for rapidly have you gone, and exhausted must you be.'

A good story is told of this enterprising couple years before the establishment of railways. Malibran or Catalani was to sing at Perth, and they resolved to hear the distinguished *cantatrice*. At the conclusion of one of her surprising quavers or roulades they turned to each other, and their admiration and surprise were summed up in the remark, 'Oh dear, oh dear, what a wond she maun hae' [what a wind she must have].

147. *The Visit of their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Louise and Beatrice to Mrs. Macfarlane, Brig o' Turk (September 1869.)*

For this story I am indebted to a lady, who told it to me in the vernacular, she having called upon Mrs. Macfarlane the day after the Royal visit.

'So you have had a visit from the Princesses?'

Mrs. Macfarlane: 'Ow, aye. I'll juist tell you hoo it wus: I wus boilen and weschen, and they cam up to me. If they had been riding on pownies I'd hae kennt wha they wur, but they juist cam danderin [sauntering] up the roddie cracken [chatting] about the hens. So they cam and askit me what I wus doing. I tellt them I wus boilen and weschen, and to tell the doon recht

trowth I thocht they wur servin lassies, and I wus real short wi' them, for they wur speering [asking] sae mony questions sin they cam by there, and the lassie had been cleanin, and it wus an unco warm day, and there wus nae fire in the grate, sae the auldest ane askit me, "Hae ye nae coals?" "Na, we juist hae peat and a bit stick." Then she took to speering at me what wus ma name, and I lookit at her, thinkin may be I kennt her, so I tellt her, Macfarlane. "And are ye a widow," quo' she? "Aye, I am that." "What div ye get to your breakfast?" quo' she. "I get parritch and milk and tea when I rise i'e morning, and a wheen [some] taties and milk, and the like o' that, for ma denner." "And div ye no get a bit o' steak ava?" "Na, na, puir folk the like o' us canna aim at flesh meat." "Weel," quo' she, "the Queen ordered us to come and see your cottage." "Ye'll be the Queen's servins," quo' I, for they wur that plain dresst I couldna think they were the Queen's dochters. They hadna a ring that I saw on ane o' their hauns nor a bit a gowd [gold] i' their lugs [ears]. They gied a bit lauch, an said they wur the Queen's dochters. "Ye're no verra like it," quo I. Then the muckle leddy, she was the leddy's maid [Lady C—— in waiting], tellt me this wus the Queen's second youngest dochter. "Weel," quo' I, "ye maun juist excuse me, for I didna ken." Then the auldest ane gaed ben [the inner room] an the wee ane—her sister, ye ken—folowt after her, and I wusna [was not] verra heedid [anxious] for her to gang ben, for we hae a lodger, and the lassie had been reddin [cleaning] up, and there wus a heap o' wee bottles an a keg or twa, wi' a drap o'

whisky in them, a' drawn oot i' the middle o' the floor, and the bed wus juist wi' the claes on't as he had loupit oot o't [leapt out of it]. "Oh," quo' the Princess, "what a heap o' wee bottles." "Ou, aye," quo' I, "when the milk is no verra rife [plentiful] we gie the lodger a drap porter or yill [ale], or the like o' that." And I had a bit fish hangin up by the fire—Oh, lassie [addressing her servant], whaur's the fish? Has the cat got it? [The lassie replied in Gaelic, and Mrs. Macfarlane resumed.] So the Princess gruppit [took hold of] the fish, and askit me what fish it wus, an I tellt her. She askit where it wus cocht. It cam oot o' the Callender, quo' I, and it's threepence the pound. So they wishet me guid morning, and steppit wast [west], there whare I'd a when [some] claes hangin oot to dry, and the lassie cam in and said, "There's three leddies, and there's a man counting siller." "Whist, lassie," quo' I, "that's the twa dochters o' the Queen, and they'll no be comin' hereawa again." A wie after [little while] they cam in yince [once] mair, and gied me juist a pound o' siller, and said, "That's for keepin a weel red up [clean] housie," and I'm thinkin that's just a' that passit atween us.'

#### 148. *A Choice of Medicines.*

An English traveller arrived at one of those comfortable inns in the North of Scotland, although probably ranking below Dalnacardoch or Dalwhinnie, and told the landlord he felt unwell, at which the latter expressed his regret.

‘What medical officer,’ said he, ‘have you here?’ ‘Medical officer, div ye say, sir?’—‘I wish to see a physician.’\* ‘Whaten kind o’ mon is he?’—‘Confound it, I want some medicine.’ ‘Weel, sir, we’ve only twa medicines in this pairt o’ the country: tar for the outside of the sheep, and whisky for the inside o’ oursels.’

149. *A Difficult Question to Answer.*

‘Well, Mrs. H——, and how is the old gentleman?’ Her husband was 92.

‘Weel, I can scarcely tell ye, but I’m sairly fashed [troubled] wi’ him, for he’ll neither *leeve* nor *dee*.’

150. *A Strange Place to find Stolen Property.*

My mother had been on different occasions earnestly solicited by her maid to be allowed to wash a somewhat large quantity of valuable lace, ‘Brussels point,’ I presume. The operation over, the maid selected as a safe *blanchisserie* a corner of the lawn opposite her own window. Whether the robbery was a joint affair committed by the husband and wife was never clearly established; still, from what subsequently transpired, I think the precise act or acts were those of the husband, with the amiable object of rendering his dear wife’s domicile as comfortable as possible. The thief

\* A physician in the country districts of Scotland is called a *mediciner*.



had unquestionably ascertained the precise hour at which the maid dined, as the latter assured her mistress that the lace was blanching in the sun undisturbed when the bell rang for the servants' dinner. Sure enough at its conclusion the lace was gone.

My mother took the loss, as she did everything else, calmly and philosophically; for although, to my shame, I have forgotten many valued lessons she taught me, I have a distinct recollection of frequently hearing her during our Sunday afternoon's moral instruction enlarge on the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination; therefore the lace was preordained to be abstracted.

Her maid was differently constituted, for she gave vent to the most turbulent expressions in regard to the audacious robbery, and no Scotch ploughman or Irish labourer on my father's property seen that day within a quarter of a mile of the *locus in quo* of the lace, who was not subjected by the maid to nearly as much examination-in-chief and cross-examination as the Tichborne witnesses.

One of them, a stalwart Gallovidian, was highly indignant. 'What the deil, woman, hae I to do wi' the leddy's lace? It will nether keep out the wat nor the sun.' Then Paddy defended himself: 'Would I be the man to be after taking the dear lady's lace? I should be more likely to be bringing her a bit for all her kindness to our childer. Be aff wid you, Mistress Maid, and dount be talking to me at all at all about staling.'

My mother was at peace with all in regard to her

loss, and her maid's mind had nearly reached convalescence, when a discovery was made which instantly removed all suspicion from those quarters where my mother's *donna sagia* was convinced it rested. The robbery was brought home to a Mr. and Mrs. Rook, as one of my brothers discovered, to his immense surprise, that the couple in question had furnished a most elaborate and attractive habitation for their infant family on the top of a high tree. They made their escape, and their deserted family having been carefully removed to a neighbour's nest, our carpenter, aided by his ladder, ascended the tree axe in hand, and very soon cautiously cut out the foundations of Mrs. Rook's splendid sleeping apartment, and lowered it in safety. It was exhibited for some weeks on our library table, and attracted so much attention, that my father thought of presenting it to a museum, but my mother now seeing that she was about to be a second time deprived of her lace, in addition to which we as boys had lodged so large a claim for salvage, the gift to the museum was overruled.

Although the lace had been artistically commingled with little sticks in the formation of Mrs. Rook's beautiful nursery 'in thunder, lightning, or in rain,' it was restored at the end of six weeks to the boudoir whence it came, with its value not five shillings depreciated.

151. *The Moon Rising in the West.*

Two distinguished Glasgow Professors who had been holding their *Symposium* of whisky-toddy at

the usual *rendezvous*, were returning to their rooms in College, when one of them exclaimed, "Stap, stap! good gracious, there's the moon rising in the west." 'Hoots, man,' said his colleague, 'come awa hame, for she's ae been a fickle jade.'

152. *Charles Pearson, M.P. for Lambeth, and William Williams, M.P. for Coventry. The latter better known in the concluding years of his senatorial career as 'Punch's Wiscount.'*

I lately heard a very able and accomplished man connected with the Corporation of London say that the most thorough case of snuffing out a political antagonist he ever witnessed, was in the Court of Common Council, of which Pearson and Williams were members.

Williams, in the House of Commons, had erected himself—or at least attempted it—the successor of Joseph Hume, M.P., as a financial reformer and economist. For some time Pearson, from his connection with Corporation affairs, had discovered Williams to be getting up an immense amount of statistics for the purpose of proving what a large income the Corporation possessed, and how recklessly it was expended. He had given notice in the Civic Parliament of a motion on City finance, in anticipation of which he had indoctrinated as many members of the Court of Common Council with his views as possible, so that when the day for discussion arrived, he, Williams, was

found to have a preponderating section of the Court around him as his supporters.

Charles Pearson, a very able man and a practised speaker, kept it tolerably quiet that he would reply to Williams, who began by classifying each item of the Corporation receipts, but taking no notice whatever of charges and deductions. After a speech of two hours he sat down under the deafening applause of his numerous friends.

Charley Pearson, as he was always called, began by a most complimentary laudation of the honourable member's speech—his deep research, his entire mastery of figures—in fact, the honourable gentleman had exhibited such high qualifications, that they might confidently look forward, at no very distant period, to his occupying in the Councils of his Sovereign the position in public affairs which the example of that day proved he was so capable of filling.

There is, however, observed Pearson, one point, only one, owing, no doubt, to pure inadvertence, where the honourable member's brilliant speech may be said to have missed perfection. This is unfortunate in a statement where the honourable gentleman is so entirely correct in his items of revenue. Still he knew that his honourable friend, so ingenuous at all times, would at once admit the impossibility of altogether ignoring disbursements and expenditure. 'But,' continued Pearson, 'the honourable gentleman, as a keen logician and a practised debater in the House of Commons, is probably keeping all this *in petto*.'

Every item Williams had gone through Pearson dissected, filling up the interstices with his debits, and all this accompanied by that charming sarcasm and ridicule of which he was so great a master. Williams had that day entered the City House of Commons as the leader of a great opposition; his confidence had reached that point best described by King Henry the Sixth—'My mouth shall be the Parliament of England.'

As the eloquent and witty Pearson proceeded in the demolition of Williams' financial structure, the friends of the latter were observed to be gradually leaving their places, until Williams was left with four supporters, and just as Pearson had come to his peroration, Williams bolted, not even giving himself time to make his bow to the Lord Mayor. Pearson now closed his speech in a most laughable manner, and before throwing himself on his seat declared that the mighty task the honourable member had imposed upon him had utterly exhausted his strength. This snuffed out and extinguished 'Punch's Wiscount' for ever in the Court of Common Council.

153. *The Bishop of Sierra Leone. The Incident antedates the Destruction of Coomassie, by Sir Garnet Wolseley.*

The Prelate was on board a ship on the coast of his hot diocese in a severe storm, and anxiously asked the captain if he thought there was any danger. 'Any danger, my lord?' Then, pointing to the coast to which

the ship was rapidly drifting—‘If the gale continues, we shall all be in heaven in half-an-hour.’ ‘God forbid, captain!’ exclaimed the Bishop.

154. *Thomas Dibdin.*

One day after dinner, at our house, my brother, addressing the old man, said ‘You surely will not allow Marshal Soult [Duke of Dalmatia] to take his departure from London without something appropriate from your pen in regard to the illustrious Wellington and himself?’ ‘Excellent!’ said Dibdin, ‘but you must tell me what it is to be.’ ‘The Meeting of the Heroes,’ said my brother. ‘Good,’ said Dibdin, and next day he wrote to my brother, as follows:—

‘Dear Sir,—The accompanying, written on your well suggested plan, has occupied me two hours in its composition, and if not equal to my song of the ‘Death of Abercrombie’ it must be excused on the *supposition* that, being now nearly *seventy years old*, my songs, like the Archbishop’s sermons in ‘Gil Blas,’ begin to exhibit the *old man*. ‘Abercrombie’ was written thirty years back, when my muse, though a *secondary* one, was in her *prime*. Mr. Braham may remember that on his reproaching me in Covent Garden, at a full rehearsal (of my opera of ‘Thirty Thousand’), with not having written him a good song, I sat down at the prompter’s table, and on his naming the *subject* wrote the song, while the manager and actors were disputing, and the band tuning their instruments with most discordant harmony. But not

three-quarters of an hour was occupied in completing the attempt, Mr. Braham furnishing one line as well as the main subject; otherwise he might have imagined I had only written the song from memory, and not *ab origine*. His line was 'Take me hence, my brave fellows, the victor did cry.' I did not like the '*did*.'

'I am, my dear Sir,

'Yours gratefully,

'T. DIBDIN.

'B. Boyd, Esq.'

#### 'THE MEETING OF THE HEROES.'

(The Duke of Wellington and Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia)

The subject suggested by B. Boyd, Esq., and written by  
T. Dibdin.

*Air*—'To Anacreon in Heaven.'

#### I

When frenzied Ambition the world wrapp'd in flame,  
And NAPOLEON the universe wish'd to enslave,  
By valour distinguish'd SOULT conquer'd from Fame  
A laurel predestin'd to bloom o'er his grave!  
When Order with Freedom and Loyalty rose,  
Then Wellington's genius astounded our foes;  
He vanquish'd wherever 'he came and he saw,'  
And 'Vive l'Empereur' met with 'Vive, vive le Roi!'

CHORUS.

#### II

The wildest ferocity sometimes prevail'd  
With success when the *Corsican Eagle* was crown'd;  
Yet SOULT was a soldier who only assail'd  
With feelings of honour, by those alone bound.

When WELLINGTON fought for his dear native land,  
 Then Soult burn'd to measure with ARTHUR his brand,  
 And *Chivalry* smil'd on the gallant *éclat*  
 With which 'Vive l'Empereur' challenged 'Vive, vive le Roi.'  
 CHORUS—And Chivalry smiled, &c.

## III

Yet Fate, two such heroes reluctant to lose,  
 Who, if then they encountered in personal strife,  
 One or both might have fallen, their wish did refuse  
 Till Peace sheath'd each sword which of *War* was the life.  
 And in PEACE when the olive gave zest to the bowl,  
 And Victoria, God bless her, beheld each great soul,  
 Did the champions of Britain and Gotha sustain  
 Each his dignified station with 'Vive, vive la Reine.'  
 CHORUS—The champions, &c.

## IV

Blest Albion! Belle France! Pause and think on the scene  
 When two gracious warriors their quarrels forgot,  
 And graced by the smile of our own *Island Queen*,  
 Call'd Envy to witness and *pine* at their lot.  
 And long may each chief of each now friendly land  
 Link nation with nation in Amity's band;  
 And *Soult* join'd with *Wellington's* mem'ry be seen  
 As long as true Britons shout 'God save the Queen.'

155. *King George the Third's Admiration of the  
 Scotch Reel.*

Many years ago, when traversing the field of Waterloo, I was accompanied by the late Sir Henry Cipriani, who had been connected throughout the greater portion of a long life with the Court affairs of St. James's Palace, either as a deputy usher or a member of the Yeomen of the Guard. The worthy and most courteous knight—one 'who had almost



manners to spare'—was teeming with innocent and agreeable reminiscences of royal personages, royal sayings, doings, and Court etiquette. As a youth, the impression he made upon me during the fortnight I passed with him at the same hotel at Brussels was, that no one's conversation better beguiled the *mauvais quart d'heure*. During our interesting walk over the renowned Champ de Mars he asked me what part of Scotland I hailed from. I said, 'Galloway.' 'Then can you dance a reel?' I at once drew up and said, 'Dance a reel?—I should think I could!' (And can now, although forty-five years have passed since old Cipriani put the question.) 'Ah!' said he, 'the name of Galloway reminds me how a Scotch reel pleased King George the Third, especially if danced by the Earl of Galloway' [John, 7th Earl, K.T., a lord of the bed-chamber]. He described to me having seen the head of the house of Stewart in a towering passion, which the royal presence alone suppressed. There was an evening party at St. James's, and the King had at the moment called out, 'Galloway, Galloway, now a reel,' when a noble personage remarked to a friend not altogether *sotto voce*, 'Another of Galloway's confounded Scotch reels.' The earl turned sharply round: 'I always obey a royal command; but if my reel is disagreeable to you, you know your remedy,' pointing to the door.

Sir Henry said that Lord Galloway, although extremely nettled, went through the reel as usual, à *merveille*.

156. *Making Everyone Useful.*

An enterprising Yankee had discovered up-country a desirable district in which to form a settlement, and came down to New York to secure immigrants, as well as the services of a newspaper reporter, who was to join the party on their arrival. He (the reporter) found a man upwards of eighty years of age one of the proposed settlers. 'What, in the name of wonder, made you bring that old man—he can be of no use?'—'Oh, I can utilise him.' 'In what way?'—'He will do to commence our cemetery.'

157. *A Funeral in a Metropolitan County.*

The Rev. Arthur Hubbard told me he once had an extraordinary application made to him. He was waiting in the churchyard to perform the funeral service, when the bearers of the coffin, who had put it down outside, came to him hurriedly, to ask him if he would authorise them to open the coffin, as the corpse was speaking to them. 'When was the corpse nailed down?'—'On Thursday.' 'On Thursday!' exclaimed the clergyman, 'and this Saturday! All nonsense; I can give you no authority to open the coffin.'—'Well, sir, we won't touch the coffin again until we see the corpse, for, depend upon it, he's alive.' 'I shall remain here twenty minutes,' said the reverend gentleman, 'but I never heard anything more absurd. Was the corpse quiet all Thursday night and Friday night?'—'Never said a word, sir; but the moment we move

him, he sings out.' In about ten minutes the mourners appeared with the coffin on their shoulders: 'Beg pardon, sir, all right; but that fool Bob, our carpenter, left one of his hammers inside the coffin, which has kicked up all the row.'

158. '*Young Man, be an Attentive Listener.*'

In early life I was told by an old friend, whose judgment I valued, to be an attentive listener. I have endeavoured to follow the advice, and was once rewarded for it.

A gentleman arrived in the forenoon at Oatlands, and, the day being uninviting, the visitors kept indoors. The stranger soon introduced himself to the circle. He made the ladies laugh, and throughout the day entertained us all, one excepted, with descriptions of his travels in the four quarters of the globe; but a saturnine male lost all patience with him, in his references to China, when he discovered that the narrator had passed exactly the same number of weeks in the Celestial Empire as *he* had years.

Notwithstanding the disputative element occasionally presenting itself in one quarter—and I recollect even the philosophy of Confucius came under discussion—still throughout the evening we were much pleased as well as puzzled with our newly-imported visitor.

His incognito was not thrown off until our party retired to their rooms, when he and I being left alone, he gave me his card, and in wishing me 'Good night'

and 'Goodbye', as he was to leave for London in the morning, he said he would have the pleasure of sending me his published writings.

A parcel containing seven volumes neatly bound reached me in the evening, and early enough to be exhibited in the public drawing-room as my reward for being 'an attentive listener.' I forthwith broached one of the volumes, which contained the donor's amusing speeches on numerous public occasions; and so much did they rivet the attention of the ladies, after hearing speech number one, that I made *them* 'attentive listeners' for two hours.

159. *The Reverend Walter Dunlop, of Dumfries.*

Dean Ramsay tells a dozen different anecdotes of Watty Dunlop, but I am indebted to Dr. George Harley, F.R.S., of London, for the following. It was my good fortune to hear the distinguished physician relate the anecdote; and although he has been, like myself, so long an absentee from the Land o'Cakes, it was given in the purest vernacular of Dumfriesshire and Galloway, with which district he and I are familiar.

Watty had a nephew and a niece. The former lived about twenty miles off, while the latter acted as Watty's housekeeper. The two cousins naturally met frequently at their uncle's, and were supposed to be in a state of chronic courtship. Very chronic, indeed, it seemed to be, for years rolled on, and the girl became a woman, and the woman was fast verging into an old-

maid, ere Watty, by a desperate effort, succeeded in what the neighbours graphically called 'splicing them.' It was looked upon as an ill-assorted marriage, and kind friends prophesied that 'nae gude wad come o' the minister's match'—a prophecy which, before three months had passed, seemed likely to be verified; for notwithstanding that the couple lived twenty miles away, and there were no penny posts in those days, rumours of fireside feuds, and even of separation, became rife in the parish, which Watty's sudden disappearance one Monday morning seemed to confirm. After an absence of two days, he returned home as blythe and blooming as ever; but nothing could be got out of him as to where he had been, or the nature and result of his visit. The gossips were consequently driven to their wits' end how to unravel the mystery.

At length it was resolved to invite 'the minister' to the weekly five-o'clock tea-gathering. Watty appeared at the appointed time, took his place among the ladies at the tea-table, praised the tea, enjoyed the well-buttered 'scones,' and was as lively and witty as usual; but the only reply the anxious gossips could get, to either their direct or indirect inquiries after the welfare of his nephew and niece, was, 'They're aw weel, a thank ye, quite weel.' After tea 'a tumbler of whisky-toddy' was tried, with no better result. At length a second tumbler was had recourse to, and, to the great joy of the widows and spinsters, Watty addressed them as follows: 'Noo, noo, I'll tell ye aw about it. I did gang on a veesit to the young folk, and they just pat

me in mind o' a pair o' woo'-cairds;\* they tear and rug at each other aw day, and come thegither at nicht.'

160. *Beautifully Conceived and Elegantly Expressed.*

'Tis easier for a coo, ma brethren, to ascend the highest palm-tree tail foremost, to sit doon on her hunkers midst the topmaist branches, and whistle like a mavis, than for a rich man or a radical to enter the Kingdom o' Heaven.'

161. *John Ramsay M'Culloch, Esq., the Political Economist.*

He was one of the most hospitable men I ever knew, and no young Scotchman came to London, who had a letter of introduction to Mr. M'Culloch, but found a patron anxious and willing to aid him. He had peculiarities, some of which were amusing. If you asked him his opinion of a publicman—and he knew a greater number than almost anyone I have met with—unless the individual was hospitable, his answer was, 'I give no opinion of that man until I have had my legs under his mahogany.' One day, at the table of a friend, he was asked by an English guest if the proverbial hospitality of Scotland was so. His answer was, looking sternly at the questioner, 'Have I ever dined with you?'

In almost every house he visited he met with his

\* 'Woo'-cairds' synonymise (*quoad* wool) with 'hackling combs,' used in cleaning and dressing flax.

own most able, elaborate, and comprehensive work, 'M'Culloch's Commercial Dictionary;' but woe betide you if you had not the latest edition! He would come up to you: 'I am afraid your circumstances are not prosperous, or that you are *in crassa ignorantia* as to the fact that Sir Robert Peel has altered and repealed many taxes and duties since that book was purchased by you. If you tell me you can't afford it, I shall send you a copy of the latest edition; but if you can pay for it yourself, don't let me see that book here the next time I dine with you.'

162. *Battues.*

A friend described to me a battue he had joined at a noble duke's, when one of the keepers was called to come out of the cover. 'I can't come out,' said the keeper, 'as they (the pheasants) would all follow me; they are all round me, and think I am going to feed them.' A French nobleman present exclaimed, 'Poor leetle tings, coming to be fed; vy do ve shoot them?' On another occasion one of the keepers kept constantly saying, 'Now get on with you.' A noble lord (the Earl of M——y), from whom the anecdote came, said, 'I think, keeper, we are going fast enough.' 'Oh, my lord, I beg pardon: I mean the birds; they are all before me here, but are going awful slow.'

163. *'Bedad, yer Honours, wid yer lave, I'd like  
to stick by the Coffee.'*

An accomplished American friend, to many of whose excellent anecdotes I have listened with great pleasure, bore a share in 'the tented field' of the struggle between the North and the South. He described to me, in a happy and graphic style, an amusing incident between a party of American officers, who were taking their coffee after a wretchedly cold and wet night. They espied, looking over a wall close to them, a nondescript Irish soldier, armed to the teeth, the picture of misery and starvation. 'Paddy, come here, and we shall give you a cup of coffee.' 'Plaise, yer honours, I fear ye'll be after shooting me.' 'Come along, Paddy.' He obeyed the second summons, and got his cup of coffee. He was asked if he would 'take another.' 'Is it another cop of coffee, yer honours? Then I'll be thankful for it, for ye're raal gintilmen.' 'Paddy,' said one of the officers, 'you seem half-starved.' 'More than that, sor.' The second cup finished, he was asked if he would like another cup. 'Is it another cop, yer honours? I would, indade, like another cop.' The third emptied, and Paddy's inner man being otherwise replenished, a desire was felt to know to what regiment he belonged, as his military costume threw no light upon it. 'Well, yer honours, I doun't exactly know what regiment, but there should be forty of us.' 'Paddy, you are a rebel, and you know it right well.'—'A ribil, do you call me? Well, sure, yer honours, I niver heard the name since I left Ould Ireland, where my



fadder often talked to us as boys of the ribils.' 'Where the d—l were you all yesterday?'—'Was it yesterday, sor, where I was? I was firing all day long, yer honour.' 'With your party of forty, Paddy?'—'Bad lock, sor, I niver saw them all day.' 'But, Paddy, you say you were firing all the time?'—'The whole blissed period, yer honour.' 'At whom were you firing?'—'Upon my sacred oath, I can't tell you, sor.' 'Then, Paddy, unless you rejoin your own party, and that pretty sharp, you'll be shot, depend upon it.'—'Is it my party I'm to join, sor? Bedad, they may be all shot, for what I can tell, yer honour.' 'Then, Paddy, as there is now no time to be lost, what would you like to do?'—'Bedad, yer honours, wid yer lave, I'd like to stick by the coffee.'

164. *Tommy Hill*—'I hope I don't intrude.'

I knew Tommy, who occasionally dined with my brother and myself. He was a popular guest at all times, in the drawing-room as well as the dining-room. He became conspicuous in London society from his friend and daily pedestrian companion in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, John Poole (lately dead) making him his great character in *Paul Pry*, 'I hope I don't intrude.' There was no fiction in regard to this expression, which was universal with him; for I have a distinct recollection that at the then Literary Union Club, in Waterloo Place, if Hill found two friends conversing together, on approaching them out came, 'I

hope I don't intrude;' the same if he accosted you while talking to a friend in the street.

During the twenty years I knew him he never appeared to look a day older, and some wonderful stories were told by persons who had come to London at the end of the century, who declared he looked as old then as he did forty years afterwards. He always took the banter to which he was subjected in good part, and I looked upon him as an interesting, intelligent, and most agreeable old man. In height I think he scarcely reached the lowest military standard, was full of health, with a countenance possessing, as Lord Lytton describes, 'that chastened brightness only gathered by those who tread the path of sympathy and love.' He entered at once into the spirit of a joke, even when against himself. I witnessed an amusing instance of this at the hospitable house of my distinguished countryman, Mr. M'Culloch, the Political Economist, in Westminster. It was a few months before Her Majesty's Coronation. There had been a good deal of byplay during dinner from the host at Hill's expense, which much interested a Scotch visitor just arrived from the North, who was dining with his friend, and visiting London for the first time, meeting a joyous party on the occasion. Some allusion having been made to Her Majesty's Coronation, Mr. M'Culloch, addressing Hill, remarked: 'Ah, Hill! it is truly remarkable that you are the only man now alive able to say you were at Queen Anne's Coronation, and have now the immediate prospect of being at Queen's Victoria's.' The Scotch visitor instantly turned in his chair, and stared

at Hill, who was next to him, in so serious and peculiar a manner as to cause us much quiet amusement. Tommy then addressed M'Culloch, looking at him sternly: 'I tell you what, Mac: I have given you every particular of Queen's Anne's Coronation on more occasions than one, and, I believe, you have brought forward the subject now for no other purpose than to let your friend from Scotland know what an old man he is dining with. It is far from being either kind or friendly, M'Culloch, at your own table;' then assuming apparently an angry tone, which more and more astonished the stranger, to whom he partially apologised for the excitement his host had caused him. 'But, M'Culloch,' said Hill, 'your friend shall not be disappointed.' He now began, in the mildest manner, to describe where the uniforms of the Guards and Cavalry of Queen Anne differed from those of Queen Victoria; and then proceeded to give the names of the foreign ambassadors who attended the pageant of 1702, with those of the Cabinet Ministers, and some of the leading nobility, the style of the state-carriages of that day, &c. The charming description, which delighted us, deeply interested our friend, on whom the light had not yet broken. An amusing passage of arms now ensued between Tommy and the Political Economist; the former telling M'Culloch that he had no doubt whatever there were in that cold, bleak, and barren country north of the Tweed, of which he was thankful to say he knew nothing, people to be found alive quite as ancient as himself. 'Now,' said Tommy, in abruptly rising from his chair, 'I shall go to the ladies, where

I shall receive better treatment than I have met with here, and be able to say, with more serenity of mind than I at present possess, "Ladies, I hope I don't intrude." Our Scotch visitor, having now somewhat recovered his reasoning and reflective powers, made his confession: 'I was fairly taken aback when Maister Hill gave those vera minute particulars o' Queen Anne's Coronation, and I said to myself, "The man must be aulder than Margaret Patten," whose epitaph I read yesterday on the stane in the wall o' the kirkyard close by here, in Victoria Street, who died at the age of 136. Aye, Mac, indeed you've trotted me oot, but, gentlemen, it was real clever o' Maister Hill, at his time o' life, taking up the cue, as he did, in a moment, and you must excuse me if I tak ma lauch noo; but I should tell you, first, that our frien' M'Culloch hadna half the fun aboot him when he leaved (lived) in Edinbrugh, and was editor o' the *Scotsman*.'

165. *Sometimes the Greatest Wits are at once  
silenced.*

The Royal Literary Fund Society used to have its interests for the anniversary dinner promoted by certain members having a private monthly dinner, to which visitors could be invited, at the Freemasons' Tavern, commencing in October and ending in June—the last dinner being generally held at Greenwich, or at the 'Star and Garter,' Richmond. Dining at Richmond, a great wit, who was present, asked Mr. Romeo Coates, who was a visitor, a somewhat facetious question in

connection with his bachelor days, when his tastes for amateur theatricals, and driving in Hyde Park the best horses money could procure, made him so conspicuous in the West-end world during the first twenty years of the century. The interrogatory was more pointed than Mr. Coates liked, for no man fired up quicker, or could better give a Roland for an Oliver. Moreover, it was evident to all of us, that the humourist intended his question as a prelude to many more in the same quarter. I remarked to our honorary secretary, Sir Cusack Roney, that our friend would find his match. Mr. Coates replied: 'I can at once answer your inquiry; but before doing so, I should wish to know whether the question is not asked for the purpose of making yourself witty at my expense?'

The great wit, punster, and satirist never came out of his shell for the rest of the evening.

166. *A School Examination in Scotland conducted under Difficulties.*

My mother took an English friend, who was visiting her in Wigtonshire, to inspect a little day-school she had established for girls, the teacher being a respectable widow named Rachel Duff. My parent was proud of her school, the progress of which had throughout held the even tenor of its way, uninterrupted by sectarianism, or even the 25th Clause; for I am prepared, even at this distant day, to adduce my proofs, that she had, under the educational and exemplary *régime* of

Widow Duff, the children of two Catholic families on my father's property.

My Protestant mother had sent to Rachel timely notice that the lady from London, who had been so liberal and kind to the children, wished to see them, and afterwards hear them read, spell, &c.; they would therefore call during their afternoon walk. When the inspection of the schoolroom and scholars ended, the examination began by the schoolmistress calling forth the eldest girl, at same time handing the spelling-book to the visitor. 'Noo, Agnes, haud up yer head, and attend to the leddy.' 'Spell Aaron,' said the lady; but neither Agnes nor her instructress had ever heard Aaron pronounced in any other way than one. My mother, by the dilemma in which mistress and scholar were placed, was lapsing into a state of swoon—probably *coma* would be the medical term applicable; but she was left with sufficient command over her feelings to whisper to Rachel, that it was Aa-ron (*Scottice*). 'O—aye, ma leddy.' 'Noo, Agnes, be quick, speak oot, and spell Aa-ron to the leddy.' 'Muckle A, wee a, r o n—Aa-ron.'

The examination, however, proceeded under so many difficulties—first, my mother interpreting to the schoolmistress, then the latter to the scholars, and lastly, the solution being an enigma to the English visitor—that the further examination of the *alumnae* of Rachel Duff's educational establishment had to be postponed.

#### 167. *Too often the Case.*

A friend of mine, who was recently in Scotland, was walking with a well-known and much-esteemed lawyer

on the outskirts of one of our leading provincial towns, when a smart carriage-and-pair passed. Inside was seated the owner, with his wife. This worthy had recently risen from humble circumstances to considerable affluence through railway contracts, and having discarded most of his *auld* acquaintance, was trying to get amongst the lairds and 'upper ten' of the district, but it wouldn't do.

My friend, addressing the lawyer, said, 'Do ye see him?' 'Oh, ay' (he replied); '*when dirt flees, it flees high*' [when dust rides, it rides high.]

168. *A Check to Sanitary Reform.*

My father, having succeeded in persuading the toll-keeper's daughter to wash her face as well as comb her hair ('Boyd's Reminiscences,' page 189), resolved to introduce another reform in connection with cleanliness—one, by the way, which I observe the Reverend Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne is anxious to extend at Sidmouth (*vide* his letter in 'Pall Mall Gazette,' November 11, 1874). He had rebuilt some cottages, and in the garden attached to each he erected a little building, which, in the language of Rome, was designated 'Latrina.' To render it exclusive for the cottager's family, a good lock-and-key were subsidiary. He was anxious to see how Dickson, who occupied one of the lodges, kept his; but the door was always locked. This my father so far approved, as it was carrying out, *pro tanto*, one portion of his instructions in the important sanitary reform on

which he was so anxiously bent. Still, he was puzzled at Mrs. Dickson's invariable answer to his inquiry for the key, that her 'gowk o' a man Jamie had put it in his pocket when he gaed to his wark.'

One day, unhappily for my father, he observed the key in the door, and resolved forthwith on a sanitary inspection; but no sooner had he entered, than he discovered that it was something more dreadful than even Madame Tussaud's 'Chamber of Horrors,' as it was revealed to him that this garden erection (one of the six he had prided himself in arranging on the last and most approved model) had been converted into an apiary—an instantaneous attack being made upon him by a swarm of enraged bees, whose territory he had innocently invaded. He was unable to effect his escape until he was most severely stung; for (as an old woman described it), 'I saw the puir Laird rinnen for his vera life, and socht shelter in Mither Dickson's lodge, as the bees stuck to him close.' He was, in consequence, confined to the house for a fortnight, during which period poor Dickson died from fever. My father declared it was a miracle that he was not also dead. I need scarcely add that the helpless widow, now left destitute with a flock of children, was forgiven for having converted the latrina into an apiary. I do not mean to say that all my father's usefully-intended little garden additions for his cottagers were converted into receptacles for bees, but *this I can vouch for*, that they were *never* appropriated to the uses for which the lord of the manor intended them.



169. *Being asked to meet a 'Wonderfully Clever Man' at Dinner.*

A Wiltshire squire wrote to a friend of mine, begging him to keep himself disengaged for the following Thursday, as he wished him to dine at his house, to meet 'a wonderfully clever man.' He had a long and cold drive of a dozen miles to this dinner, but beyond 'Yes' and 'No,' the 'wonderfully clever man' never uttered a syllable, either at the dinner-table or in the drawing-room, and the only way in which he distinguished himself was in breaking two wineglasses.

170. *The Retort Courteous—The First Lord of the Admiralty and a British Admiral.*

I was dining with a gallant and highly accomplished general officer, a survivor of Mahidpoor, and sat next his relative, Admiral Sir Thomas Briggs, whose name (as Captain Briggs) I remembered in connection with the trial of Queen Caroline, the mother of our Princess Charlotte of Wales. He mentioned that, in accordance with his instructions, he received that unfortunate woman (then Princess of Wales), with her suite, on board his ship in the Mediterranean: her Royal Highness was his passenger for some months, during which period neither he nor his officers ever saw any act of impropriety on her part towards the individual whose name became afterwards so prominent in the Parliamentary inquiry. For speaking the truth, said Sir Thomas, I had a cross put against my name at the

Admiralty, and in consequence remained unemployed for several years.

This led to some amusing remarks as to the sway and influence Scotchmen had so long wielded in naval affairs. He then told us of the reply he had given a First Lord, the late Earl of Haddington: 'My old friend' (either Sir Thomas Troubridge or Admiral Parker) 'was about to strike his flag as Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Station, and I thought I was as well entitled to that command as any officer on the flag list; for none of my friends had discovered, nor had I, as best likely to know, any want of physical energy or fitness for active employment. When my name was announced, I found the First Lord glad to see me; and after a little chit-chat, I said that, seeing my friend was soon to close his Mediterranean command, I had waited upon his lordship to ask to be appointed his successor. "Ah, Sir Thomas Briggs, I should have been glad to meet your wishes, but it requires a younger and more active man."—"Well, my lord, you may meet with a younger man; but in regard to activity, and the possession of vigorous health, I yield to no one on the flag list." "Pray, Sir Thomas what age are you?"—"If the Peerage is correct, my lord, you and I were born the same year." As I now saw I was not to have the command of the Mediterranean Fleet, I made my bow.'

171. 'Please, Sir, did you ever know a woman who never said a stupid thing but once in all her life?'

To the above question, from Robert Warner, a Kent gamekeeper, I was reluctantly compelled to answer, 'Never.' 'Vell, sir, my Sally is von o' that sort.' I should state, *in limine*—as there is much difficulty in deciding as to the pure standard of cockneyism, especially surburban—that Warner had a preponderating affection for the letter H, which no endeavours of mine, during a period of ten years, could induce him to withdraw; for, although at times he did discard H, it was only where the much-abused letter should have been retained. The letters V and W (excepting the latter in his own name, which he always pronounced correctly) he treated similarly. I said one day to him, 'Well, Warner, I cannot cure you; for, whenever H should be sounded, you drop it.' 'Vell, Sir, hif hi drops vun, hi picks hup two; for they says hat Bexley, Dartford, hand hall round, that hi ooses more H's than hany vun helse.'

But to proceed to Sally Warner, and, *pro hac vice*, I shall lay aside her husband's vernacular.

'Did you hear, sir, what was up last night?'—'No.' 'Well, I had fired off your and the other gents' guns, and handed them to Sally' (who usually cleaned our guns), 'and put mine in the gun-rack, as you know, always loaded. "Sally," said I, "I'm going to see the old folks at Dartford, and can't be back for two hours." Two hulking housebreaking vagabonds had been watching, for I hadn't been gone five minutes, when

into our house they walked, and shut the door behind them. "Good evening, missus; is your husband at home?"—"No; he won't be home for two hours." "We are sorry for that, as we wished to speak to him." Sally then knew what she had said, but she has the eyes of a hawk. "Missus, you've a very nice house?"—"What's that to you, whether I have or not?" Sally, having now correctly discovered what her visitors were, and knowing well how to handle a gun, sprang to the rack, and got hold of the one loaded, cocked both triggers, and put her back against the wall, and called out, "Now I am your match, and if one of you dare to put a finger on any of my things, or come one inch nearer me, you'll both be in eternity in a moment of time. I have a barrel for both of you." Warner concluded: 'Didn't they bolt! That's my Sally all over.'

172. *'And as for you, Julius Cæsar, I shall at once put you to bed, so come along.'*

Since the introduction of the steamboat and railway, the Glasgow merchant, the professional man, and the more affluent tradesman, manages on the shores of the attractive Clyde to give his family, annually, sixty days or more 'o' the saut-water.' Mr. Mac (a Maclean, Mackenzie, or MacGregor) had accordingly located the family group in an attractive 'neuk,' convenient for steamer and rail. He was a hospitable man, and one Saturday had invited from Scotland's great commercial centre a larger party than usual, thereby causing the *douce* and prudent Mrs. Mac some anxiety; for she

dreaded that, if the 'control' department were that day deficient, the small hours of the Sabbath morning might be most improperly invaded. Dinner passed off; but it was observed that Mrs. Mac and the ladies sat afterwards, as the host thought, inconveniently long—so much so that, had he dared, he would, by way of reminder, have asked his wife what month followed February. The ladies at last retired, and after two or more rounds of good port and sherry, the evening being damp, there was an unanimous call for whisky-toddy. Mrs. Mac was *en rapport* with all that was passing, and was sanguine that when edition No. 1 of the 'barley-bree' was discussed, the gentlemen would appear in the drawing-room. It is but fair to state that a majority of the visitors wished then to adjourn, and hinted that they thought Mrs. Mac expected them to join her and the ladies. On this being stated to the host, he became somewhat emphatic, and declared that he was 'Julius Cæsar' in his own house; and forthwith rang the bell for a further supply of hot water, which was instantly brought. The tumblers were replenished, when the door immediately behind the host quietly opened, and the figure of a female appeared, which was recognised to be that of Mrs. Mac. 'Gentlemen,' said the amiable lady, 'I beg you to finish your whisky-toddy, and to enjoy yourselves; but as for you, Julius Cæsar, I shall at once put you to bed, so come along.' The Roman Emperor, wisely considering that 'discretion is the better part of valour,' did as he was bid.

173. *What to avoid.*

A friend of mine, who frequently dined at Addington Park and Lambeth Palace with Dr. Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, put an important question, on one of his visits, to Mr. Fenton, the distinguished cook, then his Grace's *chef de cuisine*. I may mention that Fenton left a valuable legacy to his family—the recipe for 'Fenton's Canterbury Sauce,' which none visiting Fortnum & Mason's or Crosse & Blackwell's should ever be without, if they wish thoroughly to enjoy their hash, steak, chop, or cold meat, and with salmon it is incomparable. 'Fenton,' said my friend, 'now do tell me, as I am a young man anxious to keep out of the doctor's hands, and obliged to go to many public dinners, what I should avoid.' It being rather an unusual question for the cook, the answer was not at first forthcoming. However, after some little hesitation, Fenton said, 'On public occasions, as a general rule, keep clear of soup.' My friend (a Scotchman) took the hint, and became an abstainer, but not altogether, as my countrymen, at least few of them, think they have dined unless they have had their 'kail.' Fenton was ingenuous, and said cooks rarely troubled soups themselves, unless it was turtle, which they all endeavour to manufacture without alloy.

174. *Mr. Ward's American Portfolio, showing what can be done, but has yet to be done, in 35 minutes.*

In reference to our Transatlantic friend Mr. Ward (referred to in Anecdote No. 31 of my 'Reminiscences,' page 58), if it proved at Oatlands a wet day, so soon as the morning journals were read, he usually began to

expatiate on his favourite theme, so as 'to split the ears of the groundlings'—that hapless section of our circle, of whom I was one, who had never visited the vast continent brought within the light of European civilisation by Columbus. He never failed to remind us of the gigantic space America occupied on the Map of the World, with the inevitable *sequitur*, her pre-eminence as a naval Power, which *no* European combination could possibly withstand.

Mr. Henry Scarth, a member of the Portland and other London Clubs, was occasionally a visitor when friend Ward was with us, in which case a rainy day was fully compensated by an 'At Home,' the American Portfolio being opened in due form. The preliminaries consisted in some introductory byplay from our facetious friend Scarth—a non-practising barrister, country squire, and London Club-man. He was blessed with high spirits, excellent temper, much dry humour, and was quite an overmatch in polemics for our American cousin, whatever our ironclads (*les chevaux de bataille* in this day's discussion) may prove, should the great misfortune ever arise, that they shall be brought into hostile collision with those of the Great Republic of the West. Scarth had on different occasions visited America as a tourist, spending several months at a time amongst the States of the Union—in fact, had travelled more from north to south, and from east to west, than anyone I ever met, Ward included.

'Well, Ward, how long have you been here?'—  
'About a fortnight.' Then, looking round, and giving us a sly squint, 'Ah! my friend, you must have had

it all your own way ;' and again turning to us, ' Now, tell me, has he been drawing it mild ?'

I can say, in all truth, that I could not decide, ' between two blades, which bears the better temper.' But on American politics they reminded me of the two women, described by Sydney Smith, abusing each other from opposite houses. The witty Canon of St. Paul's said, ' They will never agree, for they argue from opposite premises.'

My travelled friend Scarth had studied the human family, critically and impartially, in all corners of Europe, as well as in some corners of Asia and Africa, before he visited America ; but he was dissimilar *in toto* from Ward, who he alleged was never known to give praise to anybody or anything connected with our ' silver-coasted isle,' whereas my countryman was as lavish in his commendations of what he approved in the Republic of Washington as the other was sparing and reticent in regard to Britain.

One forenoon, an accomplished member of Oxford's University came hurriedly to my room, and exclaimed, ' Do, come, you are losing much ; for Ward, who was at first only slightly phosphorescent, has become highly luminous, and a great climax is approaching, which you should witness.'

I found Scarth telling his honourable opponent to recollect that he knew the United States and her citizens intimately—from Boston to New Orleans, from Chicago to Charlestown, from New York to St. Louis ; that he had ascended and descended the Ohio, the Missouri, and Mississippi ; that he had visited dockyards, arsenals, &c. ' Now, Ward, go ahead, my good fellow ; but



keep in view one fact, that you must not serve up the same American dish to me that you might consider suited the palates of our friends here, who have not seen with their own eyes, and heard with their own ears, as I have.'

To which Ward replied: 'Now, my dear friend, you need scarcely express yourself so strongly, as I have always said you were fairly posted up in some things connected with our Republic.'

' "Fairly posted up," indeed! I should think I was. But I guess I am pretty considerably better posted up than you choose to acknowledge. Now, Ward, go ahead.'

'Well, gentlemen, you see that our friend is somewhat riled with me; but you have known me a long time, and you have always found me anxious to lay down my views fairly between America and the old country. And no one can shut their eyes to the fact, that the old country has of late years "got out of gear;" her harness is to some pretty large extent worn-out, and you will have to come to our Republic to have it repaired. Your debates in Parliament show that I am not very far out in my reckoning. But the subject I am about to mention is one with which I have, personally, nothing to do. It is your naval authorities who have, and should be abundantly engrossed upon it; and were they to speak honestly, they would tell you that they have yet much to accomplish before they are on anything like an equality with us on the other side. What I am now going to mention came from one of our most intelligent and practical citizens, who was not contradicted when he made the statement. It was in a speech he delivered in this country at the time the

French Fleet paid you a visit, and after a dinner given by your Navy Board to the French Admiral and his officers.'

'Then,' said Scarth, 'it was not spoken by your American Minister at the Court of St. James's?'

'Oh, no! It was the speech of a gentleman well qualified, as connected with our naval administration in the States.'

'I daresay, Ward (to use a trite and somewhat vulgar expression), he put his foot in it?'

'What! Do you mean to say, Scarth, that we have no public men in the United States who can make a speech?'

'Far from it; for I have listened to your Storrs, your Everetts, and others distinguished in law, politics, and literature; but what I mean to say is this, that I never was fortunate enough to hear a speech delivered by an American citizen, either in his own country or in ours (I confine my remark to the ordinary run of mortals such as ourselves, Ward), in which there was not a large admixture of bunkum and braggadocio. Now, Ward, recollect I exclude those accomplished and enlightened men, the class to which Chief Justice Story and Mr. Everett belonged.'

'Well, Scarth, you are indeed complimentary to my fellow-citizens, in saying that, unless forsooth he is a Chief Justice or an Ambassador, we have no men who can deliver their sentiments in public without committing themselves!'

'I have met with none, and, as I have already told you, I know the States of the Union and their population "tarnation well," from Boston to New Orleans, "where

your brave General Jackson made the English turn their backs on.”’

‘Scarth, there is no doubt of that historic fact.’

‘There you go again, Ward ; you won’t let the poor Britishers and their brave leader Pakenham rest quietly in their wet and swampy graves. Ward, you know, my good fellow, that my countrymen were not prepared for your American riflemen skulking behind cotton-bales and firing at them ; but never mind, and no blame to them—they knew what good shelter was. No, no, Ward ; there were no cotton-bales on the deck of your “Chesapeake,” when she fought our “Shannon ;” you did very well there, and it was all aboveboard ; but, Ward, the Britishers did not do amiss on that occasion, did they?’

‘Well, Scarth, if you will only exercise a little patience, you and your friends shall hear what I was told on reliable authority ; and, although he was neither a Chief Justice nor an Ambassador, I believe his observations that day made your English statesmen and naval men, as also your French guests, pretty uncomfortable.’

‘Pray, Ward, do let us hear the great speech, for you have already upset my mucous membrane, and I see the same will be the case with my poor countrymen here.’

‘Scarth, I wish to proceed ; but you keep interrupting me, by telling me that we cannot deliver a simple after-dinner speech in the United States’—[‘Or out of it, Ward’]—‘without making a mess of it.’

‘Quite true, Ward.’

‘Well, my fellow-citizen, after saying something complimentary’—[Ah! Ward—‘Precious little, depend upon it’]—‘in regard to having witnessed that day in British waters so many large ships of the English and French navies, and having been to some extent asked his opinion as to the apparent efficiency of the two fleets, told the company that he must speak plainly and candidly on the subject. He then stated that the American Government possessed an armoured ship which was invulnerable’—[‘That will do, Ward’]—and that, in his opinion, this ironclad would in about thirty-five minutes sink every English and French ship he had seen that day!’

‘Ah, Ward! I saw, when you commenced your remarks, that you were going to “chaw us up.” Well, I had hoped the old country might have been spared a few years longer; but I am thankful you have told me all this, as I must now sell my Consols and French rentes.’ Scarth then turned to the audience, exclaiming: ‘Alas! alas! what a fearful position and plight we are in! Ah! had Lord Nelson and Lord Cochrane survived, to have been present to hear that memorable and crushing speech, what a miserable night those once most distinguished of British sailors would have passed! Still, Ward, I am of opinion that next day, after the fever of alarm had somewhat subsided, and contemplating those floating follies (according to your friend’s estimate of them), as they lay at anchor at Spithead, both Nelson and Cochrane would have arrived at this conclusion, that your American armour-clad could not accomplish the full destruction of the English and French fleets under an hour. Now, Ward, to be

serious, you have convicted yourself out of your own mouth, and I have proved my case. If your American official delivered the speech you have attributed to him, or anything half so monstrous, it was in the highest degree in bad taste to ourselves, and in equally *mauvais goût* to our Continental neighbour. Your ironclad may be the most effective ship afloat; but to tell the naval representatives of Great Britain and France, at the social board, that this ship could sink the fleets of both nations in thirty-five minutes, was a sample—a rich one, I confess—of the rodomontade to which I was no stranger while travelling in America. Ah, Ward! the steamboat, the railway, and the schoolmaster are improving us daily, and Jonathan will know better by-and-by. What do you think the Duke of Somerset (as First Lord of the Admiralty) or Earl Russell or Lord Palmerston (as the Prime Minister) would have said, if a member of the British Board of Admiralty, invited to a public banquet in the United States, after an inspection of your fleet, had informed the authorities, in an after-dinner speech, that his Government had an armoured vessel capable of destroying the American Navy in a precise number of minutes? Why, Ward, the only charitable excuse I can find for the naval organ of your Republic is, that he had “liquored up extensively” on the occasion. All I can say is, that had a Junior Lord of the British Admiralty made such an exhibition of himself, he would have been shelved *instantanément*.’

Our discussion, curiously enough, received an unexpected accession of strength (for the Britishers), by the

accidental arrival at Oatlands of a distinguished officer of our Royal Artillery, General Taylor, the Inspector-General, who told me, in talking together the day previous, over military matters in connection with Woolwich and Shoeburyness, that England at that moment possessed the best gun. This fact I threw into the British scale, of which Scarth instantly availed himself.

‘Now, friend Scarth,’ said I, ‘allow me to make one observation. We have been engaged in this animated discussion since the morning, and as I am sure none of us would like to lose a single word in the elucidation of so weighty a question, I must move an adjournment. Our American cousin is fully satisfied with the invulnerability of his ship, we with the penetrability of our gun: under such circumstances, let us at least be unanimous on one point, by obeying the summons we have just heard, “that tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell.”’

175. *Church Preferment.*

A reverend friend told me that his father, an English rector, was on a visit to the late Sir George —, in Wales, and found the worthy baronet very anxious that a poor curate in his neighbourhood, who had not more than £40 a-year, should have a small living of £70, then vacant, and called upon the Bishop to ask for it. ‘But, Sir George,’ said the Bishop, ‘he drinks!’ ‘Ah, my lord, that must be seldom, as it is

not often that a penniless Welsh curate has an opportunity of quenching his thirst.' 'You are quite right in that,' said the prelate; 'but, Sir George, I am told, he is a Calvinist, and, I ask you, how you can get over that?' 'My opinion is, my lord, that he is not a Calvinist—still, I should not wish to define the points of his faith.' 'Well, Sir George, as you say he is not a Calvinist, he shall have the living.'

A few days after this, Sir George met the newly-appointed rector, and said, 'I hope you have paid your personal respects to the Bishop?'—'I have not, Sir George.' 'Why?'—'Because, I regret to say, I have no shirt but the one I wear, which is so shabby.' 'Come along,' said Sir George, 'and you shall have one of mine.'

176. *'Beelzebub here, Beelzebub there.'*

An old Scotch gentleman, who had resided for many years at Calcutta, on his return to this country, settled with his family in Edinburgh, and occasionally corresponded with a friend of mine, a retired Bengalee.

In one of his letters to his friend, from the northern metropolis, he described how they were bothered with their housekeeper, who was constantly boring them with her imaginary connection with titled people. One morning, by way of drawing her out, he said, 'Are ye na sure that ye're no connected wi' Beelzebub?' She replied, wrathfully: 'Beelzebub here, or Beelzebub there, sir, I ken unco' weel I'm connected wi' the Duke o' Athole.'

177. *A fair Inference for a Scotchman to Draw.*

A friend of mine, while in the East, addressing a shrewd Dundee ship-captain, remarked that, although there was so preponderating a number of Scotchmen in India, there was only one per cent. of them in a particular branch of the marine service. 'Weel,' replied my countryman from the banks of the Tay, 'it'll no' be muckle worth then.'

178. *Field-Marshal Lord Clyde.*

His Grace the Duke of Somerset, in his remarks in the House of Lords (1871) on Army Purchase, mentioned that Lord Clyde had stated, before a committee of their lordships, that he met an old brother officer at Lucknow, who stood next in seniority to him in his old regiment, and was then only a major. I ventured to write to the Duke, after perusing his Grace's speech, as follows:—'If Colin Campbell (subsequently Field-Marshal Lord Clyde) had not experienced the liberality of a West India planter, who purchased his majority for him, without his even knowing it, until it appeared in the *Gazette*, as related in my 'Reminiscences of Fifty Years' (page 39), *he* also might have been met at Lucknow, not as General Sir Colin Campbell, but as Major Campbell.'

I should like to see a Return moved for, as to the number of rich young men, who had never seen a shot fired at an enemy, who stepped over Captain Colin Campbell's head, by dint of money, from the period of



his obtaining his company in the 60th (9th November, 1813) and the 26th November, 1825, when he got his majority in the 21st Regiment, under the circumstances I have already described.

*179. Queen Charlotte's Arrival at St. James's Palace from Germany on her Marriage Day, 8th September, 1761.*

It was my good fortune occasionally in the autumn to meet at Brighton, in the social circle, that charming companion, and eminent lawyer and conveyancer, the late Mr. P. B. Brodie, of Lincoln's Inn, the brother of Sir Benjamin Brodie, and of W. B. Brodie, for many years one of the representatives in Parliament for Salisbury.

Mr. Brodie's father was in early life the librarian or assistant-librarian at St. James's Palace, and a great favourite with King George the Third, then a young man of twenty-three. His Majesty was there to await the arrival of his future partner in life, who had reached Gravesend early that morning, but whom the youthful monarch had never seen, and of whose personal attractions he knew nothing beyond what a miniature likeness had conveyed, sent him by the Princess's father, his Serene Highness Charles Frederick, Prince of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Each half-hour an orderly arrived, to announce the progress her betrothed Majesty was making towards the capital. During this suspense, the Royal bridegroom-elect was all excitement, going from one apartment to another of the palace, and chatting to everyone with great volubility.

He was in the library talking to Brodie, when a lord-in-waiting entered, and announced to His Majesty that the royal cavalcade had reached the end of Pall Mall. He turned round to Brodie and said, 'You may as well come and see her.'

Brodie obeyed the royal suggestion or command, and was close behind the King when the royal carriage drew up. The King, having hurriedly saluted the Princess, still in the carriage, he turned round to Brodie; and here my difficulty as a narrator arises, for the opinion entertained and expressed by His Majesty of the future mother of one of the handsomest families in Europe, was briefly summed up in 'D—d ugly!'

180. *Scotland and the United States nearly on an equality, according to Paddy.*

A friend of mine, who recently returned from a seven months' tour in our Australian and New Zealand colonies, *viâ* California, spent a week at Chicago, and found that that city, which so lately was smouldering in ashes, had again risen, Phoenix-like, in the increased stateliness and size of its buildings—the chief evidence remaining of the fiery blast of the conflagration being the scorched and lifeless trees beyond the precincts of the city. My friend had an Irish coachman during his stay, who gave him a large amount of information, having been a resident for ten years. Amongst other things, he stated that Chicago was the most evil place in the world—'Och, yer honour,

the most wicked on the face of the earth, though it's hard for me to lave out Scotland.'

181. *Sympathy.*

A highly accomplished friend of mine, whose health too seldom permitted him to join our social circle, was expatiating to us on the various phases of sympathy which have attracted the attention of the scientific. It is said that two clocks, placed near each other, will conspire to tick a duet in equal measure of time ; some children cry solely because others do ; some dogs will always howl when spoken to in tones of pity ; and it has been remarked that persons educated in a foreign country have put on the disposition peculiar to the inhabitants, in contradistinction to their native mental temper. In connection with this subject, our friend related the following anecdote, exhibiting a cruel sympathetic phase, which may perhaps help philosophers. A certain actor in a German opera laid a wager with his fellow-players, that he would during rehearsal stop the performance of the whole orchestra, without incurring the fines liable to be imposed for interruption by means of noise or tangible interference. The time arrived, and the actor stepped out on the stage. Just when the attention of all parties cognisant was excited to the uttermost, he drew a lemon from his pocket, and bit into it with desperation—those lamentable effects depicting themselves on his countenance which I must leave the reader to imagine. Now observe the operation of that phenomenon of sympathy. The wind-instrument players in the foremost rank could not

refrain from glancing towards the show enacted before them, but the act was suicidal; they were unable to resist the invasion of their countenances by a similar physiognomical spasm. Moreover, the sound of their instruments must be guided by the countenance. In the midst of the discordant strains that ensued, the objurgations of the leader of the band, and the remonstrances of the losers of the wager, let us drop the curtain on the scene.

182. *My First Experience of Railway Travelling.*

I was requested to take charge of two ladies from London to Preston, to which point the railway going northward only then extended. Like their cavalier, they had attained that age which entitles one to meet an obnoxious inquiry by replying, 'The same age as other people.' We were about to travel by railway—at least I was—for the first time. The morning was delightful, with the prospect of an agreeable journey, and the bustle and excitement at the Euston Station to me, a novice, were delicious. Then the railway-guard handed us into our carriage in a most obliging manner, as all railway-guards and porters in my subsequent experience have done. And I feel that, in making this statement, I am rendering the hard-worked class in question no more than is their due. As the ladies under my charge were in private life extremely agreeable, and as the French maid of one of them was in the active discharge of her duties unexceptionable, we bade adieu to the Euston-square

terminus under what I reckoned auspicious and happy circumstances. But our female attachée, who knew her mistress's affection for open windows and daylight, was aware of what madame *la maîtresse* was ignorant—a tunnel close ahead—as I observed her quietly placing in position for immediate action a bottle of sal-volatile ; and a flask of sherry, which *la Française* saw me before starting put into my pocket, was asked for in a subdued tone. The tunnel entered, her poor mistress became ghastly pale, and sank into her maid's arms. However, the sal-volatile and our exit from comparative darkness soon restored her. But whenever there was a tunnel—of which, I think, we had six on the journey—similar scenes, probably not so alarming as the first, were enacted. The other lady, in a tunnel, was most active and useful in administering restoratives to her friend ; but with her I had a much more difficult task, as she appeared deep in mechanics, and quite at home as to the 'centre of oscillation'; for she declared to her fellow-travellers, the instant our train had emerged from the bowels of Primrose Hill, that it was 'off its equilibrium,' and with her it so continued until we reached Preston. Moreover, the obliging guard at each station came in for all the censure of being off our equilibrium, in the same way as Mr. Gladstone, our late Premier, in some quarters did for the loss of H. M.'s ship 'Captain.' To counteract this I adopted the following expedient. When the guard was next called to the window, to receive his lecture on the want of equilibrium, I looked over the shoulder of my excellent friend, shook my head, looked grave, and put

my hand to my forehead. This proved sufficient to satisfy the persecuted guard that I was removing the unhappy lady to an asylum, for during the rest of the journey he never came again to our window; but when my somewhat indignant friend called to him in passing, while at a station (which she never omitted to do), all he replied was, 'Oh, yes, ma'am—hekkilibrium all right.' In thanking the guard at Preston for his unremitting attention to my party, and incidentally explaining to him that the lady who was so unhappy had returned to sanity, I told him I should not easily forget my first journey by railway.

183. *William Sprot Boyd, Political Commissioner for Guzerat, and the Resident at the Court of Baroda, and his friend Jemmy Outram, the 'Bayard of the East.'*

I was passing the autumn at Brighton, where General Sir James Outram was residing (he was then Colonel Outram, C.B.), and he and I occasionally took a stroll together for a couple of hours in the evening. He always seemed to enjoy talking of the services of others, and never encouraged allusions to his own. I recollect, in one of our walks, his stopping somewhat suddenly, and in reference to a question I had asked about the Bheel Corps, he exclaimed, 'What the deuce do you know about the Bheels, who have never been in India?' 'Well, all I have to say is this, that three letters out of four received by my family and myself from my brother William, during his residence in Candeish, made men-

tion of Jemmy Outram and the Bheel Corps.' 'Ah, poor dear Willie Boyd never lost an opportunity of sounding my trumpet; but how comes it that you know so much more about me than you appear to do of your own brother?' 'That I can easily explain, as "All the courses of *your* life do show that you are not in the roll of common men."' 'Humbug!' he replied. 'Now, let us talk of the dearest friend I ever had. Your brother and I went to India the same year (1819)—he a civilian, I a cadet; and until his death, in 1844, there were no secrets between us. He was godfather to my only son' (Sir Francis Boyd Outram). He now entered on my brother's qualities with great warmth of feeling; then, seeming to recollect something, said: 'You shall to-morrow have a short paper from the *Bombay Gentleman's Gazette*, published at the period of your brother's death, as well as a copy of what certain members of the civil and military services inscribed on a monumental tablet at Bombay'—adding much more of a gratifying character unnecessary for me here to introduce. But, as the papers in question were handed to me by a man honoured by his Queen and country, I consider I am entitled to record them in my humble pages, on behalf of an affectionate brother:—

'Death of William Sprot Boyd, Esq., Political Commissioner in Guzerat, and the Resident at the Court of Baroda.—(From the *Gentleman's Gazette*, August, 1844.)—Mr. Boyd has, we fear, fallen a victim to that which kills more than half our other ailments, "one year too long in India."

.. 'It is with feelings of sincere and unfeigned regret

that we record the decease of William Sprot Boyd, Esq., late Political Commissioner in Guzerat and Resident at Baroda.

‘The deceased gentleman had for some time previous been unwell, and had stopped at Surat on his way down to Bombay.

‘Had he lived, it was his intention to have proceeded to England by the steamer which leaves on the 27th instant.

‘The intellectual powers of the late Mr. Boyd were of a superior order, and his acquirements very extensive. He was well read, and intimately acquainted with the political state of India; and his knowledge of the habits and customs of the natives generally so excellent, that he frequently brought it to bear with a facility and effect difficult to describe. In his public character he was prompt and decisive: in whatever capacity he was serving the Government—whether as collector, commissioner, secretary, or resident—he was beloved by all his inferiors, and the name of Boyd was never spoken of by them but with respect and admiration. In his private character he was frank and upright, and full of honourable feeling: generous, affable, and unostentatious, he was universally esteemed by all who had the honour of his acquaintance.

‘In him the Government have lost an able and judicious public servant, and society a bright and distinguished ornament.’

The Bombay public showed their appreciation of his public services, as testified by the following monumental inscription:—



‘ William Sprot Boyd, of the Bombay Civil Service, son of Edward Boyd, of Merton Hall, in the county of Wigtown, N.B. Born in London, 13th December, 1799. Died at Surat, 13th August, 1844.

‘ Sacred to the memory of one who, during a residence in India of 25 years, had filled various high and important offices in the Civil Service of the Honourable East India Company, with ability, zeal, honour, and integrity, and whose liberal and amiable disposition and character had endeared him to a wide circle of friends and associates.

‘ This monument has been erected by his friends in India, as a tribute of affectionate regard, and as a testimonial of departed worth.’

184. *A Judge's Dinner in the Modern Athens.*

My father related to me an instance of the state of convivial society in Scotland at the commencement of the century.

He was on a visit to Lord Newton, one of the Judges of the Court of Session. The Courts were about to open for the autumn or winter session, and the learned lord was giving a dinner to his brother judges and some of the senior members of the Bar. They dined and they drank, they supped and they drank; but many, previous to the grilled bones and supper appearing, had fallen from their chairs—the more dignified of whom were removed by the servants for a couple of hours' rest, and again rejoined the orgies. One-half the party remained all night, and to

avoid publicity did not, or rather were not, sent home until the sun had gone down the following evening to that on which the debauch commenced.

185. *A First Impression of Croquet.*

I had missed my friend and countryman for two hours. 'Where have you been?'—'Wall, I have been looking at two games of Crok-ket, which I have seen to-day for the first time.' 'What do you think of it?'—'Wall, I scarcely yet know; but there must be something in the game, for they are quarrelling most desperately.' 'I hope not the ladies?'—'Wall, I am not so sure of that, for some of them are confoondedly cross; still, they are not so much excited as the men.'

186. *The Recorder of London and a City Alderman.*

The Hon. Charles Ewan Law, Q.C., M.P. for the University of Cambridge, and the Recorder of London (father of the present Lord Ellenborough), was alleged, by certain members of the Corporation, to be at times fond of walking on stilts. Be that as it may, he could occasionally descend, and say a good thing at the cost of some worthy member of the Court of Aldermen.

One day he met, in the outer circle of the Regent's Park, a well-known Alderman and City knight, a great equestrian, riding very rapidly. The Recorder pulled up—so did the City knight. 'What are you after,

Alderman, to be riding so fast?'—'I am shooting folly as it flies.' 'Then take care that *you* do not commit suicide.'

187. *Charles Lever.*

Some forty odd years ago, I found myself the fellow-traveller—in the diligence running between the gay and attractive capital of Belgium and its important and historical *entrepôt* of commerce, Antwerp—with one whose conversational powers peculiarly struck me. I had made the Englishman's usual very stupid preliminary remark as to the state of the weather—which reminds me, *en passant*, of having said to a surly old man, when I was a very young one, 'How extremely warm it is!'—'I know that as well as you; have you nothing wiser, young man, to say than that?' 'Nothing beyond good morning.' 'Harry Lorrequer's Confessions' had just appeared, and I asked my *vis-à-vis* if he had seen the work. 'Seen the work, Sor! Pray, don't say a word against it, for I am the author!' My surprise and delight were extreme to be in a *tête-à-tête* with Charles Lever, at that time connected with our Embassy at Brussels. This was enhanced when he told me he was to be my fellow-passenger next morning to London by the steamer.

I soon discovered that his fame was already known, as our captain (Stranack) and his mate received him on board with the respect that such genius as his ought to command. Our breakfast and luncheon, as we descended the Scheldt, were the most agreeable morning and

midday repasts mentally and otherwise, I had ever enjoyed; and when the captain told us, off Flushing, that it was blowing a gale outside, and that we should anchor until daylight, I hailed the announcement with delight, as I looked forward to an evening *pour rire et pour badiner*, and was not disappointed.

After dinner, it being cold and wet, as well as stormy, our proximity to Schiedam suggested 'hot water, sugar, and spoons,' and a jovial night followed. There was, however, one wet-blanket among the party, and, I regret to say, a countryman of mine. Lever's flashes of wit and humour were followed by thunders of applause; but the stern Caledonian was imperturbable, and I should have liked his head to have been knocked against his secretary's—a poor creature, who was no doubt acting under instructions from the supreme government not to laugh.

There was a short interlude, when the great Scot suddenly descended from his perch, and led us abruptly, and quite irrelevantly to the topics under discussion, from Hibernia to Scotia, being evidently resolved that the jocosity of our circle should not absorb all attention, from a fact long established in his own mind, but not yet in ours, that he held a high position in the world, entitling him to our respect and consideration. By way of at once securing this, he informed us that he was the chief of a Scottish clan. 'Might I ask,' I said, 'what clan?'—'The Clan MacGregor.' 'The Clan MacGregor!' I repeated; 'then, sir, I must take leave to say'—for he had wellnigh exhausted my patience—'you are not what you ought to be at this moment,

General Sir Evan MacGregor, Baronet, of MacGregor, in the county of Perth, and son-in-law of the late Duke of Athole. Why, sir, I saw Lady Elizabeth MacGregor yesterday, with her family, in Brussels ; and I assure you she will be monstrously surprised, as her husband (now abroad) will likewise be, to learn of the precedency you have now given yourself.' He winced, and tried to hold his own with me ; but I became troublesome, as well as annoyed that we had been jolted by this man out of the Lever groove, into which we were all so desirous to re-enter.

The secretary of the *soi-disant* Highland chieftain now begged me to retire with him, in which I so far obliged him.

I found this cockney secretary backed up his master's claims. 'May I ask who is your friend?'—'Sir Gregor MacGregor.' 'Sir Gregor MacGregor, the Lord Cacique of Poyais!' I exclaimed ; 'I am astonished, and the more so to find that he is returning to London.' This last remark was of great value to the Lord Cacique, which he acknowledged to me next day, and acted upon, by landing at Greenwich, instead of at the Tower Stairs. MacGregor had created a considerable sensation in the City, where he succeeded in launching a large amount of Poyais bonds, and simultaneously had induced numbers of his poor Scotch countrymen and others to emigrate to his El Dorado of wealth and Montpelier of health, but where the wretched and deluded emigrants died off rapidly of yellow-fever and dysentery. The losses incurred by those who had invested in Poyais bonds were in some instances very serious.

We were, in consequence of the state of the weather, nearly two days on our passage; during which Charles Lever's unrivalled powers of 'making things pleasant,' in contradistinction to the Cacique's (the son of a crofter, or small farmer, in Perthshire), of making them the reverse, gave us a 'spice of life's variety,' rarely experienced by either outgoing or returning tourists in a steam-passage only extending from the Scheldt to the Thames.

188. *Monsieur Soyer, for some Years 'Chef de Cuisine' at the Reform Club.*

Meeting him in an omnibus, on his return from the Crimea, I congratulated him on the culinary laurels he had achieved with our army, and was anxious to know how he managed this, under the privations to which our brave fellows were exposed from short rations, and often no rations. 'Dere is my merit, Monsieur Boyd, for I did make good dishes out of nothing.'

189. *The Marquis of Anglesey, of Waterloo Celebrity.*

Dr. Stummes, of Malvern, who became head of the Ambulance Corps in Prince Charles's army during the French and Prussian war, told me that the late Lord Anglesey had asked him to suggest some relief from the pain he was suffering, caused by his wooden leg (said to be the handsomest wooden leg ever made).

The late Marquis of Lansdowne (the Cabinet Minister), meeting Dr. Stummes, said, 'Is it the case

that you have given Anglesey a new leg?'—'No, my lord; but I have shown the Marquis how to retain his old one.'

190. *Beware of a 'House-Hunter.'*

When I first came to London, I found myself one of a numerous body of victims, at the Club to which I belonged, of a 'house-hunter.' He usually pulled your waistcoat, and assured you it would infinitely oblige him, if you should hear of a nice house to be let, furnished or unfurnished, provided it was in a tolerably fashionable street, and in close proximity to one of our West-end squares—Grosvenor, Portman, Berkeley, or St. James's: Belgravia was not then in existence.

At other times it was a château in the country he was looking for, to which a little fishing and shooting were desiderata—not that *he*, as he said, cared for either, but he wished his friends, when they came to see him, to be amused.

He was known to be affluent, and therefore easily brought victims to his net. I had for years eschewed his advances in 'house-hunting,' only smiling when he ventured to express his anxieties on the point; in fact, I had considered myself entirely absolved. He came under the appellation, at the Club, of one of the 'pestiferi,' generally disturbing you in the midst of your perusal of the leading article. I was one afternoon mortified to find that, in my absence, he had victimised my wife. He called, and in the course of conversation learned that we were anxious to dispose of

the lease of our house and the furniture. He was delighted with everything he saw, and when I returned, my wife said : ' My dear, we shall now have no occasion to advertise, as I have had a visit from your agreeable friend '—(I interposed)—' I hope you did not ask him to come back to dinner ? '—' I did not.' ' All right—pray, go on.' ' He is so much pleased with everything, that he will take the lease at once off our hands, and the furniture at the valuation I mentioned, which he thought extremely moderate ; and Davies took him through every part of the house. He admires our furniture so much, and is quite delighted with the balcony.' I was wicked enough here to remark that I almost wished the balcony had given way under him ; for he was so egregious a humbug, never having, during the twenty years and more I had known him, occupied a house of his own, either in town or country. He begged my wife on no account to dispose of her house, &c., until after his return from Paris the following Monday week, but she saw or heard nothing more of him.

Shortly after this, I was infinitely amused in meeting an eminent architect and surveyor, who asked me, somewhat seriously, whether I believed my friend — was really looking out for a place in the country ? I replied that he had as much intention of taking a country-seat—such as he had then described—as he had of going out by next packet from Southampton to the West India island in which yellow-fever was then raging. ' How provoking ! ' said the architect ; ' for he carried me the other day, when I should have been in



attendance on a Parliamentary Committee, into Dorsetshire to see — Park, as no time could be lost, otherwise the place would be snapt up, so many were looking after it. We travelled by rail three-fourths of the distance, and posted the rest.' The architect described his minute inspection of a charming country-seat, hot-houses, and everything else in good order. The 'house-hunter,' having still a few days to decide, would take the matter into consideration. I recommended the architect to charge him at once the largest fee the usage of the profession admitted—which I believe he never did—otherwise he must rest satisfied with his railway-fare being paid and the post-horses, in addition to the pleasant excursion he seems to have had, and the good dinner he gave him at Salisbury. 'But, my dear sir,' said the architect, 'that day's freak must have cost him a good round sum?'—'Well, supposing it did cost him ten or twelve pounds, constituted as he is, he would consider that an advantageous investment, as it afforded him an opportunity of ventilating for some weeks, through his two London clubs and his Brighton club, that he had taken —, the eminent architect, into Dorsetshire, to inspect — Park, which he intended to lease, with the right of shooting, fishing,' &c.

191. *Sherry versus Madeira.*

Sir John Richardson, the Judge, was alleged to have taken to drink sherry more because the Prince Regent patronised it than from choice.

Dining at the palace, Sir William Grant, the emi-

ment Judge, being also a royal guest, Sir John, addressing Sir William, asked him why he did not drink sherry? 'Because, Sir John Richardson, I do not like the *taste* of sherry.'

192. *Mr. Joseph Hume, M.P., and his Dromios.*

The honourable member had obtained a Select Committee on the Coal Trade of the Port of London, his object being to send a torpedo into the Corporation. Mr. B. W. Scott represented the Chamberlain of the City of London, and a Mr. W. B. Scott was a prominent merchant connected with the Coal Exchange. Mr. Hume was indefatigable in his endeavours to get up a 'strong case' against the Corporation in reference to the coal duties. He accordingly addressed a very searching letter (as he supposed) to Mr. Scott, of the Coal Exchange, by whom he hoped to be furnished with his weapons and facts against the Corporation. To the Mr. Scott who represented the Chamberlain of London his letter was of a soothing and conciliatory character. Unfortunately, however, for Mr. Hume, he in mistake sent his letter for Mr. B. W. Scott to Mr. W. B. Scott, and the latter received the one intended for the Chamberlain. An exchange of letters between the Scotts followed, and the *denouement*, which I heard described, was ludicrous in the extreme. 'Confound these Scotts!' said the honourable member; 'I find them as puzzling as others did the Dromio of Ephesus and the Dromio of Syracuse.'

193. *A French Bequest to Scotland.*

Scotch.	French.
Bool .	. Boule, a marble to play with.
Gigot .	. Gigot de mouton.
Ashet .	. Assiette, a large plate.
Bestial .	. Bestial, cattle.
Fashed .	. Fâché, troubled, bothered.
Gean, or } Geen }	. Guigne, Guine, a wild cherry.
Gardeloo .	. Garde l'eau, used in Edinburgh.
Dool .	. Deuil, mourning, sorrow.
Caraffe .	. Carafe, decanter.
Douce .	. Douce, sweet, gentle.
Napery .	. Nappe, table and other linen.
Aumrie .	. Armoire, cupboard or a press.
Bakey .	. Baquet, a tub for ashes.
Matchcloth .	. Drap mortuaire, a pall.
Corbies .	. Corbeaux, 'Let corlies (crows) pick out corlies een.'
Groset .	. Groseille, gooseberry.
Pyet .	. Pie, a magpie.
Troking .	. Troquer, to huckster, to barter.
*Mouter .	. Mouture, price of grinding.
Hotching .	. Hocher, to toss, or shake.

The deil he hotched fu' fair.—*Tam O'Shanter.*

\* Says I to my lord, quo' I, says I, 'What for may I no grund my  
barley-meal mouter-free?' quo' I to my lord, quo' I, I says.

*Quotation by J. Brown.*

194. *An Election at Liverpool.*

A few years since I met at Oatlands a singular character, not only in personal appearance and conversation, but in manners.

One forenoon he astonished the ladies, causing an instant stampede, by taking off his shoes and his stockings in the public room, preliminary to a chiropedic operation; but this being objected to, he replaced them. Had his age and infirmities not protected him, we must have sent him to that borough in Warwickshire where ribbons are produced, and the memory of Countess Godiva held so dear. One brilliant qualification he possessed, in the ladies' estimation, which outran all competition, and upset all male opposition. He was a *répertoire* of conundrums, the originality and variety of which were remarkable. Thus he rose—in fact, had risen—to a point of popularity, after dinner and in the drawing-room, with the fair sex, that any reference, however remote, to stockings ‘ungarter’d and down gyved to his ancle’ was, in a true Christian spirit of forgiveness, ignored and repudiated by that all-important section of the visitors.

But, in addition to his treasury of conundrums, I soon discovered that he had a large stock of valuable and varied information. He had passed the greater portion of his life in that emporium of commerce, Liverpool, in which I had spent two of my happiest years. I could go back to the period when one of its Parliamentary seats was a pocket-borough

of the Gascoyne family, while the other was held by the illustrious George Canning, and subsequently by the Free Trade minister, William Huskisson.

After Mr. Huskisson's death the Tory party (*alias* the Canning cycle) selected a young and able member of an aristocratic family, unconnected with commerce, a ducal son-in-law—one, however, who has since achieved for himself, after being the first commoner in England, a Viscount's coronet; while the Liberals nominated the highly respectable but briefless young barrister, of whose contest I am now about to speak. In conversing with this eccentric man, I found that he had been the chief cash-keeper and the chief cash-disburser of the Liberals, during the most costly and most disgraceful of borough elections. He stated to me that he himself paid away, in direct and indirect bribery, or in payments *in cumulo* (which came under his inspection and audit), in public-house corruption, and through varied and ramified channels, between £65,000 and £70,000; and that the opposing candidates' costs were equally heavy. He described to me how he had his bank-notes and his *rouleaux* of coin arranged.

The vote was given under a strict surveillance, and then the voter was brought behind a screen or partition, and a whisper from an authorised party having told the cash-holder the sum that was wanted, the particular pigeon-hole was applied to, and the payment made. The sums at first were as low as two sovereigns, but as the contest proceeded (lasting then about a fortnight) they rose to £5, £7. 10s., £10, £12. 10s.,

£15, £20; and the last 500 voters who polled for the Liberals were paid £25 each = £12,500! My informant further stated that his wretched duties did not terminate each day at four o'clock, with the close of the poll; for throughout the night he had to visit the miserable abodes of electors, in cellars and garrets, who were holding off, and there enlist the good offices of wives with their husbands, and sisters with their brothers—all which could only be accomplished by either administering bank-notes or the current coin of the realm!!

So much for one moiety of the expenses of the Liverpool borough election of 1830, incurred by the Liberal candidate!

195. *A Political Reminiscence previous to the Reform Bill of 1832.*

My father used to say that he was twice on the threshold of the House of Commons—once within £500 of being there, and once within half an hour.

On the first occasion, about the end of the century, he had, as he supposed, arranged, for a sum of £3,000 for one of the two seats in the notoriously rotten borough of Gatton, in Surrey; but a day or two afterwards, in meeting the agent of the proprietor of the borough, he discovered that the market-price had been sprung upon him £500, making the sum £3,500. As the original stipulation had been departed from, he resolved to have nothing more to do with Gatton. He

said he regretted this, for he would have had little trouble with his constituency, as it comprised merely the occupants of two or (at most) three cottages, one being the gardener. Just before the Reform Bill was introduced to the Legislature, on the accession of Earl Grey to power, Sir Mark Wood, the proprietor of the Gatton estate and borough, sold the property, receiving £60,000, irrespective of the price of the land, as the value of the two Parliamentary seats, and within twelve months Gatton was disfranchised! A lucky sale for the baronet, but a most unlucky purchase for the peer, who calculated on being enabled *in futuro* to contribute, in return for his investment, two members to the House of Commons of his own way of thinking.

The other instance was in connection with the royal burghs of Wigtown, Whithorn, Stranraer, and New Galloway, which conjointly returned one member. The late George, eighth Earl of Galloway, K.T. (the Admiral) in whom the patronage of these burghs was mainly vested, had asked my father to be the *locum tenens*, as M.P., until some official arrangements of the Government which his lordship supported were settled. My father, who had long given up his aspirations for a seat in Parliament, reluctantly acceded to the request of his Lord-Lieutenant.

The day and hour of election were fixed, which was a mere matter of form, as it was—*Sic volo, sic jubeo*. My father arrived at Whithorn, the returning burgh on this occasion, at eleven o'clock, and received the congratulations of the corporators on the Parliamentary honours that awaited him in another hour.

I recollect that we, as youngsters, looked to the event with interest, priding ourselves that henceforth we should correspond with our friends under the privilege of our father's frank, as it was valuable in those days — the postage of a letter to London then being 1s. 1½d. But our hopes were not to be realised, for at half-past eleven Mr. Nish, the chamberlain of the noble earl, arrived in all haste on horseback, to read a letter from his lordship, then in London, stating that the name of Edward Boyd, of Merton Hall, was to be withdrawn, and that of Nicolas Conyngham Tindal, Barrister-at-Law and King's Counsel, substituted.

Mr. Tindal was subsequently Sir Nicolas Tindal, M.P. for Harwich, and afterwards for the University of Cambridge, his legal career culminating in his being appointed Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. When Bailie — rose to propose the new candidate, he had forgotten the name. 'What div ye ca' the gentleman?' Mr. Nish had probably forgotten it also, as he had to refer to his letter of instructions, to avoid the risk of electing some defunct King's Counsel. The great lawyer was duly elected, and my father returned home non-elected. Scotch burgh constituents, after an election at that period, were often treated very cavalierly by their representatives, who rarely visited them. Of this I am certain, that neither Mr. Tindal, nor Sir John Lowther, who represented the Wigtonshire burghs for several years, ever came to our part of Scotland.



196. *Another Political Reminiscence.*

I recollect a very estimable man—who subsequently represented the county of Wigton in Parliament, but at the period to which I refer was M.P. for Aldborough, in Suffolk—having a difficult and delicate political arrangement to make, in which I was a *particeps*. The Parliament being in a moribund condition, he was desirous to look ahead, and secure one of the two seats of a well-known borough—an appendage to the Cinque Ports. My friend, finding that I was acquainted with the reverend proprietor and Parliamentary patron of the borough in question, requested me to write to him, which I did. Accordingly, two days afterwards I met the reverend gentleman by appointment in London, when he informed me that, before leaving home that morning, he had closed the negotiation pending, when my letter reached him, with the then holders of the two seats for another Parliament. Under these circumstances my honourable friend had to cast round for a seat elsewhere.

My little narrative is only interesting to those who have entered upon a Parliamentary life since the Reform Bill of 1832, showing that prior to that period a seat for Gatton cost 3,500*l.* for the whole Parliament; whereas the reverend patron of this borough and seaport charged his two members 1,000*l.* a-year each, without reference to the length of the Parliament, so that he derived, and had done for a long series of years, from this political source 2,000*l.* per annum.

I, as a young man who had considered myself until

now politically pure, thought it a strange state of matters to find myself in a negotiation of so delicate a nature with an exemplary and highly respected clergyman of the Church of England, a Doctor of Divinity, a Rector, and withal a boroughmonger. In the latter character, it frequently caused surprise, on vacancies occurring, that the Earl of Liverpool, during his long premiership, had not rewarded his old college friend, the rector, for his consistent support (as the *sine quâ non* was, that both members should adhere to the Liverpool Administration), if not with the mitre, at least with a deanery. Many divines far less deserving have been raised to those sacred offices for political subserviency.

197. *A Suggestion made to a Lord Advocate of Scotland, to enable him to get out of his scrape.*

Some thirty years ago, a prominent and very influential Lord Advocate got himself into a scrape, and one that was fully a 'nine days' wonder' as to how he was to be extricated.

In those days the great and learned of the political and legal world connected with Scotland chiefly made use of the Wednesday and Saturday nights' steamers. The Lord Advocate left the Thames on Saturday night, and next day being charming, not a ripple on the water, his lordship asked for a backgammon-board; and he and a friend—when eating and sleeping did not interfere—devoted themselves from morn till eve in rattling the dice at backgammon. This was observed by all, some of whom were politically opposed to the

learned lord in the important burgh he represented in Parliament; and loud whispers floated along and across the deck of the steamer, of the great impropriety of profaning the Sabbath in so scandalous a manner. The day after the vessel's arrival at Leith, a lay convocation met to consider as to whether the offender should not be called upon instantly to resign his seat, or what other course should be taken against so conspicuous a misdemeanant. While this was going forward, a bailie of the burgh and a staunch political supporter called upon the Lord Advocate, and informed him of the scrape he was in; but, the bailie added, 'I can get you out of it.' 'In what way?' enquired the delinquent. 'Weel, you maun of course be verra penitent—but I should at same time tell your lordship, that you maun tell a wee bit o' a white lie.' 'Well, go on, bailie,' said the Lord Advocate. 'Noo, ma lord, you sailed frae the Thames on Saturday nicht, and you maun never lose sight o' Saturday, but be playing backgammon on Saturday and no' on the Sabbath; if you keep to that, and declare it was a stupid mistake o' yours as to the day, you'll aiblins (perhaps) get better out of it than you expected.' The bailie's advice—whole or in part—was followed, and the Lord Advocate was purged of his offence.

198. *How the Good Opinion of a Governor-General of India was won.*

My late relative, Mr. James Sprot, entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1801, and became at once a

great favourite with the Marquis Wellesley, owing to the following circumstance. He had been presented to his Excellency, and shortly afterwards received a viceregal command to a grand banquet at Government House. In early life my relation had injured one of his legs, which obliged him to wear an iron support or high heel. On his name being announced, the young civilian—although no doubt, on such an occasion, desirous of putting his best foot forward—was in this somewhat unsuccessful; for at the commencement of his progress up the marble-floored hall of reception to the presence of the Governor-General, his Excellency observed that at each step the marble received a scratch from the iron attached to the shoe. Lord Wellesley called out, ‘Sprot, take care of our marble.’ ‘Yes, your Excellency;’ and instantly popped himself down on the floor, took off one of his gloves, fixed it round the offending heel, was again on his legs, and pushed on, without further delay or scratches, to make his *salaam* to the King’s representative. His Excellency, who was convulsed, as all around him were, shook Sprot heartily by the hand, and declared that only a Scotchman could have had presence of mind to do what he had done. This incident Lord Wellesley often described, which proved a fortunate one for the young Bengal civilian, as it secured him invitations to many viceregal banquets, and the countenance and the patronage of the great statesman during his Governor-Generalship.

199. *A fearful Dilemma for a Young Lady to be placed in, but how she ably extricated herself.*

Arthur, who had a handle to his name, was rather dictatorial, and at times also rather cold; still he was desperately in love with a young friend of ours—not to be wondered at; for it would have been difficult to meet with a more charming and accomplished girl, one whose well-stocked mind had taken a wide range, even *in literis humanioribus*.

Arthur had just been crammed for the Army, and had got his commission; and the only thing he was deficient in—a deficiency unhappily shared by his delightful innamorata—was, that no account could be raised for him at the Bank of England in one of the ledgers of the Three per Cent. Consolidated Annuities. Consequently the anticipated alliance fell through, for our young friend had to respect the dictates of prudence. Still the courtship was with her a favourite theme, and there was a phase in it, which she described to my wife and myself, where she displayed talent of a high order. A cold letter from Arthur she conceived should be answered by a hot one, and without delay:

In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia: injuriæ  
Suspiciones, inimicitiae, induciæ,  
Bellum, pax rursus.

At twenty minutes past twelve, she left home for the family greengrocer's, where the district post-office was, and put her letter in the box for the one o'clock delivery. In wending her way back to the parental

roof she again looked at Arthur's letter, which she now discovered was not of that frigid description she had at first supposed. 'What a fool I am! Poor dear Arthur meant nothing, but how fortunate it is that I have plenty of time to get back my letter!' She at once returned, and asked the greengrocer's wife to give her out the letter. 'Oh, Miss, I cannot give you the letter.' 'Not give me my letter?'—'No, indeed; I cannot, nor dare I.' She then described to us that she threw herself on the neck of the greengrocer's wife, and implored her to give her back the letter. 'I cannot, Miss.' 'Where is your husband?'—'He will be here at a quarter to one, to make out his list of letters for the postman.' She cried, tore her hair—in fact, did everything a young lady might be expected to do in a similar predicament.

The greengrocer arrived, with whom she began on the soothing and persuasive system. His answer was firm, and rather abrupt. 'Miss, the letter now belongs to the Postmaster-General, not to you.' A bright thought flashed to her relief: 'Do you mean to say that, if I address my letter incorrectly, I am not to be allowed to alter it?' 'Oh, certainly, Miss; but that is very different to taking away the letter.' The letter was produced, when she immediately put her own address upon it, and within three hours her letter was again in her possession.

200. *Richard Martin, M.P. for the County of Galway (Humanity Martin), and his Son, Thomas Martin, M.P.*

The former told me that when he sat in the Irish House of Commons, before the Union, they drank a 'dale' of good claret on his (the Connemara) side of Ireland, and so remarkably 'chape' was it, that it never cost him a farthing. His butler would come to him in the morning, when in bed, and say, 'Plaise, yer honour, a hogshead of claret by som manner of manes has found its way into our hall during the night, and I wish yer honour would jost look at it.' 'Sure enoff there it was, and the sooner, Tim, we drink it the better. I thin tould my county friends round about that it would be tapped next day, and that they must com and stay at Ballanahinch until it was clared aff, and they did that right willingly.'

I think he stated that a fortnight (or at most three weeks) saw the bottom of the hogshead. I presume a transaction in barter took place outside, and that the *quid pro quo* came from the farmyard, as smugglers, like other people, do not usually give away their goods and chattels without an equivalent. My friend wound up an exciting and amusing description of a Ballanahinch Castle claret debauch, as carried out by Martins, Blakes, Lynches, and Bourkes, by remarking, 'It wasn't for me to be asking questions about the wine.'

I was also for many years on terms of intimacy with his son Tom Martin, who succeeded his father in the representation of the county. He was an excellent

man, but had a severe struggle with his large and deeply-encumbered estate. One day he was dining with me alone early, as I was to accompany him afterwards to the House of Commons, to hear a debate on Irish affairs. I had accidentally that morning been reading some portion of Napier, Gurwood, or other historian of the Peninsular War, in which I found that he (Tom Martin) had gone through several of the campaigns of the Peninsula as an amateur, attaching himself to the Connaught Rangers, in which regiment his brother-in-law (Peshal) was a captain. At one of the sieges (Ciudad Rodrigo or Badajos) he mounted the ladder with the storming-party of the 88th, and received a bullet through the chest.

I had never heard his father or himself mention the circumstance. He told me that he went into action with no other weapon than his shillelagh. I believe he shared, as an amateur, in the greater number of the following actions and sieges:—Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, Salamanca, Vittoria, Nivelle, Orthes; and had he lived, and continued as vigorous as when I knew him as M.P. for the county of Galway, very likely we should have found him with the famous 88th *en amateur* at the Alma and Inkerman.

201. *Rather abrupt, and somewhat too loud.*

The late Mr. Richard Oswald, of Auchencruive, M.P. for Ayrshire, used to make his friends laugh at his description of the excitement of his butler, owing to



an importunate person, who had pestered his master that day in his private room two or three times. There was a large party of ladies and gentlemen assembled in the drawing-room, awaiting the announcement of dinner, when the butler suddenly opened the door, and, presenting a most irate countenance, called out, at the top of his voice, 'I'll be dawmt, Mr. Oswald, if hee's no here again!'

202. *A Broad Hint to a Pluralist.*

I heard a clergyman relate the following in connection with Lord Chancellor Thurlow, and several divines were present, to whom, like myself, the story was new.

The Chancellor was residing at his place in Norfolk, recovering slowly from a severe attack of gout, when the curate of the parish was announced, handing a note to his lordship from his rector, who, after perusing it, threw it on the carpet. 'Do you know, Curate, the contents of the letter?'—'I do not, my Lord Chancellor.' 'It is disgraceful! Your rector, who already holds three livings, asks for —, now vacant by the death of —. Well, Curate, what are your prospects in the Church?'—'Of dying a curate, my Lord.' 'That I shall prevent. Go back to your pluralist Rector, and tell him, from me, that I have appointed *you* (not *him*) to the vacant rectory.'

203. *Mr. Samuel Anderson (Registrar of Affidavits to the Court of Chancery), his Conversation with a Passenger on the outside of a London and Harrow Stage Coach.*

Before I relate this anecdote of my late witty friend—in addition to those already recorded in my ‘Reminiscences’—I should mention that this master of impromptu, in early life at an evening party in Edinburgh, on reaching the cloak-room after the festivities had ended, found himself in possession of a miserable old hat and a threadbare overcoat, in lieu of those he arrived in, which were unexceptionable. Remonstrance or inquiry being of no avail, he resolved to revenge himself on society from that moment; and I can attest the fact, so far as my own observation in London went, that a shabbier hat and overcoat in coming to dinner could not be seen than worn by the respected, amiable, and humorous Registrar of Affidavits to the High Court of Chancery. I feel myself, however, bound to state that whatever decadence was perceptible in the outer garments, no man in respect to the inner was better provided, or for middle age made a smarter Brummell-D’Orsay appearance in the drawing-room than my excellent and ever-joyous friend. He had been invited to a dinner-party at the house of an extremely hospitable family, ten miles from town, and in those days before railways, in the absence of the private carriage, the stage-coach was the conveyance usually in requisition.

Anderson was on the roof of the Harrow coach in

Oxford Street, behind the coachman, and observed that the box-seat was occupied by a gentleman's servant. In a few minutes up drove in a well-appointed Stanhope the future occupant of the aforesaid box-seat, who, after giving audible instructions as to the precise time his groom (tiger was then the correct term) should be waiting his return, proceeded to adjust himself in rather a sensational manner in the opinion of my friend and the other passengers, and at last transferred himself to the seat vacated for him by his footman. 'Haugh, coachman, do you know So-and-So's?' 'Yes, sir; put you down at the lodge gate,' the same through which Anderson was to pass for his own dinner. Nothing particular occurred until the coach was off the stones—although Anderson was observed to betaking stock all the time—excepting some dignified and exclusive remarks of the occupant of the box-seat to the coachman. My friend had heard enough to give him a fair insight into the mental qualities of the individual he was that evening to meet at dinner. Poking his shabby hat as near the distinguished gentleman's face as their respective positions would admit, and giving him a somewhat familiar tap on the shoulder, which instantly brought round an incensed and indignant countenance to bear upon Anderson's rusty hat and faded coat. 'What do you mean, you fellow?'—'Oh!' said the facetious Sam, 'don't be angry, as I was only going to make a single remark, that I felt convinced you had a brass knocker before you.' 'A brass knocker! what do you mean, sir?'—'Well, sir, without intending any offence, what I mean, sir, is this, that when a man—no, I beg par-

don, a gentleman—is going to a house with a brass knocker on the front door—as I am satisfied you are—so as to arrive about half-past six, the probability is, he has a good dinner in prospect, and as I stand much in need of one, I merely wished to ask you to allow me to accompany you?’ ‘I tell you, sir, you are quite a nuisance; I never addressed you, and you have no right to address yourself to me. Coachman, what a confounded bore this man is.’—‘Oh, sir, don’t be cruel, for I am persuaded that where you are to dine, there will be plenty for both of us.’ On hearing this, in a paroxysm of supreme contempt, he revolved on his axis as much as possible to view the country; but in the act of doing so he asked the coachman, in a subdued tone, if he knew anything of the impertinent fellow. The coachman, who quietly enjoyed all this as much as his passengers, would not enlighten him, for Anderson was a frequent visitor at the Priory, where the dinner was to come off. The offended gentleman, who could not be presumed to be *débonnaire*, wished, at least, to be *dégaqué*, and began to whistle an air from the last opera—his back turned as much against his persecutor as the basis would authorise, and his eyes throwing their glances far into the landscape, while he ventured at times to raise his body a few inches from the centre of gravity to secure a more extensive view. Anderson again resumed his attentions. ‘I find, sir, you are not only an admirer of the country, but are also musical; while my poor thoughts are entirely absorbed with the dinner I spoke to you about.’ The passengers had early discovered that their facetious fellow traveller, whose

victim of fun and banter had throughout been so opaque, was to dine at the same house. 'Coachman, this is beyond bearing. How far have we to drive?'—'About a mile, sir.' 'I am rather late, otherwise I should get down and walk, as I never had a more detestable journey.'—'Oh, sir,' said Anderson, 'how can you say so, for you seemed a few minutes since very happy, and chirping like a cricket.' The coach now drew up at the lodge. 'Do, sir,' exclaimed Anderson, 'I implore you, let me accompany you, for I am starving.'—'What gross rudeness! I only wish there was a police station at hand, and you inside of it.' 'Oh what a cruel man you are, for I should like so much to go with you to explain matters.'

Beyond a look of bitter disdain nothing more was said, and the visitor's happiness must have been extreme in finding himself through the gate, fairly started on his walk up the avenue. My friend then descended from the coach, and was instantly greeted by the worthy old Scotch couple who occupied the lodge. The coach drove on with the passengers convulsed and infinitely puzzled as to what the sequel would be, which was, no doubt, next morning explained to them by the host of the Priory—a daily fellow-passenger. To the horror of the visitor he saw his persecutor about 150 yards behind him, which made him increase his speed; so did the pursuer, keeping as nearly as he could at an equal distance from his victim. The latter then took to running; so did our friend; but when the pursued came within sight of the mansion to which he was paying his first visit, he saw the impossibility of con-

tinuing the racing pace, when, so far as he knew, he might be within view of the drawing-room windows. All this we must assume flashed across his mind, and not being desirous to be considered as having escaped from a lunatic asylum, he concluded the contest in a rapid walk, but as Anderson and the host declared to us afterwards in relating the laughable affair, never was a louder knock heard or ring given to any bell so as to effect an entrance before the foe was upon him. The pursuer now gave himself five minutes to become cool, and his victim time to establish himself in the drawing-room.

When his own name was announced, to the astonishment and dismay of the recent occupant of the box-seat, the popular 'Sam Anderson' had hands extended to him from all sides—even the children were clinging to him, exclaiming in delight, 'Missa Anderson, Missa Anderson!' The persecuted traveller had retired to a corner of the room, witnessing, in solitary wonder, the hearty greetings this 'Mr. Anderson' was receiving from all, children included. He took the earliest opportunity of asking the host who Mr. Anderson was. 'Why, do you mean to say you do not know Sam Anderson? I thought you came out by the same coach;' and before there was time to say more, Anderson was called up and introduced to his *ci-devant* travelling companion, to whom he gave a most cordial shake of the hand, followed by a hearty laugh. They were friends before dinner was announced, and their good-fellowship was further cemented afterwards when Anderson, in one of his happiest impromptus, gave a

graphic description of the journey from London, castigating himself as he proceeded, for innocently having led the honourable gentleman, now his esteemed friend, into such a maze of misconception. 'But I am not to blame,' said Anderson, 'paradoxical as it may appear; although two friends are, whom most of you have long known as having clung to me closely for years, especially when I am travelling—my rusty hat and my threadbare coat.'

204. *Stage Coach Travelling in England in 1800.*

A friend of mine, a nonagenarian, told me of a journey he made by stage coach at the beginning of the century in Herefordshire. They had changed horses, but no coachman mounted the box; at the end of ten minutes my friend asked the guard the cause of delay. 'Vy, cause Coachy has gone to look on at the fight atween Bill Waters and Bob Smith.' At the end of half an hour my friend asked the guard what redress he was to have for the cruel delay, which was of serious importance to him. 'Vy, if ye be a lawrer, ye can tell yerself; if ye beant one, ye had better ax, for I can't help ye.' At the end of an hour Coachy was seen coming down the street, on which the guard, by way of enlivening the unfortunate passengers, blew his horn. 'Who's got it?' says guard. 'Oh, crikey,' said Coachy, mounting the box, 'Waters has got an awful hiding,' and drove on.

205. *The Fellow Knows Me.*

I recollect, one morning, a sharp, humorous street newsvendor at the Gloucester Coffee House, Piccadilly, imparting a joke to some ten or twelve Scotchmen, bound for the 'Star and Garter,' Richmond, to breakfast, which joke lasted us for the day. Mr. James Stuart, or as he was better known in Scotland, Jemmy Stuart, of Dunearn, was for a few years editor of the *Courier*, London evening paper.

Having been so often asked who James Stuart was, I may mention that he was grandson of the Honourable Archibald Stuart, of Dunearn, and as a youth was third in succession to the ancient earldom of Moray, for had the then ninth earl and his brother died without male issue, he would have taken the family honours. There was a small peripatetic club in London, called 'The Bohea,' which was to commence its walk at Richmond. James Stuart was the perpetual president, and this Institution, like our great Scotch Banks and Insurance Companies, had its 'Extraordinary Members.' The members 'extraordinary' on this occasion, were Colonel the Honourable Lauderdale Maule, 79th Highlanders, Sir Francis Walker Drummond, Bart., of Hawthornden, and Mr. John Ramsay McCulloch, the political economist. Before taking our seats in the omnibus, we had to provide ourselves with literary *pabulum* for the day, in the way of newspapers. 'Here,' said our facetious street newsman, 'is an Observer for you, sir; an Illus-



trated London News for you, sir ; an Examiner for you, sir ; a Spectator for you, sir ; a John Bull for you, sir,' &c. Then giving us all a sly look, wound up by addressing himself slowly to Mr. Stuart, 'a Courier of last night for you, sir.'

206. *How to Answer an Inquisitive Man.*

'Mr. G., are you a large holder of cotton?'

'In a rising market I am too small a holder. In a falling market I am too large.'

207. *Excellent Advice.*

When I came to London, I knew an old gentleman of the name of Parker, who may yet be remembered by some of us from always riding a large white horse in the Park. He said to me, 'Boyd, some years ago I gave your brother a piece of excellent advice, which I received as a young man, and acted upon ; and if he followed it he must have often thought of me in his prayers. I now give you the same : Whenever you leave a dinner or evening party, the opera or theatre, get into the first hackney coach you meet with, and drive home (no cabs in those days). If you act up to this rule *strictly*—never mind the two shillings it may cost—you will think of old Parker and say, "what a good adviser he was."'

208. *The Danger of going out to Dinner without your Wife, and of using the Latch-Key.*

I remember a friend of mine most innocently and unintentionally alarming his wife, his household, as

well as his friends ; simultaneously arousing the vigilance of the police, who, for some hours were at fault, being unable to trace out his *locus in quo*.

Where wives are indulgent, husbands will go out to dinner alone when invited, and on such occasions are prone to use the latch-key. My friend discovered in reaching his own door that he had got entangled amongst the small hours ; probably, also, he had been victimised, as Pepys describes he was in his diary, from having been ‘ shamefully over-served with liquor.’

At all events, he was seen by a passing policeman to apply the latch-key cautiously, and enter his own house quietly ; in fact, had the guardian of the night not recognised him, it might have been called stealthily. He had hung up his cloak and hat on their allotted pegs ; it was also in proof that he must have reached his wife’s bedroom ; for poor, dear soul, when she awoke and missed her husband from her side, she found his dinner wardrobe complete, occupying two of the chairs, and, moreover, he had thoroughly denuded himself.

Her worst fears broke forth, when she discovered that his *robe de nuit* had not been called into requisition, but there lay his clothes, from the coat to the innermost garment, and, *mirabile dictu*, his watch was on the table wound up. She called out loudly for her missing husband, but alas, no response. She then rang the bell violently, and maid and domestics instantly obeyed the summons. The hat and cloak hanging in the hall, and their excellent master’s clothes, to the minutest article lying before them, brought up the most melancholy forebodings, that he was hanging

somewhere else. This inference might have occurred to the members of the most intellectual household in the kingdom. They, without adding to the distress of their wretched mistress, reasoned quietly among themselves that the poor gentleman could not have jumped out of the front window, without his remains being discovered hours before by the passers-by; nor out of a back window, as his scattered brains would at once have given ocular proof. But, even if bent on self-destruction, it appeared to them improbable that he would make his exodus from his own house, in the state in which he had originally entered the world; it was therefore suggested that he might have suffocated himself amongst the coals in the cellar; but an immediate search showed the mineral theory to be unsound. While all this was going on his unhappy wife's case created the greatest anxiety; fits of hysteria and swoon following in rapid succession. The doctor was sent for, who immediately administered restoratives, and remained to watch the disconsolate lady; while the police in communication with different friends of the family who had arrived, were in the drawing-room in an animated but painful discussion as to the means to be adopted to elucidate the mystery. In the midst of this the housemaid rushed into the room, and in much excitement, exclaimed that there was a strange movement in the soiled clothes basket; and on the members of conference of both sexes hurrying up-stairs, they discovered at the corner of the marital bedroom, to their utter amazement and discomposure, the lost husband, still in the arms of Morpheus, in *puris*

*naturalibus*, imbedded amongst the family linen, &c., intended for the *blanchisseuse*, in which he had been burrowing for the previous eight hours.

209. 'Gentleman Jones' (Mr. Richard Jones) the Professor of Elocution.\*

The cockney curate and incipient barrister, who dropped the *h*, or said *nothink*, were expected to repeat to themselves twenty times a day from their *vade mecum* of barbarisms, which Jones expected his pupils always to have at hand, nothing *not* nothink, house *not* ouse, horse *not* oss, &c.; and the Scotchman to pronounce the word heard, as if it were spelt *hurd*, and *not* as four Scotchmen out of six pronounce it *hard*. "I *hard* you distinctly." This was Jones's detestation, and required, he said, the room to be immediately ventilated, by the window being opened. The words daunt and taunt often led to amusing discussions between him and the Rev. Dr. Croly, Jones's dictum being, that they should be pronounced as a well educated Englishman pronounces aunt, *i.e.*, *dant*, *tant*,

\* Lord William Lennox, in his *Recollections*, says that 'Richard Jones was as excellent on the stage as he was clever as a teacher of elocution. At his house in Chapel Street, Grosvenor Place, he had hundreds of pupils who were studying for the Pulpit, the Bar, or the House of Commons, or who had made their appearance as clergymen, barristers, or members of Parliament. Under his able tuition, many a reverend gentleman, who mumbled over the service, became a shining light; many an embryo lawyer who spoke as if he had a small ball of worsted in his mouth became an orator; and many a member of Parliament who hummed and hawed, and was unintelligible in the gallery, became a distinguished speaker.'

but not *dawnt*, *tawnt*. To settle such questions in dispute, Jones usually appealed either to Lord Lyndhurst, to Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London, and to the Earl of Ellenborough, his choice authorities in matters of pronunciation, and with whom he was most intimate.

210. *‘What can you Possibly Know of  
Military Matters.’*

I found myself involved in a somewhat exciting discussion on a subject where my knowledge was extremely superficial—the merits and demerits of Viscount Cardwell, as Secretary of State for War in the purchase and non-purchase system in the British Army, &c., &c. We were talking at the moment of the Foot Guards, and opposite to me sat a lawyer, who I presume knew my antecedents, as he addressed me in a patronizing tone, ‘Mr. Boyd, you appear an authority on military matters; may I ask you, were you at one time in the Foot Guards?’—‘Oh, dear no, nor in the Devil’s Own, otherwise I might have been an authority.’ ‘Then pray, how have you acquired your military knowledge?’—‘My military education was entirely owing to the liberality of the Governor and Directors of the Bank of England.’—‘You puzzle me.’ ‘It is nevertheless so. You are probably not aware,’ I said, ‘that the Bank of England is protected against midnight intruders by a detachment of Foot Guards, and that the officer in command has a charming dinner provided for himself and two guests, with a bottle of the best sherry, and one of port (now I believe they can

have lighter wines); the two visitors making their exodus at 11.

‘When a good many years younger than I am now, I frequently dined with the officer guarding the “Old Lady of Threadneedle Street,” and after our bumper in loyalty to the Crown, our next was one in praise of the Governor of the Bank, for providing us so amply with the good things of this life. We then usually glided into military affairs—the exclusive Guards being generally bracketed in those days, and in those discussions, with two or at most three terribly fashionable and exclusive Hussar regiments; and barring the Blues, even the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, the Lights and the Heavies were looked upon from the Guards’ Dinner-Room of the Bank of England as cosmopolitan with the rest of the army.

‘To these dinners, and now and then one at the Guards’ Mess in the Tower, I ascribe the small amount of military knowledge I possess; unless I derived any by military descent, as my father was a member of the City Light Horse, and served in that distinguished corps, in the famous action described in the French Revolutionary papers of the day as *la bataille de la rue de Grub* (*anglicè*, the battle of Grub Street).

211. ‘*Was Willie fairly dealt by in being sent to a Criminal Reformatory?*’

I found myself on the outside of that substantially built, and capacious unicorn-horsed coach, that runs between Girvan in Ayrshire, and Stranraer in Wigton-

shire, and seated next to an agreeable and communicative Ayrshire clergyman.

It was a deliciously bracing morning in the beginning of October, which I enjoyed the more being previously fortified at the Girvan Hotel by a breakfast worthy of my country; fish, flesh, fowl, eggs, honey, hot rolls (in which I delight), oat cake, tea, coffee, with rich cream; and all for 2s. 6d. I had a two hours' stroll previously, and this I prefaced, not with *caviare* and a glass of *kimel*, as dinner in Russia is, but with a 'noggin o' parritch,' which, *en passant*, I pronounce to be the most easily digested of all human food I have ever met with, *always provided* it is well boiled, as mine is in Surrey; for in this matter I am my own cook. I recommend English and American tourists to look after our South Scottish scenery more than they do, as well as try such breakfasts here described, and then travel along the Ayrshire Coast Road. Why, the view of the famous 'Ailsa Craig' is alone a sufficient attraction, but doubly so after a Girvan breakfast.

I learned from the reverend gentleman that he was going into Wigtonshire to visit the Stranraer Reformatory, and as the important and flourishing town with which he was connected furnished a large quota of the juvenile delinquents which his county prayed ours to purify, I saw that his duties were of an official character, and I was glad to avail myself of his invitation to accompany him on his visit of inspection. I may observe that I was much interested in what I witnessed in this apparently well regulated establishment.

Shortly after our inspection commenced, my clerical *cicerone* called my especial attention to a youth, an open countenanced, humorous looking lad, with a peculiarly winning expression, recalling the lines of Spenser.

A sweet, attractive kind of grace,  
A full assurance given by looks,  
Continual comfort in a face,  
The lineaments of Gospel books ;—  
I trow that countenance cannot lye,  
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

Willie, the youth in question, was called for, and the clergyman asked him how he was? 'Quite well, sir,' replied Willie. 'Happy and comfortable, Willie?' No answer. 'I hope, Willie, you are behaving yourself?' No answer. The conference ended by the reverend gentleman expressing an earnest hope that he (Willie) would henceforth turn over a new leaf.

When Willie rejoined the companions with whom he was associated, and whose incipient offences were being atoned for within the walls of the Reformatory, the clergyman surprised me by stating that Willie was almost the worst lad of the whole party. I expressed my astonishment, as his countenance spoke so much in his favour. 'He is incorrigible, I assure you, for we have often forgiven him.' I then remarked that I presumed he was there for petty thefts. 'Oh, nothing of the kind, unless it is stealing large portions each Sunday from our sermons.'

I begged him to explain.

'Well, that boy is possessed of a remarkable



memory, and his imitative powers are equally extraordinary, and what do you think'—or probably my reverend informant may have used Attorney-General Coleridge's favourite expression to Sir Roger: 'Would you not be surprised to hear that this young "cheat the woodie"' (for my English readers I add the couplet), 'Donald Caird wi muckle study, caught the gift to cheat the woodie,' (*anglicè* the gallows)—'has for some time past, until we clergymen could bear with it no longer, been in the habit of slipping into one kirk or other, varying his patronage in accordance with his own taste, just as the sermon commenced, and after listening to it for twenty minutes or half an hour (our sermons are long in Scotland), making his exit quietly, and within five minutes would have around him a crowd of both sexes, and of all ages, to whom he was preaching our sermon with astonishing accuracy, and unfortunately for us his victims, his mimicry of voice and manner was to the life. In fact, I have known the members of a congregation to have their ears refilled outside the church with a rehearsal of a large portion of the sermon they had been listening to inside, so that many returned to their homes with their minds far from being in that composed state they could have wished in leaving the House of God.'

I am afraid that on hearing this heavy charge against Willie I not only indulged in a hearty laugh, but may have illiberally remarked that possibly Willie's ministrations *extra muros cathedræ*, unless checked, might have interfered with the pew rents.

This poor buoyant-hearted, intelligent, and spirited

lad, who was infringing on the privileges of the clergy, was doubtless becoming a highly popular street preacher, and would have been warmly patronised by Liston, Mathews, Lord Robertson, Theodore Hook, and Lord John Scott, whose imitations of certain parsons in Liddesdale, I am told by those who have witnessed them, were superb.

I only hope that before the contamination of evil associates prevailed, the mantle of protection—lay, if not clerical—descended on the humorous and versatile Willie.

212. *The Old Mail Coach.*

Before railway days the sublimity of travelling was considered to be—I mean by those who could not afford to sow money along the road by having four post-horses—the mail coach. But a journey of four hundred miles, from my part of Scotland to London, at that period occupied sixty hours, and by many was much dreaded. The inside of a mail coach, even for four moderately built *male* adults, was somewhat of a screw-press. What four ladies, in the panoply of crinoline and crested with the lofty chignon, would have said in looking at the inside of one of Her Majesty's mail coaches, and pondering in their minds how the action of stowage should commence for such a journey, is a problem insoluble for me in 1874. What Mr. Gladstone says on Ritualism and Ritual is in point: 'Who shall now compete with the awakened English woman

for the house of hair, built upon her head, or for the measureless extension of her draggling train ? ’

I now proceed to relate how a former honourable Member for Kirkcudbrightshire — the Honourable Montgomery Stewart—protected himself, not against crinoline and chignon, but cramp and cold feet. I should, however, first mention that Galloway (Wigtonshire and Kirkcudbrightshire) could not boast of a railway for ten years after Queen Victoria ascended the throne. I was often told of this; and that I belonged to Bœotia, where a Cimmerian darkness still prevailed on the subject of railways, amongst a section of the landed magnates of our province. Mr. Stewart described to us how he managed, in going up to London, or returning, to take fourteen miles a-day of exercise, when travelling by one of King George the Third’s mail coaches. His rule was, whenever the guard blew his horn to apprise the post-office authorities, and the stablemen with the fresh team, and the coach had stopped, to jump out, and while the interchange of letter-bags and horses was being effected, to start off at a walking rate of four or a running one of six miles an hour, until the coach had overtaken him. Whether the pedometer was in those days in vogue, I know not; but Mr. Stewart always held, and he was as minute in small as in important matters, that this *modus ambulandi et currendi* gave him fourteen miles of exercise in every twenty-four hours’ mail coach travelling, and, moreover, he boasted of never delaying the service of the Postmaster-General one minute.

213. *The late Sir William Maxwell, Bart., M.P.  
for Wigtonshire.*

In anecdote No. 99 of my 'Reminiscences,' I describe a man almost uneducated, who, through the accident of wealth, became one of the representatives in Parliament of the city of York, after a residence of thirty years in the West Indies. Had this man possessed only a tithe of the good taste of the honourable Member for Wigtonshire, he would not unblushingly have sprung into the arena of debate in the House of Commons, as I have described, to reply to one of our prominent statesmen, and deliver a speech, not *one word* of which had been prepared by himself.

In the instance I now adduce, by way of a 'per contra,' is that of a man of great capacity, with all the advantages of education and social position; one whom George Canning, when Prime Minister, told that had he adopted a political career, and stuck to it, he might have occupied the position he himself then held. I allude to Sir William Maxwell, of Monreith, the fifth and late Baronet, and Member for Wigtonshire. No man ever presided with more ability at a county meeting than he did, and in readiness and facility of expressing his sentiments he was equally successful. He had been in early life a brave soldier, and had lost an arm as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 26th Foot, under Sir John Moore, at Corunna.

When I was a youth, I recollect Sir William dining at our house in Scotland, with a party of county

friends, and after the ladies had left us the conversation got upon the proceedings of the parliamentary session just closed, and my father took the opportunity of expressing the disappointment felt throughout the county that their Member had not come out on three occasions on certain Scotch questions, in which he was so much at home.

Sir William confessed that no one felt it more than himself, as he was quite prepared each time to have addressed the House. 'Then,' said my father, 'may I ask you to account for your silence?'—'Very easily, my good friend, it being a much lighter affair to address the lairds of the county of Wigton, in their Town Hall, than the commoners of the United Kingdom in St. Stephen's; for I had actually caught the Speaker's eye on each occasion, but my tongue all at once seemed to cleave to the roof of my mouth, and as for rising I felt pinned to my seat as if by cobbler's wax. If, however, you and my friends here suppose it was from any neglect on *my* part, or that I was not prepared to speak, you shall, if you choose, have one or all of my non-delivered speeches forthwith.'

The offer was at once accepted, and the honourable Baronet, now rising, without the embarrassment of the Speaker's wig before his eyes, delivered a most able and effective speech, to the great amusement and delight of the party. 'Weel,' said a county laird, 'the greater the peety that *sic* a grand speech was lost to the country, for it's no every *coonty* in Scotland, by ma faith, that can send a man like yersel to the Hoose o' Commons; and I'm truly sorry it's sae late, for I should

hae liket deevishly to hae listened to the ither twa speeches.'

214. '*Why, good gracious, Graham, the muzzle is as thin as a sixpence!*'

Sir James Graham, of Netherby (father of the great statesman), was showing a party of sportsmen assembled at his brother-in-law's in Wigtonshire (the Hon. Montgomery Stewart) his flint gun (the flint was then being superseded by the detonator, as the muzzle-loader has since been by the breech-loader), adding that his Joe Manton had served him well and truly for thirty years, and was as good as ever.

'Let me look at it,' said Mr. Stewart, one of the best shots and sportsmen of his day. 'Why, good gracious, Graham, the muzzle is as thin as a sixpence! I only hope the breech is not so.'

The old sixpence, as some of us still recollect, was barely the density of the tin in one of Messrs. Curtis and Harvey's gunpowder canisters.

'Well,' exclaimed Mr. Stewart, having now fully assured himself of the unsafe character of the venerable Baronet's gun; 'here am I, still with a head on my shoulders, after shooting alongside of you for a fortnight.'

'What a risk, Graham, you and your friends have run during the last ten years at least.'

The worthy Baronet's opinion of his Joe Manton was not to be easily shaken; but his brother-in-law having twitted him that half a charge of additional powder

would send it to shivers, the test was agreed to, which the Laird of Netherby declared he did not in the least fear.

A keeper was sent for, and old Joe was loaded—strictly limiting the charge to one-half more than usual—and placed on the lawn at a respectful distance from the spectators, a string being attached to the trigger. The tomb, however, closed that day on this member of the numerous family of Manton, for, as predicted by all present, save *one*, Sir James's piece of field ordnance, that had filled so many game-bags for him over his Cumberland moors and in his Cumberland covers, burst.

215. *An Incident connected with the Franco-German War of 1870.—A STRIKING instance of Nationality.*

The drawing-room of Oatlands had been almost deserted in the evening by the visitors, who were promenading the grounds, playing croquet, &c. Suddenly, to the astonishment of the ladies who remained, two waiters entered and took four chairs out of the room, and in a few minutes two more were removed. The ladies concluded they had been sent for by the visitors. After this a waiter entered in an excited state and removed some newspapers; and shortly afterwards another waiter, apparently enraged about something or other, arrived and snatched up one or two more, making a clean sweep of the diurnal press. At this juncture I came into the room, and was asked if I knew what was going on outside, as the waiters had been removing

chairs and newspapers under great apparent perturbation of spirit. I went round to the back of the building and witnessed something extremely sensational. In the midst of a Babel of tongues, French, German, and Italian, the newspapers, in a high state of commotion, being pushed into the faces of the contending parties. As I was out of sight, I beheld an amusing scene. The German waiters, pointing out passages advocating Prussian views; while the French waiters, with eager gesticulation, were reading passages in support of France and the Emperor. I enjoyed the novel spectacle until the *chef de salon* appeared and broke up the noisy congress, when chairs and newspapers were restored to their own chamber. But the Battle of Sedan had still to be fought; as, later in the evening, two ladies rushed into the room in a breathless state, and declared that the waiters were murdering each other in the upper corridor. I hurried to the scene, but it had been quelled by our indomitable, courageous, and popular hall porter. 'All right, Mr. Boyd.' 'How have you settled it?'—'Oh, I went in on them, sir, tho' there were seven.' 'Ah, William,' I said, 'your presence had a moral effect.'—'No, sir, that couldn't be, as I havn't much morals of my own; but, tho' I say it, it was sheer good English pluck—Lincolnsheere, if you like—and I'm not a morsel more than five feet three and three-quarter inches high.'

216. *'I have lost all I possessed.'*

My brother and myself were leaving 'Change one afternoon, and passing up Cheapside, then emptying



the City of a portion of its mercantile community, when we observed, opposite Bow Church, a small and mysterious-looking packet fall into the street, expelled intentionally or accidentally from the pocket of some one a short way in front of us. A cabman, who evidently had discovered in its descent that it had a Bank of England appearance, jumped hurriedly from his box, but my brother was before him and secured it, amidst the loud protestations of cabby in regard to a share of the salvage. I hurried forward, as I thought I had seen a small bunch of paper leave the pocket of an old man who, by this time, had got a hundred yards in advance. I said to him, 'Have you lost anything?' His hand was instantly at his pocket, and almost convulsively he exclaimed, 'I have lost all I possessed.'—'All right; come back with me.' We went into a shop, when my brother said, 'Do you recognise this?' It appeared that he knew us by sight. 'Oh, Mr. Boyd, how truly thankful I am; for that, sir, in your hand is all I have been able to save in a long series of years, and is for the purchase of a life annuity of £40, being the amount realised to-day from the sale of £200 Consols.' We fastened up the old man's pocket, in which his money was now replaced (£196 odd shillings) and transferred his snuff-box—which had caused the accident—elsewhere. He was nearly eighty years of age, and had been a clerk in a mercantile house. He called upon us next day to repeat his grateful thanks; and I trust his small annuity, with any little pension he may have had from his former employers, enabled him to pass his few remaining years in peace and comparative comfort.

217. *A Lady's Grievance.*

I was calling upon some friends residing at the north side of the Regent's Park, when the head of the family said she wished to consult me, asking me to walk to the window. 'You see that lad sweeping the crossing; well, he has been at that occupation and spot for years, in fact, since he was a little boy, and we have half fed him during that time with broken victuals, and are often giving him old clothes, &c. In addition to this, my daughter, as well as myself, constantly hand him pence as we cross over. Now you shall hear the return he has made. The other day, I said to him, 'Willie, you are a very good lad.'—'Hi ham, ma'am.' 'I have known you, Willie, a great many years.'—'You as hindeed, ma'am.' 'And I have always been kind to you, Willie.'—'Hi knows that, ma'am.' But from this reply it appeared to my friend that Willie suspected some favour was about being asked, as his voice suddenly lost much of its flexibility. 'Now, Willie, you do not attend to that puddle.'—'Hi does, hindeed, ma'am.' 'No, Willie, you do not: as my daughter and myself are usually covered with mud if a carriage is passing at the time, and you have frequently seen it occur.'—'Vell, ma'am, hi vont say hi aint.' 'Now, Willie, I wish to make a bargain with you.'—'Werry good, ma'am.' 'I shall pay you every Saturday, threepence (3d.) provided you sweep away the puddle; for I observe, and my daughter also, and we cannot account for it, that even in hot and dry weather there is mud or water

in that particular part of the road.'—'Werry true, ma'am, for hit's a vonderful place for a olding hof damp.' 'Well, then, my daughter or I will pay you (3d.) three-pence every Saturday, provided you promise for the future to keep the puddle clean and dry. Willie.'—'Yes, ma'am.' 'Why cannot it be filled up?'—'There be no use votsomdever hin a-trying that, coz, ma'am, ve vonce did.' 'But, Willie, you have not answered my question.'—'Vell, ma'am, to tell you plain' (putting his broom under his arm, and assuming a much more independent attitude than he had ever done previously), 'hit can't, ma'am, be done for the money.' 'You are very ungrateful, after all my kindness to you.'—'Hise sorry you thinks that o' me, ma'am. No, ma'am, hand you must see it your hownself, that three pennorth a week von't at all pay me by no manner o' means.' The widowed lady, after laying the foregoing statement of her case before me, asked me how she should act with Willie, whom we had then in view, plying his avocation very industriously. 'Well, I said, 'I have some difficulty in advising you.' 'Would you like me, as I am on speaking terms with Willie, to talk over the proposal seriously with him?'—'On no account whatever, as he would presume immensely if you took up the question on our behalf; his self-importance is too great as it is.' 'Then I should at once recommend, as an initiatory measure, the screw being put on Willie by stopping the supplies from your larder.' 'Oh, that will not do, for the ungrateful creature is becoming rich; and our cook finds him now fastidious in his tastes, and much inclined to turn up his nose at our broken victuals, for

which at one time he was so thankful.' 'This,' I said, 'only surrounds the case with greater difficulties than I anticipated, as I thought the ejection of Willie from all future connection with your kitchen would have been successful; but as we are foiled in that, we must view and consider the matter calmly from this window, as it seems to me that one of Willie's chief sources of income is derived from keeping the puddle *an open question*, for observe how gracefully he escorts and protects his lady clients past it. Nothing can be more successful; therefore, assuming at a moderate computation, that the puddle yields Willie (5s.) five shillings a-week, it would be unreasonable to expect him, by accepting your (3d.) threepence, to sacrifice (4s. 9d.) four shillings and ninepence.' I could not resist quietly talking to Willie on the point, and he at once saw I had laid hold of the main issue, and he made out so strong a case for himself that I am inclined to think he conceded nothing to my friends; for while I remained in London, some three years after this, I observed that Willie had increased in height, and apparently in prosperity, while his puddle had neither increased nor diminished.

218. *At what age should a child be taken by its  
Parents to Church?*

A difference of opinion existed between my father and mother as to the proper age at which a child should be first taken to church; but it was a point my mother considered within her own especial prerogative,

and on which she never consulted her husband. I appeared (so I am told) before our tailor at Newton Stewart on the Monday, my mother having suddenly discovered in me some mental qualities developing themselves, which she considered authorised her to take me on the following Sabbath to church. My father's astonishment was extreme in seeing me on the Sunday morning in a high state of excitement, exhibiting my new clothes to all members of the family and to the domestics, while announcing the fact, 'that mamma was to take me to church.' In those days our service was terribly long, even for adults, and dangerously so for children; for our most worthy and excellent clergyman, the Reverend James Black, Doctor of Divinity, deemed it—spiritually speaking, I suppose—better that his country hearers, some of them living six or seven miles from the church, should not be obliged during the interval of divine worship to dine or lunch in town with the members of their families; and therefore, to obviate this, he gave right-on-end two sermons of about forty-five minutes each, so that our service was necessarily a long one. During our drive to church my father had me on his knee, and I understood that he remarked, but more for my mother's edification than mine, 'Poor child, how can he go through this?' Then followed some premonitory advice, 'Now, my dear, you must be very quiet.' During the prayers and singing, I was all my fond mother could desire. She considered me, as little boys averaged, a tolerably good one, but still better in church, of which my behaviour that day down to a particular point was a

proof. The selection of the text was truly unfortunate for the peace of mind, not only of Doctor Black and of my mother, but of all the loyal and religious subjects of King George III., assembled that day in the parish church of Penninghame, for no sooner had our worthy pastor closed his prelude, 'My Christian brethren, you will find the subject of the following discourse in the —— chapter of the Gospel of Saint Mark, — verse,' than up I started, breaking through all maternal constraint, and from the front of the little family gallery of our old church—now removed for a handsome edifice—I called out at the top of my voice, as I thought my name was interfered with, 'No Mark me.' Clergyman and congregation, as I have heard the scene described, were entirely upset, and so far as numbers went, Mr. Sothern, as Lórd Dundreary, was scarcely greeted with a heartier laugh than what I had unconsciously created. I was pushed down to the bottom of the pew by my mother, who instantly administered sugar-plums and sugar-candy, with which she had come prepared in case of accidents, and so long as they held out I believe I was silent; but many a hard struggle, when the comfits had ended, ensued between my mother and myself to keep me quiet, as I felt anxious again to present myself to the public eye, and I occasionally succeeded in popping up my head. My father collapsed, and never once ventured to look up until the service was over; but on the way home he was so cruel as to say to his wife, whose face, I believe, had never previously been seen so rubicund, 'So much for taking a child to church.' After this escapade I

was suspended from church attendance for the period of eighteen months.

219. *A Midshipman's Experience of the British Navy in entering the Service ninety-seven years ago.*

My father-in-law had, for the amusement of his sons—one now a vice-admiral, another who died a captain in the Service—sketched out his experiences as a midshipman; and a few extracts from his manuscript may not be uninteresting to youngsters about to commence a naval career, as showing what was the probationary *curriculum* of a midshipman on entering the Service in 1778.

My relative writes as follows:—

‘I was born in 1768, and my entrance to the Service was on board the “Fame,” commanded by my father’s old friend, Captain Colby, when she was ordered to the West Indies. Captain Colby thought me too young for such a climate, and that it was unnecessary to put King George the Third to the expense of burying me within the palisades of Port Royal, and I was returned to school, where I remained until one wet blowing day in November, 1780, my father took me off in a Scarborough coble to H.M.S. “Camel,” commanded by his old friend and messmate, the late Admiral John Pakenham. It blew fresh, and my Pater remained on board all night. Until the sea-sickness was got over everything went on well; but some observations from the first lieutenant alarmed me, such as “My young donkey, you have begun to cut grass too

soon ;" and from the mids, "Look out for a squall." Under advice I put away my gloves and used my pockets to keep my hands warm. But as the mids' walk was under the lee of the mizen stay-sail, the cutting wind from it made me at times take a hand out of my pocket to see whether it was chapped or not. This was not unobserved by my father's friend, who surprised me by calling "George (a favourite old quartermaster), bring the wash-hand-basin, soap, and towel to clean that youngster's hands ; they are dirty, I believe." George appeared with *tar-bucket*, *grease*, and *oakum*, which, like Peter in the Tale of the Tub, I was to believe *water*, *Windsor soap*, and *damask towel*. I was obliged to submit to the ceremony. George consoled me while undergoing the operation, that others got hands and faces too occasionally washed.

'My worthy captain's plan of punishment to youngsters for petty neglects was rather peculiar—the gaff-end, where he would order us without regard to weather for three or four hours at a time. Our mizen top-sail braces led there, and as they were all we had to trust to, it was very unsafe in any sea ; and not until an accident happened was it abandoned, when we were indulged with the mast-head.

'From the North Sea we were ordered to Portsmouth, and from thence to join the "Centurion" as convoy to a large fleet of merchantmen for America.

'Soon after getting into blue water on our western voyage, we youngsters discovered in a sly corner, neatly covered with green baize and red fringe, an article having several tails to it. As we had witnessed the



use of a similar article naked, we were at no loss in knowing it to be called after the *feline species*, and its decorations led us to suspect it was not to be profaned by common hands, or used "before the mast." This discovery, and seeing a piece of baize fitting to one of the cabin guns, caused no little alarm amongst us. Our forebodings proved true. It was the practice of the captain, during our absence at dinner or other service, to displace parts of the rigging, or put something out of order. On returning, if he was seated at his table, we knew a squall was brewing. "The wind is a point before the beam, trim yards," calling to one of us; "there's something amiss, things are not in order."

'The first who discovered the defect instantly went to him, and, without speaking, wrote down what we thought he alluded to. Anyone slow in finding it out received a box in the ear, and no wine after dinner. He would often keep his eye on us when splicing, strapping blocks, &c., and bestow his approbation or "rewards" accordingly. But on deck, when duty was going on, nothing would please him.

'The mids gave him as much of the deck to himself as possible, but some of us were certain to come in contact with either his trumpet, hand, or a rope's end, in the size of which he was not particular; then Lieutenant Paddy Hayes, a stout, strapping Irishman, came in for his share of squalls, but in words only. "I am a sailor, every inch of me, Sor," Hayes would say. "You may be a sailor, sir, but by *Jove* you are no seaman, as I have often told you."

'After a time Hayes began to exercise himself

upon us mids *à la Pakenham*, when the captain was not on deck. We considered this too hard, and at last complained to our captain, who took his lieutenant to task for it, but was cut short by "I'm only following your example, sir." From that day until Paddy Hayes left us, it was useless, when both were on deck, to attempt avoiding Scylla—indeed, our captain's hand and strokes were the lighter of the two.

'I had escaped for some time "The Lady in Green," as the cat was called, but it came to my turn at last. I had been up a small creek after an American galley, which we surprised and set fire to. In returning I had to load with wood and water, when the coxswain, one of our best seamen, deserted to the Americans. On discovering my loss I was strongly tempted to walk off too. Calamities rarely come single: before reaching the ship I got foul of a vessel, and the boat's mast was carried away. It was now too late to follow my coxswain, or I certainly should have done so. To wind up my misfortunes, I found I had loaded the boat too deep, for she sank under us just as we got alongside. My fate was soon decided—I was called into the cabin; there stood "my father's friend," his servant, and George, mutes and ministers of punishment. My story told against me. "Tie him up to the gun." The green cloth was spread for my accommodation, and "my father's friend" bestowed the benefit of his flogging abilities upon me. I tried hard to avoid crying out, otherwise he might have left off. "What, you are sulky, are you? I'll drive the sulks out of you." And so he did. Another dozen followed, stop-

ing in the middle of it to comfort me with, "You young rascal! if it wasn't for the regard I have for my old messmate, your father, I would not take all this trouble with you." This was not the only time by several he manifested his regard for my father in a similar way, in which I should have felt "more honoured in the *breach* than the observance." Indeed, I had otherwise further proofs of his regard, for he always performed upon me himself, whereas George sometimes acted as his sub. on my messmates, and they used to declare they considered themselves in luck on such occasions, as they would rather receive two dozen from the deputy than one from the principal. However, an end to this took place on my return to England, when the "Camel" was paid off, and I changed the scene of my services for two or three ships which offered nothing of this description or much worth mentioning. I now pass to His Majesty's ship "Druid," commanded by Captain Joseph Ellison (Jock, as we used to call him). He had as nice a set of lads as ever mustered on a quarter-deck, full of life and mischief. I do not believe even "my father's friend" could have managed us, for the day of cat and rope's end had gone.

' We liked Jock, but he had not a very quiet life of it. A fortnight seldom passed without some mischief bringing us all ranged in his cabin before him, when after working himself up for a battle, he generally began with "Ar'n't you a parcel of d—d rascals?" Sometimes we would dispute the position, when banishment to watch, and watch on the tops was the

result, or after an argument we would soften him down and part good friends. At other times, if our offence was rank, the "Ar'n't you a parcel of d—d rascals?" was answered "Yes, sir." Jock could not stand this, and after a grumbling turn or two, his choler would soften down with "There, now there's good boys, go to your duty, and don't do so again."

'At Falmouth we came up and slowly passed the "Hebe," His Royal Highness the Prince William Henry's ship (our future Sailor King), to the great joy of Jock, who was seen rubbing his hands with ecstasy. However, on Sunday morning, the "Hebe" near us, we mids had all been sent aloft as a punishment—one at each yard, mast-heads, booms, spritsail yard—even royals,—in fact, every part where one could be placed. All was quiet for a time (Jock below) when by previous arrangement, a stave of "Rule Britannia" was given by one "piano," then out burst a general chorus. In the midst of the consequent consternation the Prince came on board, and from the joyous manner His Royal Highness treated the rebellious conduct of the "d—d rascals" it passed off.

'While His Royal Highness was on board he met an old shipmate, vulgarly called a sailor's wife. She introduced herself to the Prince, who recollected her carrying powder to one of the guns in Admiral Rodney's action, when he completely defeated Langara's fleet off Cape St. Vincent in 1780. She went by the name of *Rodney*. His Royal Highness being desirous of bestowing some mark of his bounty on *Rodney*, and his purse having taken the ground at *ebb tide*, he had recourse to

our Second-Lieutenant Bryce for a guinea for the occasion. This was an unfortunate meeting for *Rodney*, as she sustained the loss of two teeth which her friend Jack knocked out upon some quarrel in reference to her familiarity with royalty.

‘The Prince next had the command of the “*Andromeda*,” while the “*Druid*” was lying near her in Plymouth Sound. Our quarter-deck lads had the mizen-top sail, top-gallant sails, and royals to handle on furling sail. I was one of the bunters of the mizen-top sail, and one day the Prince came on board just in time for “one toss more for His Royal Highness,” to his great amusement, but *Jock’s* great annoyance. It was alleged that “*Liberty Street*” was a part of the coast of Plymouth Dock the Prince knew the soundings of as well as the best pilot among us. There was one Joseph Abraham on the quay, who the Plymouthians said was a useful man to His Royal Highness; indeed, report went so far as to say he was the Prince’s *uncle*. This I know: Moses had the King’s arms over his shop, with “*Slopseller to His Royal Highness Prince William Henry*” done in gold letters, &c. (*Pero bastante d’esto.*)’

#### 220. *A Fair Start.*

The late Mr. W. Watt, of Bishop-Burton, Yorkshire, who possessed much humour, great information, and more than an average amount of descriptive power, related to me an amusing incident from the banks of the Humber. The first flight of woodcocks was looked

for in his district with an interest somewhat akin to the advent of the St. Leger. Something had occurred in the outer world to delay the arrival of those interesting visitors, and the reverend rector was giving his country parishioners a sermon (I hope it was a week-day), when a man bawled into the church at the top of his voice, 'They've coombed at last.'

A masonic or other sign passed up from the clerk to the parson, who ordered the doors of the sacred edifice to be at once locked, and the sermon had its fair proportions curtailed by five minutes or more.

The instant the service came to a close, the parson hurried into the vestry. This sanctum served many purposes; for besides being the receptacle of his canonical robes, and his office for attesting marriages, births, and deaths, it was also the depository of his shooting dress, gun, &c. After a fabulously short interval of seclusion he reappeared, gun in hand, and otherwise equipped *à la chasse*. This was the signal for unlocking the door. Apparently the clerk recalled a precedent in the famous Cornish wreckage case (where the pastor objected to having his own share of flotsam and jetsam anticipated by his too eager flock), for while preparing to liberate the still imprisoned congregation, 'Coom,' observed he, 'you've noo all got a fair start.'

221. *The Rev. Dr. Duncan, the distinguished Professor of Hebrew in Glasgow University.*

This great scholar in worldly affairs frequently betrayed such absence of mind as to create vast amuse-

ment amongst his friends. A serious *lapsus memoriae* occurred when he was minister of a parish near Glasgow. He had to marry a couple of some distinction, in accordance with the usual Scotch rule, at the mansion of the bride, a few miles from his own manse.

Mrs. Duncan had finished her own toilette for the gay wedding, before coming down to breakfast; but the Doctor had not, and the moment the repast was over, she desired her dear husband to go to his room and make himself look smart, and lose no time in doing so. As her *gudeman* did not make his appearance, and 'the time was up,'—for she looked at her clock—all the horrors of Scottish superstitions relating to marriage flashed before her; 'the minister too late,' she exclaimed, 'would be the death of this marriage.' Some abstruse Hebrew passage had no doubt driven from his thoughts the consideration that he had that forenoon a matrimonial link to clench; and further it is presumed to have had the effect of turning, with him, day into night, for the horror of his wife may be conceived, as on entering the chamber she found that the Doctor had undressed and gone to bed. Amongst other good stories against the reverend and accomplished divine, is one relative to an exchange of clerical duty with a brother clergyman, whose parish was at some distance. The Doctor started on the Sunday morning, after an early breakfast, on horseback. There was rather a high wind, and the Doctor, when about two-thirds of the journey had been accomplished, thought of a pinch of snuff; but to save the contents of his olfactory repository, which the wind would have invaded, he turned

his Bucephalus round against the breeze. He accomplished his pinch successfully, but utterly forgot to re-turn his steed. Accordingly on he rode, and at the end of an hour and a-half he arrived at his own church just as the congregation was entering the sacred edifice to hear a sermon from the friend with whom he had exchanged duty.

*222. Church Music.*

I heard my father describe having accompanied his mother, the first Sunday after her arrival in London from Scotland to an Episcopalian church.

The old lady was comfortably seated in the pew some five minutes before the service commenced, but the moment the organ began she started to her feet, and in an audible whisper said to her son, 'Oh, Edward, Edward, let me out; for to profane the house of God with music is very dreadful.'

It was only by assuring her it was the church of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, that she was induced to remain; but the music and a sermon one-third the length she had been accustomed to in Scotland made her discover a Scotch kirk before the following Sabbath. My father had some difficulty in overcoming her scruples to episcopacy, but so profound was her admiration and respect for King George III. and Queen Charlotte, who were, she declared, the model parents of the eighteenth century, that when the occasion arose, she did not object to join their Majesties in prayer at the Chapel Royal, St.



James's, or at Windsor. Had my good old relative survived, no doubt her love and respect would have extended to another royal couple belonging to the nineteenth century.

223. *My first and most Charming Cigarette.*

I joined the steamer at San Lucar, on its passage up the Guadalquivir, and found a distinguished Spanish party from Cadiz, proceeding to a pic-nic at Seville. They were also, as Paddy said of a similar reunion, 'Houlding a *fête champêtre* on board ship.'

I seated myself *en solitude* at some little distance to witness the happy and attractive party. One, that brought before me those oft-quoted lines of Byron in reference to the ladies of Cadiz :

Whose eyes bright as the gazelle,  
Win where they wander, dazzle where they dwell.

It would appear that a brother of one of the young ladies (I was in hopes it was *sua sponte*) sent his sister to me—never was a more charming messenger—who asked me in Spanish if I would like a cigarette. Up to that moment I had never smoked, and almost loathed tobacco, looking upon it 'as the pernicious weed, whose scent the fair annoys.' I rose, and declared in French that she did me great honour. She then manipulated a cigarette, applied the *fusée*, took herself the first puff, and then placed it with that *gracia* so bewitching in the ladies of Andalusia between my lips, and gracefully retired. She now brought her brother up, who

requested me to join their circle. My ascent of the Guadalquivir, and the happy hours I spent in lionizing Seville in the society of my new friends, were amongst the most charming I ever recollect; moreover, I that day smoked several cigarettes with impunity, made by the same fair hands. Although, more than four decades have since passed, I have not gone beyond a cigarette, as I have a never-fading 'reminiscence' of the first of those 'Los Brilliantes cigarettos' I smoked in approaching the city, whose cathedral contains the ashes and tomb of Columbus.

224. *Donald's Grammar.*

'Whaur, Donald, did you get your grammar, to be able to speak to the Queen?'

'It disna matter to you whaur I got ma grammar, the Queen understands it.'

225. '*Madame, pray sit off the door.*'

A humorous friend described to me a scene he had witnessed at a convivial party in China.

Mrs. — an excellent Scotch lady, and one who spoke the vernacular both purely and emphatically, seeing that her friend Madame — (a Parisienne) was exposed to a draught from an open door, begged her to 'sit off the door.' To this Madame — replied, 'I do assure you I am not on *de* door.' 'But you are indeed,' replied the careful and prudent Mrs. —, 'and you must sit

off it.' Madame again assured her friend that she did not sit on *de* door.

Some Scotch visitors who had enjoyed the *jeu des mots*, now explained to Madame that *Scoticè* she was really sitting on the door, and Madame perceiving at last the import of this Scottish idiom, and acknowledging its great value, was only too happy 'to sit off the door.'

226. *Two Linlithgow Baillies returning home from a Symposium of Whiskey-Toddy.*

The moon had thrown her beams over a space of blank ground which the baillies had to cross before reaching their homes, and a slight frost having set in since they commenced sipping their barley-bree at their usual place of resort, the surface of the ground, in the eyes of the two Linlithgow magnates, appeared a sheet of water. One said he would return to the public-house, as he had no idea of fording water at that time of night; but his friend declared that 'naething should stap him, as he maun gang hame to the wife and the bairns.' Accordingly he sat down as best he could, and took off his shoes and stockings. His colleague said he would wait to see how he got across; and when well started he called out, 'Div ye find it deep?'—'No it's no the least deep, but its awsomey cauld.'

227. *The Reverend Dr. Croly.*

Meeting the reverend gentleman, as I often did in society, I one evening made him laugh heartily by

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describing how he had won the admiration of two Scotch friends of mine, who had accompanied me to hear him preach, even before he had entered the pulpit.

‘Well,’ said the reverend Doctor, ‘you do puzzle me, as I am only too thankful to know I am attractive in the pulpit, not being in the least aware of the point of attraction out of it.’

But I assured him it was so, and would therefore explain. My friends, with myself, were sitting in the aisle of the Doctor’s church in Wallbrook (also attractive as a *chef-d’œuvre* of Sir Christopher Wren), having reached it terribly late, and while the reverend and highly gifted scholar and divine was in the vestry previous to the sermon. On his way to the pulpit he observed me and stopped. ‘Can you not get a seat?’ I whispered that I had two friends with me, on which he turned round to the clerk and desired him to put us into a pew.

Whenever my friends spoke of Doctor Croly as a preacher, the anecdote of the pew was never omitted. ‘It was really verra ceevil o’ the Doctor to see us accommodated wi sates, coming into the kirk so shamefully late, which naething can justifie, and at the moment he wus ganging up to the poupit. Probably there’s no anither clergyman in London would hae dune what he did.’

I then assured the accomplished divine that my countrymen were even more delighted with him in the pulpit than in the aisle.

228. *Alarming Intelligence on the Approach of the  
12th of August.*

My two elder brothers had been sent by my father with their tutor for the months of June and July to travel in France, Belgium, and Holland—a grand tour fifty years ago—but under one special injunction, to return home before the 12th of August. Though my father was not himself a sportsman, he wished them to meet some English friends who were coming to enjoy grouse shooting, and which for my part of Scotland was excellent. As in addition to his own—comparatively limited—he had the exclusive privilege of shooting over the late Marquis of Bute's extensive moors in Wigtonshire, which his visitors and sons enjoyed for a series of years. I may add that the liberal marquis levied no rent for all this shooting, which now (1874) yields some hundreds per annum. The young tourists, in obedience to the parental command, embarked at Rotterdam on the 30th of July on board a Scotch trader for Leith. They had been already six days at sea, when their vessel was hailed by a Northumbrian brig, whose captain through his speaking-trumpet accosted the Scotch skipper with a question which instantly raised the latter to a state of great wrath and excitement. 'Sandie, do you think you'll find your way this time to Leith?' It would appear that Sandie had been sixteen days on the previous passage. This worthy's emphatic reply was, 'Geordie' (the *sobriquet* given to north of England ship-masters by their Scotch

brethren) 'ye're naething but a d——d flamingo.' He then turned to his passengers, whom the above question had inspired with an alarm shared probably to the greatest extent by my brothers and their mentor in view of their appearance in Galloway on or before the 12th of August, and besought the ladies and gentlemen on board 'no to gie ony heed' (not to pay any attention) 'to what that blackaviced collier captain had said, for I can gie ye ma law-borris' (pledge) said Sandie, 'that those fallows oot o' Newcastle and Shields, heich (high) and low o' them, are the maist self-opiniated set that ever went afloat.'

After this outburst of depreciating criticism, to which the assembled passengers had listened with attentive anxiety, up went the speaking-trumpet. 'I'll tell you what, Maister Geordie, ye d——d flamingo, ye hae ourlouped (overleapt) yersel this time, and I'll mak ye answer for't the neist (next) time I catch ye ashore, and it's weel for ye I dinna gang to ye the noo.' To which Geordie replied, 'Never mind me, Sandie—but keep your temper and look after the wind.'

It was a dead calm, and as the language exchanged, particularly Sandie's, was most unrefined, and not suited for ladies' ears, it was fortunate when the two vessels could no longer be hailed. During the afternoon, Sandie and his mate were observed walking the deck in a very serious frame of mind, carrying on in audible whispers something most confidential. The only words not in a subdued tone, and which Sandie was evidently desirous should once at least in every five minutes reach the ears of his passengers, were,

‘D——d flamingo.’ The knowledge of the sixteen days’ previous passage from Rotterdam to Leith—now patent to the passengers—had created most painful feelings in the breasts of both captain and his first officer, for it involved two charges;—either that the vessel was not a clipper, or that the two executive officers were sadly deficient as navigators. What additionally amused the returning tourists of both sexes was, that whenever their conversation flagged, Sandie kept telling Jock, the mate, ‘to whistle for a wond’ (wind). That night a strong wind did spring up, but unfortunately it was foul; however, Sandie beat up against it, reaching the Firth of Forth, and landing his passengers at Leith *this time* in ten days. They had good reason for quiet mutual congratulation on the ‘rubbing up’ administered to Sandie by Geordie.

229. *Roger Rock.*

Rock, of whom I have already spoken in my ‘Reminiscences,’ was a good and genuine type of the Irishman, in the class to which he belonged, where, if kindness and protection were shown, I have never met with ingratitude. His excellence and trustworthiness were founded on an experience of fifteen years; but he was so unlike the Englishman and Scotchman in the same walk of life, that I often tried to detect, but unsuccessfully, how an inhabitant of one of the British Isles could possess characteristics so foreign to another.

When he first came to me, well recommended, it was with difficulty I could restrain from a hearty

laugh. I asked him what he considered were his qualifications. He at once declared himself to be a 'forst-rate body sarvant and valet; and, sor, without maning any offence, if a little bit of Frinch is naded at any time, I can go in for it, yer honour, as I think it right to mintion that I picked up a fairish quantity of that iligant language when travelling abroad with my lord. I may also till you, sor, in a confidential manner, that it is the forst time I have iver been out of a nobleman's sarvice.' On hearing this, and the marked condescension and preference he was showing me by descending from the purple, I told him it was not too late to cancel his engagement with me, as I had no expectation whatever of Her Majesty creating me a peer, or even a baronet, or a lord lieutenant's knight. 'Och sure, sor, you're not the gintelman at all, at all, to be after taking a lord lifftenant's knighthood; not a bit of it, sor; but still, yer honour, I would rather sarve you than any gintilman I ever saw, and I thought I would jost tell yer honour, without any other maning, that I have always been accostomed to high life, and, sor, you may be rather plaised to hear this.' 'I presume, Rock, you come from the neighbourhod of Cork' (as I ascribed his persuasive powers to having been fostered at or near the old Castle of Blarney.) 'No, sor, I'm a county of Roscommon man.' I was puzzled to discover what my own qualifications could be to entitle me to so distinguished a preference, and I remained unenlightened until a little bird communicated an important fact, that the future Mrs. Rock was a near neighbour of mine.



230. *Sir Jonathan Trelawny, Baronet, Bishop of Winchester.*

It may be new to a portion of my readers that this prelate was a proverbial swearer, and the Dean expostulated with him. 'Really, my Lord Bishop, your swearing has reached a point that is causing very just and severe comments, and you should check it.'—'Don't you know,' said the Bishop, 'that when I swear, it is as Sir Jonathan Trelawny, Baronet; not as Bishop of Winchester.'

231. *'Don't interfere with the Liberty of the Subject.'*

I had laid hold of a pickpocket in the Toledo, Naples, who had captured my handkerchief, when I heard, at a short distance behind me, in a loud voice, 'Don't interfere with the liberty of the subject.' My countryman, a stranger to me, came up, to whom I explained that the fellow had my handkerchief in his cap; this I managed to knock off, when out it dropped. 'Pick it up, and let him go.' He told me, as an old resident in Naples, that had I prosecuted I might have been detained a month or more; and in all probability, before the case had been adjudicated, I should be lying in the Campo Santo, as some *caro amico* or *cara amica* of the accused would be on the look-out for me in going to or returning from the opera, and I should be stabbed. Although I wished to bring to justice this subject of the then King of the two Sicilies, Naples,

and Jerusalem, still, the peculiar mode in which I might be interrupted in my ingress or egress from the San Carlo was so pointed, that I was compelled to seek immediate shelter under the words (always at hand) of the witty and learned Lord Robertson, when he found himself on the horns of a dilemma. 'If there is anything which I am bound as a man of honour to maintain, I beg leave to retract.'

Within a fortnight of this little affair in the Toledo, I had a horrifying opportunity of witnessing the brutal use of the knife in the Corso at Rome.

One Sunday afternoon, I was passing down the Corso, and at the corner of the Via Condotti I found two middle-aged women of the lower class, neatly dressed, each wearing a white apron, engaged in a loud dispute. I had just reached the scene of fracas, when one of them, from beneath her apron, pulled out a knife, and before there was a possibility of seizing the wretch's hand, plunged it into the stomach of her opponent. The stream of life ebbed in two or three minutes. This female assassin, with seeming indifference, put the knife under her apron and walked away so deliberately that I presume she knew she was not to be interfered with. A French priest who was next to me when the assassination occurred, looked at his watch—it was half-past three, the Corso thronged with promenaders, but more than half-an-hour elapsed before the body was taken possession of by a party of military police. During this interval the husband and children arrived, and a scene followed difficult to conceive;—the husband kissing the lips of the deceased,

and the children rolling about in their mother's gore. The priest offered up a prayer for the soul of the murdered woman, and at the conclusion looked at me, conveying to my mind by the expression of his countenance, 'Dost thou not perceive that Rome is a wilderness of tigers?'

Next day I learned from the British Consul that the murderess, who was a Neapolitan, had been conveyed during the night by her friends across the frontier, where she was safe from arrest.

232. *An unusual place in which to carry out an Exchange operation.*

Bill, my father's coachman in Scotland, was a Londoner, and the first time he attended the parish kirk of Penninghame he caused a considerable sensation.

The elders of the kirk had begun to go round from pew to pew with their long-handled wooden ladles to collect 'aumous' (alms) for the poor. Bill had asked a fellow-servant what he should give, and was told a bawbee (a halfpenny). He had a sixpence but no bawbee; and when the ladle was pushed up to him he put the sixpence into it, at the same time laying hold of the ladle with his left hand, when a struggle ensued between the elder and himself; but Bill held it firmly, and with his right hand helped himself, to the immense amusement of the congregation, to fivepence halfpenny in coppers—a rather lengthened operation—notwithstanding the objurgations of the highly irate elder.

233. *When there was no Electric Telegraph.*

An American friend of mine, a distinguished author, who has always something good to tell me, described the respective positions of two rival up-country American newspaper editors.

The editor of the inferior paper was superior to his rival in one respect, inasmuch as, being possessed of a longer purse, he could command at all times horse-express communication with New York and Washington; therefore his paper's deficiency in editorial ability was more than compensated or recouped by early intelligence.

A 'cute Yankee of the district one day entered the private room of the less affluent editor, and warmly condoled with him on the vexation caused him by his opponent's advantage; but he made an important observation which commanded immediate attention. 'I guess I can beat him and sarve you.'—'How?' asked the anxious editor. 'I've got a lot of first-class carrier pigeons which I can sell to you as cheap, or cheaper, as any birds o' the sort in the States, and I can command a lot more, if need be, up to 200.'

The editor jumped at the offer, and the pigeon expresses proved a success, so much so as almost to drive the rival editor wild. The Yankee waited until the pear was ripe, when he paid the express editor a visit. 'I guess, Mr. Editor, I feel very much for you, for that d——d Mr. —— is driving a wonderful trade with his pigeon expresses; but I can beat him and sarve

you, and that pretty sharp.'—'In what manner?' 'Why, by hawks. I have got two dozen tarnation sharp hawks, which I can sell to you as cheap, or cheaper, as any birds o' the sort were ever sold in the Northern States.'

A bargain was at once struck, and a sharp look-out was kept whenever a pigeon was seen to be let loose from the other newspaper office. The hawks did their duty well by generally capturing their quarry.

The Yankee now paid the disappointed editor a visit, so soon as the success of the hawks over the pigeons was an established fact. 'I guess, Mr. Editor, I feel very much for you, for I'm informed that that fellow's hawks are killing your pigeons; and I can make all that square for you, and pretty sharp?'—'What do you mean?' 'Why, Mr. Editor, I've got six eagles which I can sell you a bargain; and if they don't settle matters with the hawks, and that slick, I'm not the man I take myself to be.' 'You are a d——d scoundrel! and if you don't take yourself off, and that pretty quick, I know somebody who will make you.'

234. '*What struck you most in Scotland.*'

A young English lady of my acquaintance had passed two months a few summers since in Scotland, and returned to the south in the highest ecstasy with our scenery. I was anxious to have her opinions of her first Highland tour, as she had travelled rather extensively in Europe, and had also the advantage of having crossed the Atlantic several times. She said, 'Had you asked me what pleased me most in Scotland, I should have entered upon a *catalogue raisonné*, but your

question is, "What struck me most in Scotland?" As I should infinitely prefer giving you, by-and-by, my impressions of the splendid scenery, and of my peregrinations amongst the mountains of Athol and Breadalbane, my visits to your lakes and lochs, your toons and clachans. However, whilst the luggage is being collected (Euston terminus) I must tell you that what *struck me* most, and with horror, was last night witnessing a scene I can never forget, in, on, and around the Perth railway station of not fewer, I was told, than two thousand people, of all ages and sexes, more or less tipsy.'—"Gracious goodness!" I exclaimed, 'you don't mean to say so.' 'I do; but there is the guard who protected me to and from the railway carriage.'

I called to the guard, and asked him if the young lady was correct in stating that there were two thousand, more or less, drunken men, women, and young people at the Perth station last night?

'Weel, sir, there coudna be less than twa thousand; but I should tell you that I never afore saw half so mony fou at Perth on a fair nicht, and I was real vexed that the young leddy should hae seen sae mony lads and lassies in sic a scandalous state.'

The verse of the poet came across my mind, but my patriotism forbade me to quote it, and, moreover, under proper limitations, I admire the Barley-Bree.

Oh, Whisky, thou'rt the greatest curse,  
To soul, to body and to purse;  
Pandora's box held nothing worse  
Than Whisky.

For the next day or two I avoided all allusion to the fair city of Perth, and kept my young friend to her

happy and delightful descriptions of Blair, Killiecrankie, Birnam and Dunkeld.

235. *The Meeting of the Waters.*

‘Now, Paddy, you have driven us here, as you said you would do, to the “Mating of the Waters,” and where are the Waters?’—‘Why, bedad, yer honour, at the present time they are rather low, but lave them alone a coppie of months, and then let yer honour and the ladies pay them a visit, and they’ll be beautiful.’ ‘And am I to take your word for that, Paddy?’—‘Yer honour, they’ll be then full and plenty.’ ‘Paddy.’—‘Yes, sor.’ ‘You and Tommy Moore have swindled us when you got up that story beginning—

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.

‘Are you sure, Paddy, you have driven us the right road?’—‘The devil a doubt of it, yer honour, and sure where else would I be takin’ you? but the saison has all together been a dale too dry.’ ‘Why, Paddy, had you been driving American gentlemen to-day, although they could not have drowned you, they would have smothered you for deceiving them by telling them you had brought them to the “Mating of the Waters.” Why, Paddy, one of their waters, called Niagara, is declared to be “a tarnation considerable bit of a stream for turning an eternity of cotton mills and grinding all the corn in creation.”’—‘Indade, sor, that must be a strame.’ ‘Then, Paddy, I suppose we must pay you at

the end of the day.'—'Auch, sor, that will be all right.' 'But, Paddy, is it all right with your horse?'—'Why, yer honour, he's half a blood horse, and the rest of him's aqually good.' 'Then don't you be jumping down so often, and leaving the reins behind you, for he'll be bolting.'—'Not a bit of it, yer honour, for he is just like a game-cock on his own dung-hape—he'll die before he runs.' 'Paddy, I believe that.'

At the next visit my friends paid to the 'Mating of the Waters' matters had, in harmony with Paddy's augury, improved, although the wish expressed in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' had not been realised—

Let the sky rain potatoes.

Judy was on one side the water, Tim on the other, both anxious to ford it. Judy had that very day mounted her new frieze petticoat, which, looking at what was before her, caused her 'dape' anxiety.

'Tim, I'm calling to you.'—'What is it, Judy?' 'Now, Tim, do spake the truth. Are you married?' 'As sure as you are there, Judy, I am;' and on that assurance Judy crossed the 'strame' without wetting the hem of her garment.

236. *The Biter Bit.*

It is within the recollection of many of us that a former Lord Stanley of Alderley was Postmaster-General, and different influential Manchester families having migrated to the outskirts of Alderley, had for their residential title Alderley-Edge. The noble lord,



however, decreed that the locality should not be known to postal arrangements by any other name than 'Chorley.' Accordingly, official circumlocution and red-tapeism knew and recognised 'Chorley.' The inhabitants were indignant, and insisted upon their locality being called 'Alderley-Edge.' While the contest was raging fast and furious, his lordship invited a party of friends, and told them that the carriages would meet them at 'Chorley.' But the only railway 'Chorley' then was some twenty miles north of Manchester; whereas his lordship's so-called 'Chorley' was some twenty miles south of Manchester. The carriages waited at one 'Chorley;' the friends of the noble Postmaster-General arrived and grumbled at the other 'Chorley.'

*237. The danger of wearing Hessian Boots in hot weather.*

My father was returning by the stage coach to his residence in Surrey one very hot afternoon. There sat opposite to him a young woman with a basket on her knee. When half-way through the journey, he complained to his fellow-passengers of great chilliness, cold feet, &c. This, on so oppressive a day, could only be accounted for from some sudden attack of illness; and while one friend recommended him on reaching home immediately to take a warm bath, another advised a strong glass of hot brandy and water. At this juncture the young woman looked into her basket and exclaimed, 'Oh, lawk, the hice as hall melted!' and she might have

added 'Run, sir, into your boots.' The laugh created caused a sudden reaction, as my parent escaped all material damage on knowing the cause of his chilliness.

238. *A Charity Sermon cribbed under peculiar circumstances.*

A good story is told which I heard recently for the first time related admirably by a gallant general, but as I wish to escape martial law and ecclesiastical censure, I am reticent of names. The eminent divine of whom the story is told—formerly one of London's popular and effective preachers, subsequently a member of the Bench of Bishops. The bishop *in futuro* had an intimate friend, a rector in a suburban county, who wrote to him begging that he would kindly come down to the rectory the following Saturday, and next day preach the forenoon sermon on behalf of a valuable local charity, and that he (the incumbent) would preach in the evening. This was arranged, and the rector had a party to meet his distinguished and reverend friend at dinner on the Saturday. A post-prandial discussion arose on the subject of memory; the London divine stating that his own was unusually retentive, inasmuch as he could, after once listening to a speech or sermon that interested him, almost repeat it verbatim.

The country rector, who had known his friend at college, and had not then discovered in him this quality of the *manet alta mente*, rather ignored those wonderful powers to which his visitor laid claim.

Bedtime arrived, and the reverend host conducted his friend to his room, which was next to his own study, and where the worthy country parson had resolved, now that he was free of his guests, and before retiring to his slumbers, to rehearse the morrow's sermon *ore rotundo*. The result of which was, that the great London preacher lost not one word *ab ovo ad mala*, and decided that his sceptical friend should from his own pulpit have a proof of his mnemonic powers. The announcement of the same text enunciated from the study at midnight, was now given from the pulpit at midday, and the sermon—a very able one—followed without any deviation from what had been spoken at rehearsal.

The clergyman in possession of the pulpit was barely permitted to remain long enough to allow the first section of the congregation to depart, when the almost distracted incumbent beckoned to his friend to descend and follow him into the vestry. ‘In the name of goodness, where did you get that sermon, for that is the very sermon, with the same text, I wrote for this occasion, and it has never been out of my possession?’—‘Well, then, first to ease your mind, there is my sermon, which I have taken some pains with, for you to preach this evening, and I have only paid you off for the doubts you expressed to your visitors last night in regard to my powers of memory, which you afforded me an opportunity of exemplifying in your own church to-day, after repeating your sermon to me at midnight when we should have been both asleep.’

239. *Some of us may have heard of Donald's  
Marriage, some may not.*

'Och, Donald, and you have got married?'—'Och, yes, sir.' 'That's goot, goot, Donald.'—'Och, no so goot as you think, sir, for she was a perfect shrew.' 'Och, that was pad, pad, Donald.'—'Och, no so pad as you think, sir, for she had a little money, and we biggit a hoose.' 'Och, that was goot, goot, Donald.'—'Och, no so goot as you think, sir, for te hoose was purned down, sir.' 'Och, tat was pad, pad, Donald.'—'Och, no so pad as you think, sir, for she was purned in te hoose, and te hoose was weel insured.'

240. *Cleopatra's partiality for the Piano.*

There is (1874) living in Chelsea a Mr. M——, a professor of singing and an accomplished performer on the organ and pianoforte.

It is in the latter capacity that a friend of mine made his acquaintance in 1855, and the intimacy has continued uninterrupted, as he plays on my friend's piano, while the latter accompanies him in a variety of operatic music on his violin. I mention this as introductory to Cleopatra.

One evening my friend observed that the professor was fidgetting with the cuff of his left sleeve, and to his astonishment drew forth a living snake, for which he requested a glass of water. The reptile was very tractable, and a great beauty of its kind. Mr. M——

made much of his pet, and it has often been his travelling companion. His wife too has taken it on her shopping excursions. On one occasion it secreted itself inside this lady's muff, and without any notice appeared upon the counter. What a horror to a nervous shopman!—perhaps an excitable Frenchman.

My friend called lately at the professor's house, and found his menagerie much increased. He has now four snakes; three English, and a boa-constrictor seven and a-half feet in length. He found him in the act of giving then a warm bath in a common circular splash-pan. The boa, Cleopatra, stood much in need of this operation, as she was changing her skin. The food for this creature consists of young rabbits and pigeons; that for the English snakes consists of young frogs, which are procured at the Zoological Gardens for three farthings per head. The professor is very proud of the boa, whom he calls Cleopatra or Cleo. Cleo was out of sorts, so she was placed under medical supervision at the Zoological Gardens. A month elapsed, but her malady remained unchanged. Her keeper stated that she was torpid and in the sulks. At last Mr. and Mrs. M—— paid her a visit, and on the little dwelling of Cleo being opened, she soon recognised her rightful owners, and sprang on the neck of Mrs. M—— and began kissing. The pet was then taken home, where she has remained contented ever since. The boa, as is the case with snakes in general, is fond of music, and if she is lying torpid by the fire, and hears the piano, will instantly take possession of a chair near the instrument.

241. *Both parties suited.*

My gallant and hospitable friend Major —, of —, in the county of Surrey, described to us his late father's extreme partiality for high venison. The popular rector was frequently in receipt of a haunch, and as a matter of course, after an inspection of it, he declared 'that days must pass before it was worth eating.' The Major, then a youth, had an abhorrence of venison the least high: still, paradoxical as it may appear, he encouraged his reverend parent in keeping it; 'for,' added the Major, 'it answered my purpose admirably, as the longer the haunch remained hung up in my mother's larder, the more gentles (*Scotticè* maggots) I got to bait my hooks with for roach.'

242. *'Pray, Ma'am, do you not give your Servants  
no Elevens?'*

We were on a visit at the house of some friends, who the day previous had imported a fresh housemaid, bringing with her an excellent character from her last place. Our agreeable hostess came to us in the drawing-room to tell us that her new housemaid had already resigned. 'She came to me to say that the housekeeper would *not* give her *no* elevens. I asked her what she meant by *no* elevens? "Why, ma'am, bread and cheese with beer at eleven o'clock." "Oh! that is what you call your 'elevens.' Now housemaid, as I give my servants an excellent and substantial breakfast

between eight and nine, and an equally good dinner between twelve and one, and as I have no intention of giving elevens, I fear my place will not suit you." "Oh dear no, ma'am, I can remain in no lady's service who *don't* give no elevens."

243. *Jack at St. Paul's.*

A much esteemed friend of mine, a naval officer, writes to me: 'Here's one I never saw in print. Two jolly tars were one day passing St. Paul's, one of whom was trying to count the statues outside the building, when he remarked to his shipmate, "Why, I allus thought as how there *was* twelve apostles." "Well, *so* there *was*, but you wouldn't have 'em all on deck at once, would you?'"

244. *The worthy old Colonel.*

He had been a quarter of a century in India, and on his return to Scotland was famed for his strict etiquette to all classes.

His man Evans had attended him on a five days' journey from Edinburgh to London,—the gallant old gentleman giving a preference to his own carriage with post-horses rather than to His Majesty's mail coach.

Evans was heard to rail out loudly against East India *aticate*. 'Would you believe it, ma lord, that ma maister, your brither, never *once spok* to me during the five days' travelling. Na, na, confoond such

*aticate.* It may gang doon in the Indies, but it wonna do among us in the North.'

245. '*Div ye no ken that ye're dede?*'

A Scotch friend—a denizen of London—described to me a circumstance that had occurred while he was a boy, which he had never forgotten. Although it raises a smile, it carries with it a concurrent sense of melancholy.

In an ancient royal burgh of Scotland, not a hundred miles from Haddington, dwelt at one period a very respectable man who had reared his family in comfort and was much esteemed by high and low in the district. He was at last discovered to be too frequently indulging in *nips* of whiskey, which soon increased to glassfuls. His health was rapidly giving way, and a medical consultation declared him to be in a state of *delirium tremens*. He was put to bed and his head shaved, and an order given to keep him quiet. Next morning his poor wife, whose patience for a considerable period had been bitterly tried, was watching with her daughters at his bedside, when he suddenly awoke, sat up, and called out, 'Whaur am I, and whaur's ma hair?'—'Haud yer tongue, you puir degraded creature,' exclaimed his wife. 'Div ye no ken that ye're dede?'

246. *Mr. Sterling of Keir, N.B., and his Butler.*

Keir was a very hospitable man—still he liked to look after his own cellar. One day there was a large party, and after a tolerably long sitting, 'one bottle more' was asked for—a request not unusual in Scotland. The bottle not arriving, the bell again rang, when the



butler entered, and, hurrying up to his master, exclaimed, 'I told ye, laird, that ye had gien oot far too little wine.'

247. *Something like a Fright.*

My esteemed Anglo-Hibernian friend M—— described to us, in his usual graphic and humorous style, 'something like a fright' he had in the county of Mayo. He was making a tour, and sought a bivouac for the night at a comfortable-looking roadside inn. Fatigue suggested an early retirement to his chamber, which he found on entering to be in rather an anomalous condition. There was a door, but no lock to it; and as Fenianism had just sprouted into existence, he formed a slight barricade of his small portmanteau, sufficient to give him timely notice of intruders. He then betook himself to bed, and did not require to give the invitation of Sir Philip Sidney, 'Come sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace.' He thinks he had got half through the night, when to his horror he felt the metacarpal part of a human hand pass over his face. Lamb tells us that the cordial grapple is an excellent travelling shake of the hand; but my friend was mentally hand-tied, for as he described his sensations, the perspiration burst through every pore, exceeding in copiousness anything he had ever experienced in a ball-room after a ten minutes' rapid *deux temps*.

'Fortunately,' said he, 'my powers of utterance were perfect, for I bawled out, "Who are you? What do you want?" I rushed from my bed to the door—the

position of which I recollected; but the "spirit of health, or goblin damned" had fled. My portmanteau was safe, so was my purse. I once more arranged my barricade, and got back to bed; how, I can't tell, as the night was dark as Erebus; and supplementing my reliance on discretion as the better part of valour with the recollection that there was no lock to my door, I deemed it wise to remain quiet between the sheets.

'So soon as daylight appeared, I dressed and hurried round to the stable to see Tim the hostler, to whom I explained all.—"Bad lock to them," exclaimed Tim, "to be after giving a gintilman, the likes of yer honour, that room. That was poor missus—and a right good-looking woman she is, barring she is out of her mind—that came to you. Her husband was drowned last year in the water close by; and poor sowl she's always shure cartain she'll find her dare Dinnis in his ould bed, the one yer honour slept in, and she came to know if he was there. It's mighty locky you did call out, for it might have been a dale worse, as she wouldn't have left you, which would have been altogether ackward for a married gintilman, which you no doubt are." In this Tim was wrong, as my friend is still a bachelor.

#### 248. *Jock Brodie the Poacher.*

An accomplished and humorous friend, connected with my part of Scotland, related to me a conversation he had with Jock. One day passing through a venall or close in Dumfries, he came upon the old man, who had been almost as famous on land, as a freebooter, as

Paul Jones had been on sea. I may mention that the county of Kirkcudbright had the honour of giving birth to both celebrities. My friend found Jock standing at his own door, presenting, to use a legal term, the *remanet* of a wonderfully athletic man. 'Weel, Jock, how are you?'—'I am verra weel, sir, for yin aboon ninety year auld, but you'll excuse me gin I ask yer name.' 'I am. ——'—'Aye, aye,' many circumstances having evidently come suddenly across his mind. 'I kenned yer faither weel, and an excellent gentleman he wus; but I kenned Maister Denholm Young better; never wus a nicer gentleman than Maister Young, nor a keener sportsman, and mair than that, he didna care aboot filling his ain game-bag, for he wus a luik-heartit man and left plenty for a' o' us (the poachers)—that did he.' 'Jock, said my friend, 'I heard Mr. M——, who died a year or two since, talk of you.' Jock's eyes twinkled, and an expression of curiosity, accompanied with humour, illumined his countenance. 'What did Maister M—— say o' me, sir?'—'He said he had known you to be the biggest blackguard in and around Dumfries for seventy years.' 'Weel, sir, I should think it wus just aboot seventy year.' The nonagenarian, who appeared to enjoy the chit-chat, was extremely communicative. 'Weel, sir, you've hard tell nae doot that I wus a great cock fechter in ma day; that's a fact, and I wus tellt there wus a real beauty o' a cock at Mr. ——'s, in the parish of Ruthwell, and ane nicht I gaed doon to Ruthwell and lifted (stole) the cock. I focht twenty mains with that ane cock, and won them a'. Anither nicht I gaed

doon to lift (steal) a wheen o' Mr. ——'s hens and ducks, and had weel near filled ma sack, when Mr. —— slippet oot o' his hoose on me, and said, "Jock Brodie; I never expectit this o' you;" to which I just remarkit, 'Mr. ——, I never thocht ye woud be oot o' yer bed at this time o' nicht.'"

A good story was told against one of the Clan Maxwell, where Jock gained an enviable notoriety, inasmuch as no prosecution followed; the respected scion of the noble house of Nithsdale and Herries having got a hint that no jury would convict Jock, and the verdict would be 'Not proven.' Jock at an early hour of the morning had hooked a large salmon in the river Nith, and was playing it with his usual skill, while Mr. Maxwell, who was on the opposite side, kept pelt-ing stones at Jock's line, so as to defeat him in landing his fish. Jock, however, succeeded; when he instantly waded across to Mr. Maxwell, whom he took by the breech and pitched him into the river; then recrossed, took up his salmon and fishing-rod, and went home. But on one occasion, Jock met with more than his match in Charles, fifth Marquis of Queensberry, who had brought him into Court for some infringement of the Game Laws. The Marquis, whom I very well recollect, both in Scotland and in London, at our Dumfriesshire and Galloway Club, was a broad-chested, strongly-built man, and had no doubt taken lessons in pugilism, in accordance with the fashion of the period. Jock was not convicted, and at some short distance from the Dumfries Court House he espied the Marquis ahead of him. Jock, who was in the highest glee at his unex-

pected success, hurried after the noble lord, and gave him an emphatic push in passing. Lord Queensberry was immediately aggressive; for he planted two such blows into the most approved spots of Jock's neck and chest as to send him sprawling in the gutter, and the effects were such that Jock was too glad to slink off.

When twitted about the licking he had received, Jock's reply was, 'Tak ma advice, and keep clear o' the Marquis's nieves (fists), for by ma faith he kens weel hoo to use them.'

#### 249. *Why he disliked Pork.*

My friend, with his nephew, had passed a fortnight with a Shropshire squire. A visitor, on the day he was to leave, asked him to take charge of a couple of pigs to So-and-so's, assuring him that, as they were in a sack, they would give him no trouble whatever. Accordingly he and his nephew arrived at the railway station and took tickets for Shrewsbury; but the pigs were not acknowledged as personalty, and five shillings had to be paid. At Shrewsbury my friend took tickets for Wolverhampton, and the pigs being still unacknowledged as luggage, another five shillings had to be paid. On the arrival of the train at Wolverhampton the pigs were observed scampering across the platform, having escaped from their sack, and as two or more porters were required in the capture, a *solatium* had to be paid to the porters. A distance of some miles had now to be driven into the country in a cab; and my friend's nephew, being a good coachman, recommended his

uncle to consign the pigs to the care of the coachman inside the cab, and that they should occupy the box-seat. They had scarcely cleared the busy town of Wolverhampton, when a murderous scream was heard from the inside of the cab; one of the pigs having bitten the coachman severely on the calf of the leg. The poor man had to be compensated, his doctor's bill to be paid; and if that, concluded my friend in relating the story, is not enough to alienate one's taste from pork, he did not know what would.

250. '*Dash*,' the Marlborough Spaniel, saving the life of a poor little Chimney-sweeper.

Great indignation had been created in my part of Kent at the brutality of a master chimney-sweeper towards his little apprentice, engaged in sweeping the flues of Belvidere, one of the seats of the late Lord Saye and Sele, at that time absent.

I had been from home for some weeks, and on my return had gone for a couple of hours cover shooting, accompanied by Warner, the keeper, and Dash; but I was requested to allow the latter to be our leader on the occasion, as Warner informed me that Dash had something to explain to me in his own way. In the meantime Warner, an excellent man, but quite an original, commenced telling me, in the purest suburban Cockneyism, that his mother had often told him he had a more feeling heart than any of her other children; and he proceeded to say that his mother was about right, although he believed there was little to complain of in

that way with either his brothers or sisters, for, as he described it, 'we were all fond of each other, and no young ones ever liked father and mother better; and, sir, where you find children like their parents and are attached to each other, there's not much wrong, depend on it.'

'But, Warner, what have you and Dash to tell me?'—'All right, sir; there he stands at the very bush. I knew he would take you straight. Well, last Thursday was a fortnight I was coming along, when Dash looks right into that bush and stands. I cocks both barrels for a hare or a rabbit, but neither bolts. I say "Dash, you fool!" and walked on; I look back, there he stands, still looking into the bush with one eye, the other on me. I go back and kicks him—very wrong in me so to do—and brings him off with me. I had got almost to the gate when, never minding me, he bolts back to the bush and stands firm. I say to myself "there's something up," as Dash never did the like of this since we had him; I'll go back, and I shall be jiggered (Warner's select and only oath during my ten years' experience of him,) if I don't examine the bush, for the dog's goings on are very queer. Sir, it was a downright mercy I hadn't fired into the bush, for had I done so you might have seen me swinging at Maidstone. I should have had no one to give evidence for me, and poor Dash couldn't, though he can do everything else but speak. I got down on my knees and pushed in my hand, when, oh law! it came over a human face. Dash now looked all over happy, and I was all over miserable. Well, sir, would you believe it, there lay the poor little

chimney-sweeper I had seen going early on the Tuesday morning to sweep the flues of my lord's mansion. The first was a hot flue; and each time the villain of a master sent up the little fellow down he slipped, half stifled, with his little hands and elbows scorched. Had my lord been at home wouldn't the brute have caught it. Well, the poor little creature watches his chance, and jumps or throws himself out of the window, and gets into my lord's wood, but never stops until he hides himself in this bush. There he had lain all Tuesday and all Tuesday night; all Wednesday and all Wednesday night; and Dash at three o'clock on Thursday afternoon finds him alive. But, sir, I was afraid he might die before I got him home; for I knew that if there was a woman in Kent that would save the poor innocent boy it was Sally Warner. I argued to myself, all in haste, if he dies with Dash and me now, the coroner—tho' he knows me—would be after me; and howsomever I might clear myself, still wicked people—and every gamekeeper has an awful lot of enemies—would be sure to say, "There goes Robert Warner, him that's keeper to Mr. Boyd, and in course you recollect the story of him and the little chimney-sweeper that he said he found dead near the home wood. We say nothing to harm Warner, but it's a good job he knew the coroner." All that and a deal more crossed over my mind, and I said, Dash, we'll go off for Mr. Blane (Superintendent of Police); but Dash didn't exactly understand me, for he gave me such a look when he saw me move from the bush, as much as to say, "Well, I found the little benumbed chimney-sweeper for you



alive, and you're going to leave him to die." I said "Dash, good Dash, by no manner of means. I'm going for the policeman as knows you well," but Dash would not leave the bush. I got Blane in the nick of time, and we carried the poor little boy turn and turn about to my house. "Sally," said I, "here's the little chimney-sweeper that couldn't go up the red-hot flue at my lord's."—"My gracious," said Sally, "let me have him. Sit down, Mr. Blane, until I rub him. Robert, put on the kettle this very moment, and bring out the grits that I may make some gruel. He's coming all right, Mr. Blane," said Sally, "with the rubbing. Robert, get a blanket and pillow out, and put them before the fire in the back room." This was done, and the little fellow was rolled up in the blanket, his head on the pillow, and placed at a little distance from the fire. Sally was making the gruel, which was almost ready, when I looked into the room, when I'm jiggered if the starving child wasn't gathering the crumbs off the table where Sally and I had dined. When I called out to Sally and told her this she held up her hands to Heaven, and said, all solemn, "Thank God, he's saved!" Blane and Dash were looking on at this very time.'

'Now, Warner, I don't care about shooting this afternoon; so proceed with your narrative, as I feel much interested.'

'We made him very comfortable all that night, and he was so grateful. In the morning Sally washed him from head to foot, and he was such a beautiful boy, and Sally, having none of her own, wished to keep him so that you might see him, but Mr. Blane said No; so I

takes the dog-cart and drives him to London to his parents, telling them to keep their child away for the future from such a brute of a master.'

Warner wound up his story by asking me if the Queen did not give a medal for each human life saved : 'For if Her Majesty does,' said Warner, 'Dash shall wear the medal, for he saved the life, and after Dash my Sally.'

Shortly after this, to his bitter grief, Warner accidentally shot Dash in cover ; and very soon the tomb closed also upon Warner, who was carried off by cholera in the prime and vigour of manhood.

251. *How to be understood in Belgium.*

Between Antwerp and Brussels I came upon a fellow-countryman who was loudly remonstrating with a Belgian for not understanding him. At last he bawled out to the man, 'Waterloo!' then turned round and ran away for a hundred yards. 'Le brave Belge' comprehended this at once, and laughed heartily.

252. *Immutability.*

An American member of Congress, addressing his constituents, said : 'My political principles are immutable ; still, should you, my kind friends, wish me to change them, I am quite prepared to do so.'

253. *Asking a Blessing before Meat as we term it in Scotland.*

A Scotch parson, who was fond—as most of us are—of his creature comforts, when requested by the host or hostess to ‘ask a blessing’ before dinner, always took a good look at the table—this was prior to the introduction of *le dîner à la Russe*—and if the result was satisfactory would turn hands and eyes up to heaven. ‘Bountiful Lord, we thank thee,’ &c., &c. But, if the prospect was a meagre one, he would content himself with, ‘O Lord, we thank thee for even the *least* of all thy mercies.’

254. *Scotch Economy.*

Mr. — had a son in the Scots Greys who was killed at Waterloo. One day the old gentleman was met fully attired in the uniform of an officer of the Greys. ‘Good gracious!’ said his friend, ‘where did you get this grand dress?’—‘Well, it came out of a trunk of my poor son’s, and I thought it a pity not to wear it out.’

255. *Watch as well as Pray.*

There was an excellent Scottish gentleman farmer whose talent and worth were rewarded by a seat in St. Stephen’s. I must observe that this high authority in agriculture was a strong opponent to game preservation; still, an especial admirer of game as an item of human food. He frequently—so I am told—breakfasted in

bed; and the son of an English squire, one of his agricultural pupils, had just entered the dormitory to hear the orders of the day at the moment of the breakfast being placed before the still recumbent Cincinnatus, whose eye had fixed itself on the gem of the repast, a cold partridge. A long grace now commenced, but ere it ended, the partridge had flown. 'Whatever has become of my bird?'—'Why, sir,' said the pupil, 'I was afraid to interrupt you while you were engaged in prayer,—but Juno, the greyhound, took it.' 'Weel, weel, it canna be helpt; but, ma young friend, recollect that we are told in Scripture to watch as well as to pray.'

## APPENDIX.

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27 Hyde Park Square, London: Jan. 24, 1875.

MY DEAR BOYD,—

As I hear you are about publishing a second series of your excellent book of 'Reminiscences of Fifty Years,' I hope you will not forget to correct the mistakes which I and other of your friends pointed out to you in your laudations of Waghorn. The first duty of an author is to be correct in his statements, and I believe I have given you ample proof that you have committed a great mistake by stating that the merit of proposing and carrying into operation the Overland Route to India, *vid* Egypt, originated with Waghorn.

I was, as you are aware, an eye-witness, as well as an active one, in Egypt, of all that occurred there from the opening of the Overland Route to India from 1835 to 1860, and I know full well all those who took part in it. I say, without fear of contradiction, that the merit of originating the overland communication to India belongs to the Bombay Steam Fund Committee, who induced the Indian Government to send the 'Hugh Lindsay' steamer to Suez several times. This vessel was commanded by Captain Wilson, of the Indian Navy, whose intrepid conduct in navigating a small steamer under the most adverse circumstances proved the practicability of steaming from Bombay to and from Suez, and I say that the merit of establishing practically this portion of the Over-

land Route down the Red Sea belongs to Captain Wilson. I sent you, sometime since, the letter of Mr. Crawford, M.P. for London, published in the *Times*, 22nd November, 1869, completely substantiating these facts, and pointing out further that at the time the Bombay Committee were urging the adoption of the Red Sea Route, *viâ* Egypt, Waghorn was advocating the Route *viâ* the Cape of Good Hope.

In the same letter Mr. Crawford mentions that M. Lesseps was about committing the error of erecting a monument at Suez declaring that Waghorn was the originator of the Red Sea Route, *viâ* Egypt; and, furthermore, that he established the *means of communication through that country*. I felt it my duty publicly to contradict this assertion, and to show that the merit of the latter belonged to two Englishmen (old workmen of ours), Hill and Raven, who would have been ruined by their enterprise if I had not come forward and got them out of the dilemma. I may also state the fact that Waghorn actually opposed Hill and Raven in carrying on the transit for a time, and I was the means of arranging their differences amicably and inducing them subsequently to become partners. Eventually, however, they were all three opposed, and I succeeded in saving them from ruin by obtaining a purchaser for their plant and stock-in-trade, &c. This was the origin of the Egyptian Transit Company in 1843. I ought also to mention, as I did in my letter of 23rd October, 1872, to the *Illustrated London News*, that the merit of establishing the stations in the Suez Desert is also due to the Bombay Steam Fund Committee, and that stations were built at their expense by Hill and Raven.

You have confounded dates in regard to Waghorn's advocacy of the Red Sea Route, which took place *after* Captain Wilson had proved the practicability of steaming to and from Suez and Bombay. I knew well all Waghorn did, and I have no desire to detract from his merit, but it is only fair to do others justice. I contend that all his exertions would have been useless if the Bombay Steam Fund Committee had not

prevailed on Government to establish the steamers after Captain Wilson had practically proved the feasibility of the Red Sea Route.

I am, yours ever truly,

MARK BOYD, Esq.,

R. H. GALLOWAY.

Oatlands, Walton-on-Thames.

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Oatlands, Walton-on-Thames : Jan. 31, 1875.

MY DEAR GALLOWAY,—

I thank you much for your interesting letter of the 24th instant, on the subject of the Overland Route, which I shall publish as an Appendix to my next volume.

Although I do not altogether discard 'hero worship,' I had no intention, I assure you, of elevating Thomas Waghorn at the expense of others. My anecdote in my book of 'Reminiscences' was more a *jeu d'esprit* than anything else; for, during the few years I knew Waghorn, I was sometimes out of temper with him; and your letter reminds me of an occasion where he would not allow any of us to mount the *rostrum* but himself. In April 1846 I had taken much trouble to call a meeting at the London Tavern to promote steam communication with Australia, and a few days previously I asked Waghorn to dinner, for he being a lion I wished him to be present at the approaching meeting. He entered heartily into the question; and, his name being attractive, I suggested that the meeting should be designated, 'The Waghorn Australian Meeting.' This delighted him greatly, and the meeting was advertised accordingly. It was the largest gathering—in those early days—of Australian merchants and colonists ever assembled in the City of London. The chair was occupied by Sir George Larpent, and speeches were made by Sir George, the Honble. Francis Scott, M.P., by Waghorn, by myself, and others. But, next day, the only speech reported at any length was Waghorn's; as he considered that as it was 'The Waghorn Australian Steam Meeting,' the staple speech should be his!!

The anecdote which appeared in my 'Reminiscences' in 1871 was founded on Waghorn's interview at Calcutta with Lord William Bentinck, the Governor-General, followed by a description of the reception he met with afterwards from the chairman of the East India Company—the '*vultus instantis tyranni*,' &c.—followed by a sketch of his meeting with the Minister of India, Sir John Cam Hobhouse.

I by no means hold myself responsible for Waghorn's consistency, and no doubt, as a Bengal pilot receiving favours, in fact his bread and butter, from the captains of the large British passenger ships trading to and from Calcutta, he avoided allusion to the Red Sea Route. Be that as it may, he resigned his appointment in the Company's service, and with it his emoluments as a Bengal pilot.

I find that he addressed a letter, of which the following is a copy, to that able man Major, subsequently Lieut.-Colonel, Charles Francklin Head, an officer who lived too short a time for his country and his family. Colonel Head was chairman, in London in 1834, of the India Steam Communication Committee, to which the leading East India firms belonged. Messrs. Colvin, Crawford & Co., Baring Brothers, Cockerells, Forbes & Co., Fletcher, Alexanders, Palmer, Mackillop & Co., and others.

Waghorn's letter to Major Head is as follows:—

'Snodland, Kent: July 15, 1835.

'MY DEAR SIR,—

'Will you have the kindness to say when you will be in London? I wish to see you particularly, as I mean to go to India on the 1st of September next. I have much to talk to you about. I can now only say that I never will abandon one inch of my particular and strong opinion with respect to steam navigation with India by the route of the Red Sea, as the only channel suited to steam intercourse between the two countries. I shall be in London every day next week, and I hope to see you. I wonder if we shall see another £20,000



in the Budget for Euphrates steam navigation this year. I think it is very likely, as I hear they are sadly in debt already before they have even got to Bir.

'I shall anxiously expect your answer to this letter, for I very much wish to see you in order to discuss with you as to the best plan to be adopted when I arrive in India again, and generally of what is going on by the Euphrates, &c., &c.

'Yours very sincerely,

'THOMAS WAGHOEN.

'P.S.—When you get this write at once so that I may know it has been received by you.

'T. W.'

It was Colonel, then Captain, Head, who in 1833 published a most interesting work, entitled: 'Intended to shew the Advantage and Practicability of Steam Navigation from England to India, with an Outline of an Overland Route, Statistical Remarks, &c.' He refers to the success of Captain Wilson, I.N., in the 'Hugh Lindsay.' Colonel Head published that charming work with which we are familiar: 'Eastern and Egyptian Scenery, Ruins, &c.'

I admit all you say with your usual accuracy, as to the labours of the Bombay Steam Fund Committee, and of the gallantry and success of Captain Wilson, of the 'Hugh Lindsay,' as the pioneer up and down the Red Sea, and 'whose intrepid conduct (to use your own words) in navigating a small steamer under the most adverse circumstances proved the practicability of steaming from Bombay to and from Suez.' But as 'facts are stubborn chieftains, that winna ding,' I never hear the originality of the Overland Route question mooted without bringing to the front the name of our greatest Indian statesman, the Right Honourable Mount-Stuart Elphinstone, Governor of Bombay, so far back as 1817, who on returning to Europe first suggested this Route. However, that Court of Directors, which subsequently recalled the Earl of Ellenborough, the Governor-General of India, in the teeth of the

Duke of Wellington, to whom the noble lord owed his appointment, pooh-poohed the proposition of the enlightened and revered Elphinstone. I believe the recommendation of a second Governor of Bombay, General Sir John Malcolm, in 1830-1, met with a similarly cold reception in Leadenhall-street. My father who frequently visited Mr. Elphinstone at his chambers in the Albany, Piccadilly, meeting Sir John Malcolm occasionally, discussed this matter with these distinguished men; and if I mistake not, it was Sir John's brother, Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Malcolm, at the time commanding the Bombay Navy, who despatched Captain Wilson up the Red Sea in the 'Hugh Lindsay.'

I can also recollect that with many City merchants connected with India and China, a serious difference of opinion prevailed as to whether the near cut from India, *viâ* the Red Sea, was desirable. They feared that bills drawn against produce coming round the Cape of Good Hope might appear for acceptance too early; the consequence was, the scheme met with coldness and apathy in many mercantile quarters, as well as amongst the East India Directors, the rulers of India. I agree with you that Waghorn's great achievement was conveying the mails so rapidly across the Continent, and thus economising so much time lost in steaming between Alexandria and Falmouth, subsequently Southampton.

I have heard the impulsive Waghorn compared to the sailor who met a lady travelling outside a stage coach when it began to rain heavily. A Frenchman, a passenger, made a mighty palaver about offering her his over-coat, when the British Tar pulled off his pea-jacket, and put it over her.

Another tale of Waghorn is worth relating. The ship he had under his charge as pilot, in the Bay of Bengal, had dropped her anchor for the day, and at some little distance lay a native craft, the crew of which it was reported on board Waghorn's ship were in a state of mutiny. 'Oh!' said Waghorn—ordering his boat—'I shall soon settle that,' and pulled off to her. He was anxiously watched until he reached the

deck and was amongst the mutineers. They, however, made short work of it, as they instantly pitched him overboard; and on regaining the deck of his own vessel, amidst the jeers and laughter of his friends, he remarked 'D——n those fellows, I could make nothing of them.'

Your having twitted me with awarding too much praise to Waghorn has afforded me an opportunity of looking over some interesting documents: amongst which I find in the *Times* of the 19th September and 15th October, 1834, that as the British Government had resolved to support the scheme of Steam Navigation to India, *viâ* Egypt, the Pacha had given to you and your brother instructions to carry into effect the Railroad between Cairo and Suez, previously surveyed by your brother. At this period I observe that His Highness conferred on your brother, Mr. Thomas Jefferson Galloway, the rank of Bey, for his long and distinguished services, a distinction awarded him with many marks of His Highness's confidence and regard; and, what I was not aware of until I read it in the *Times*, that he was the first Englishman who had received this honour; nor did I know the military rank it gave (Colonel), and that allowances attached to it, worth £1,200 a-year. I have likewise read with peculiar interest your brother Galloway Bey's letter of the 29th December, 1834, to the Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister, informing His Grace of his mission to England from His Highness Mohammed Ali, to carry out the railroad across the Desert to Suez, and to confer with the British Government as to the transit dues for conveyance of mails and merchandise through Egypt in connexion with steam navigation to and from India *viâ* the Red Sea. I likewise notice that the proposed route from Scanderoon in the Mediterranean, to Bir on the Euphrates, did not meet with your brother, the Bey's, support, owing to the difficulties of navigating the Euphrates, as well as the absence of any facility or accommodation for the conveyance of passengers and mails through Syria.

I have been much gratified in looking back to the public services which your late able and respected father commenced and saw carried out by his sons in Egypt. The Bey appears to have died in 1836: your brother John in 1850, who was called to Egypt in 1845, to make a fresh survey and estimates of the railway from Cairo to Suez, but the opposition of the French Government prevented this great work being then carried out. Nevertheless, the thanks of every Englishman are due to you and your family for your unceasing exertions towards this object during a period of nearly twenty years.

In looking back at the services rendered by your brother, Mr. John Galloway, nearer home, it reminds me that it was said of the eminent surgeon, Sir Astley Cooper, that he made £14,000 per annum from horse and carriage accidents. I wonder what proportion of this sum was derived from that execrable Holborn Hill. I see that Mr. John Galloway, upwards of thirty years ago, presented to the Corporation of London a systematic plan for that Viaduct, which now, happily for Her Majesty's lieges, spans the Holborn Valley. It is a great reflection upon the authorities that his advice was not adopted, and that nearly two-thirds of the nineteenth century should have passed before this enormity was removed. (A Mr. Plimsoll was much wanted in the Corporation). I remember discussing the matter years ago with two London Aldermen. 'Recollect,' they said, 'the leases that have yet to expire.' My answer was, 'Do railway companies wait for the termination of leases? No, they pull down houses and run across our parks, paying compensation.'

Had this Holborn Hill existed in either Edinburgh or Glasgow it would have been bridged over ages ago. I well recollect, when visiting the famous aqueduct that supplies Lisbon, the contempt in which at that moment I held the Corporation of London for its neglect of the safety of the citizens by allowing that great artery of traffic to remain as it was.

Your able brother deserved a chaplet to have been then wove for him, as well as his tomb subsequently decked.

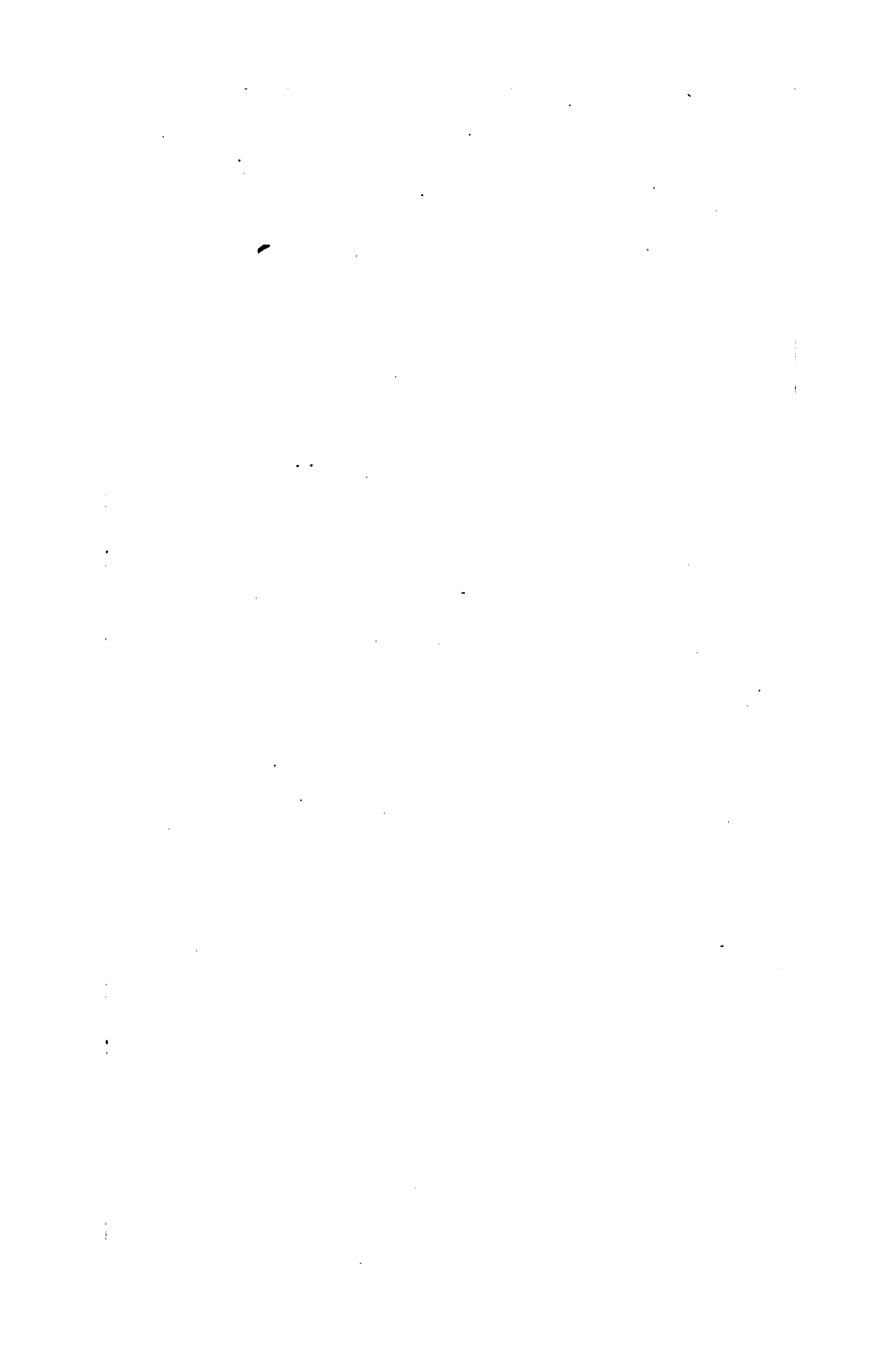
You and your family have much to be proud of in the East and at home. The episode of our little skirmish about Thomas Waghorn, arising entirely from a praiseworthy and disinterested desire on your part to do justice to Captain Wilson, of the Indian Navy, I view with no regret, as it has incidentally tended to elucidate circumstances in the enaction of which those near and dear to you took so prominent a part.

Ever, my dear Galloway,

Yours most truly,

M. BOYD.

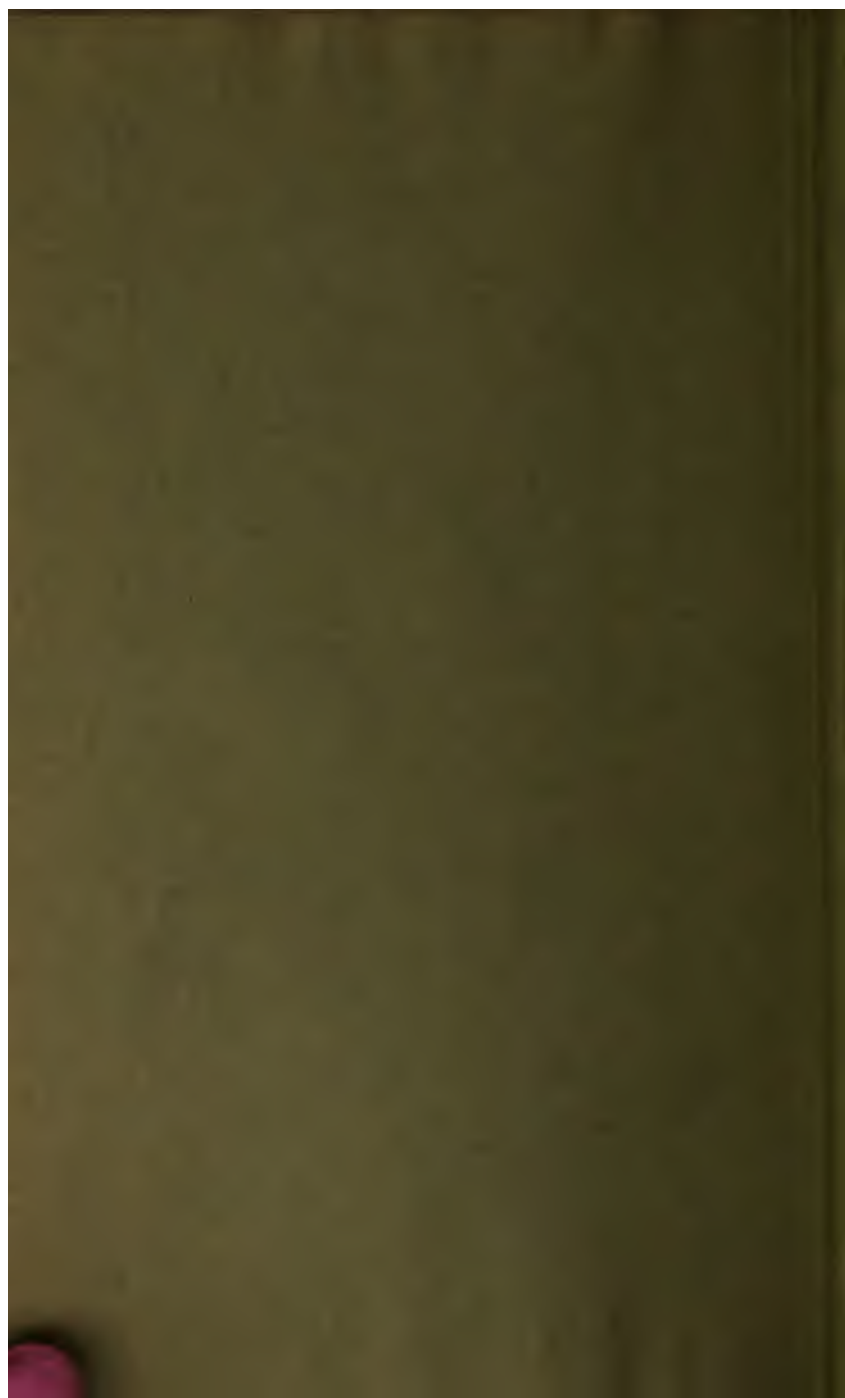
RICH. H. GALLOWAY, Esq.,  
Hyde Park Square, London.



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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and their corresponding addresses. The names are listed in a column on the left, and the addresses are listed in a column on the right. The names are: John Doe, Jane Smith, and Bob Johnson. The addresses are: 123 Main St, 456 Elm St, and 789 Oak St.





JAN 31 1931

